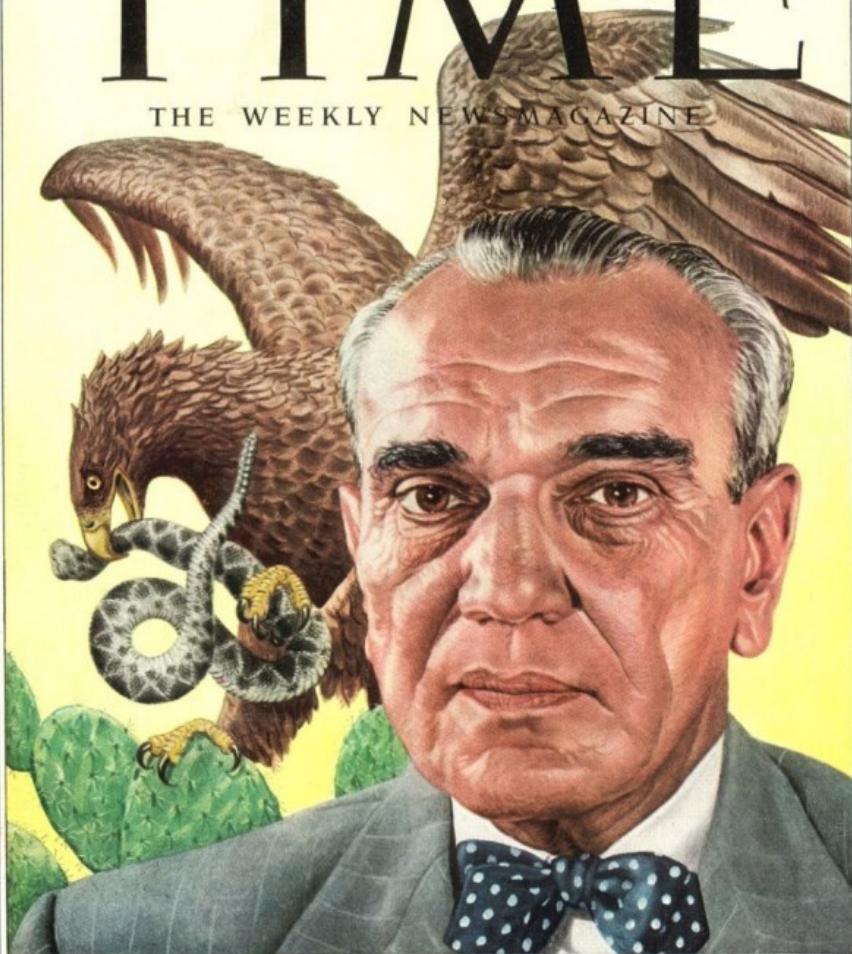


TWENTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 14, 1953

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

MEXICO'S PRESIDENT RUIZ CORTINES

The newest revolution is a cleanup.



Which New Rambler Steals the Show?

They all do!

Want the world's most distinguished styling—by famed Pinin Farina? Want the luxury of custom interiors by Madame Hélène Rother of Paris? Want the most luxurious car built specially for today's traffic?

It's all yours in all three new Nash Ramblers—with so much head room, leg room, knee room you'll be amazed!

Want new power—pick-up that takes your breath away? Combined with record gasoline mileage—up to 30 miles to a gallon at average highway speed? Want the easiest handling and

parking of *any* car? Want new Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive?

You have them all in the new Nash Ramblers—first cars specifically designed for today's driving!

Want a wonderful bargain? The Rambler standard price includes a host of custom accessories that would cost you hundreds of dollars in other cars—radio, Weather Eye Conditioned Air System—even the swanky continental rear tire mount on Convertible and Country Club models.

Want two cars in one? It's the Station Wagon for you—most practical

car you ever owned—converts from luxurious family sedan to an eager-to-work carryall at the drop of the tailgate.

Want America's smartest compact "hardtop"? Then you'll choose the brilliant new Rambler Country Club.

Want the fun and sun of an open car? In a Rambler you enjoy it all—with the comfort and "rattle-free" quiet of the first safety convertible.

Yes, come see all three and make your happy choice. Drive a Rambler . . . and you'll know why it's growing so fast in popularity! At your Nash dealer's now.

You'll Find None So New As **Nash** *Airflytes*

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.





HOW MUCH BETTER IS TODAY'S GASOLINE?

Suppose you pumped a gallon of modern gasoline into a glass jar—and alongside it placed another jar filled with a gallon of the kind of gasoline used in 1925.

They would look about the same.

They would weigh approximately the same.

They would smell pretty much alike.

BUT—there is a tremendous difference.

Used in a modern automobile engine, today's high octane fuel will do 50% more work. Or to put it another way, *two gallons of today's gasoline will do the work of three gallons of 1925 gasoline!*

Again and again engineers have run actual road tests, and the results, figured on a ton-mile* basis, have demonstrated how very much improved today's gasoline really is.

Why is modern gasoline so much better? Two reasons: 1. U. S. oil companies have spent millions of dollars developing improved refining

processes to produce more and more high octane gasoline. 2. "Ethyl" antiknock compound is used by most refiners to step up octane ratings still further.

Remember, too, with all this improvement, the price of gasoline (exclusive of taxes) is only slightly higher than it was in 1925! You get a bargain every time you "Fill 'er up!"



2,000,000 petroleum people
are doing a great job!

Because Americans have enjoyed a bountiful supply of petroleum products at low cost for so many years, the average person is likely to take for granted the wonderful service performed by the U. S. petroleum industry. To give this splendid record the recognition it truly deserves, this message is published by



ETHYL CORPORATION, New York 17, N.Y.
manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound
used by refiners to improve gasoline.

*Modern cars are so much heavier than their 1925 predecessors that miles per gallon cannot be directly compared.

Better Homes and Gardens



These screened millions are your primary millions!

3 $\frac{3}{4}$ -million families, screened for the BUY on their minds

HOW CAN we call Better Homes & Gardens your primary advertising medium, when circulation-wise it is the third largest among all man-woman magazines?

You find the answer in *who* reads BH&G and *how* they read it—both factors of BH&G's screening process.

BH&G *preselects* home-owning families of high income who *want* advice on how to raise their living standards. To these screened millions

BH&G says, "Here is something better—here's how to achieve it—here's what to buy." And since these families have the means to satisfy their wants, this buying urge is translated into buying action.

That's why BH&G is a far more powerful advertising force than even its 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ -million circulation would indicate.

That's why we can say BH&G's screened millions are your primary millions.

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa





"I'LL GET THE PORTER FOR YOU, MADAM..."

Calling the porter in olden days was a public... often an embarrassing experience. Particularly for the women who disliked unprepared and impromptu appearances before a Pullman curtain.

Nowadays, of course, no one need put on a "traveling show". Help and attention are no farther than the trim Edwards Push Button beside your berth. This handy, little button cues the porter to your every need... adds greatly to the privacy, pleasure and comfort of your trip.

The Edwards Push Button is a small but useful member of that great family of Edwards products whose dependability and efficiency make life easier, safer, more convenient for all of us. Edwards Company, Inc., Dept. T-9, Norwalk, Conn.



This Edwards Push Button issues a double call for attention. A chime rings at the porter's compartment—an indicator bobs up to give your location. Should the attendant be away, he sees the indicator on return, comes promptly to attend to your needs.

EDWARDS protects...everywhere!

with equipment for SCHOOLS • HOSPITALS • HOMES • INDUSTRY





Fathers, too, are worth more now!

Price tags bear larger amounts than they used to.

Practically everything the family needs costs more these days. This means that the man who pays the bills is worth more, too.

Have you increased your life insurance protection accordingly? A good way to be sure is to talk this matter over with a New England Mutual career underwriter. He's a specialist in helping you to work out an adequate program for the protection of your family or business.

Unlike the trend in about everything else, the rates of most New England Mutual policies have not been increased in recent years. In fact, many of the rates have been substantially reduced. And liberal dividends further reduce the cost.

• • •
Since life insurance is so important to the financial security of you and your family, isn't it worth while for you to know more about it? Send today for your free copy of "YOUR LIFE INSURANCE GUIDE." Write Box 333-P, Boston 17, Mass.



The NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL Life Insurance Company of Boston


THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA - 1835

LETTERS

The Senator from Maine

Sir:

Senator Margaret Chase Smith's proposal [TIME, Aug. 24] to use the atomic bomb to end our frustration in the Far East hardly does justice to what is ordinarily a fertile mind. Some 350 years ago, the Spanish ambassador to England, alarmed at the aggressive plans of the English in North America, wrote his solution in a letter to Philip III: "I hope," wrote the ambassador, "you will give orders to have these insolent people quickly annihilated."

DAVID D. MARCH

Fulton, Mo.

Sir:

Senator Margaret Smith has long made me ashamed of my sex, as have many of her sisters in Washington and the public eye. They seem to pattern themselves after Mme. Defarge. Women were supposed to improve the world when we got the vote, but we seem to be more bloodthirsty than men . . . not one woman now in Congress has poured oil on the troubled waters of the world storm or denounced our foreign policy of expediency . . .

YONÉ U. STAFFORD

West Springfield, Mass.

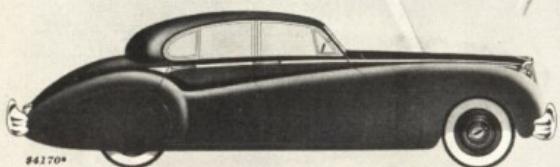
Theology & Ideology

Sir:

It is heartening to know that Reinhold Niebuhr not only has at last seen the evils of Marxism but has been man enough to confess it [TIME, Aug. 24]. On the other hand, the harm he has done to the American Protestant clergy is incalculable, for not only is he the key man at Union Theological Semi-

JAGUAR

a new note of distinction



THE AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION

Now, in Jaguar alone among fine cars, you may enjoy the three essentials demanded by discriminating car owners—designing marked by distinguished continental lines and exquisite hand-crafted appointments, action-packed responsiveness that meets every challenge in speed and stability, and the effortless convenience of the automatic transmission.

A new and different driving thrill awaits you when you ask your local dealer to demonstrate the 1953 Jaguar with automatic transmission.



Hoffman Motor Car Co.
Importer East of the Mississippi
487 Park Avenue, New York 22

Charles H. Hornburg, Jr.
Importer West of the Mississippi
9176 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46



XX-120, world's fastest production car, 141 miles per hour.



XX-120 Sports Coupe, combines top performance with sedan comfort.



XX-120 Convertible, top up or down, the swankiest car on the road.

*At ports of entry; white-wall tires, automatic transmission, sales tax and license extra.

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

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TIME
September 14, 1953

Volume LXII
Number II

**the America
where we
are growing...**



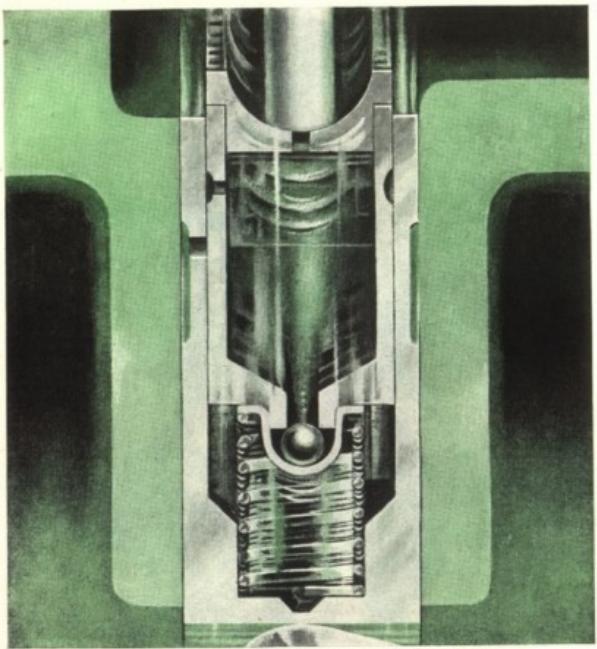
General Telephone System is one of America's fastest growing utilities.

Linking the people of 3900 communities in 19 states
with their neighbors and the world... plant and equipment doubled
in six years... our lines are extending steadily.

Growing longer and stronger under our American
system of free enterprise where the
reward of service is growth.



General Telephone
System... One of the
Great Telephone Systems
Serving America



At 40 m.p.h. the ball check valve of a typical engine valve lifter

Opens and closes 2324 times per minute

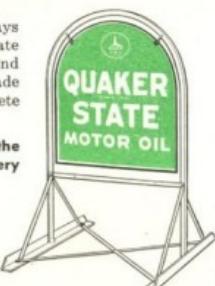
SOME of the fast-moving parts of the modern automobile engine are so well-concealed that you're hardly aware they exist—until they cause trouble. Such a part is shown above—one reason why your car needs a fine quality oil.

To keep your car running smoothly, always ask for Quaker State Motor Oil. Quaker State has 50 years of continuous improvement behind it. Refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, Quaker State will give you complete lubrication and long-lasting protection.

Quaker State Motor Oil is made to suit the requirements of all makes of cars and for every type of service. Ask your dealer.

Modern Engines Demand Quality Lubrication

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association



nary, but the outstanding leader in the revival of theology in most of our denominations. Thousands of ministers have been soft toward Communism because of their own Marxist illusions. It is to be hoped that many of them will now follow Dr. Niebuhr in his repentance as they did in his crusading for socialism.

JOHN CLARENCE PETRIE
Vicar

St. Martin's Episcopal Church
Clewiston, Fla.

Sir:

Pastor Niebuhr's confession implies a dislike for congressional investigations. I like them . . . If it had not been for these investigations, it is doubtful if such "confessions" would have ever seen the light of day.

F. R. WOOD

Enola, Pa.

Upstairs Plumbing

Sir:

Your Aug. 24 story of Captain Austin King's use of salad oil to solve his hydraulic problem over Seoul in his C-46 recalled the time our B-24, *Sweet Sue*, took a German flak burst amidships early in '44, which pierced several small holes in our hydraulic lines.

With the pinkish hydraulic fluid spouting in our faces—and with no salad oil aboard to refill the draining hydraulic system—we stopped the leaks with chewing gum, reinforcing our handwork with Band-Aids from the medical kits.

ARTHUR SHAY

Des Plaines, Ill.

Future Eyesore?

Sir:

Surely a group of outstanding Americans, including Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Messrs. Milton Eisenhower, Sulzberger, Clay and Lewis, could find a better use for \$25 million than a granite monument in Georgia [TIME, Aug. 17], which only a small percentage of the population will ever see. Wouldn't \$25 million worth of medical research centers, rural libraries, history scholarships and the like prove a more fitting monument to American history than this eyesore at Pine Mountain?

R. S. CANFIELD

Pacific Grove, Calif.

The Adventures of Billy Bunter

Sir:

I was very interested to read your Aug. 24 article on the *Magnet* and illustrations from it. I used to follow the adventures of Billy Bunter, as well as all the others you mention, for many years before I came to Canada in 1925 . . . but during the war I lost touch with such mundane matters. Although I am older than the oldest number of the *Magnet*, your story has brought back a desire to see for myself just what Bunter & Co. are doing now . . .

D. C. RIVETT

Beebe, Canada

Sir:

Through your article I learned that friends still live whom I have long thought dead . . . I shall be most grateful if you can tell me if the *Magnet* is still being published . . .

JOHN A. MAXWELL

Minneapolis

¶ It folded early in World War II, a victim of Britain's paper shortage.—ED.

Sir:

Even here in South Africa Frank Richards was a most popular name. The exploits of Harry Wharton & Co. in the *Magnet* were followed with intense eagerness by school-



Bound—by an outrageous system

The MOORE man
cut profits free



An example* of efficiency
tied up in red tape

However hard-working a girl may be, she can't do her job tied up in red tape. A dry-cleaner had to write customer information on many forms and tickets. It wasted minutes and used up paper; caused errors and lost track of garments. Service to customers suffered.

The Moore man looked at the system and, in its place, designed a 3-part Book Form with marking tags of special "wet strength" that won't wash out in cleaning. In one simple writing it controls

every step with customer receipt—numbered identification tags—office control copy. It saves writings and shortens work, moves volume and keeps customer relations healthy.

For this kind of improvement in *your* business, call in the Moore man. He offers broadest service—with the plant and capacity, the quality and experience, the imagination and skill to design the system *that's exactly right for you*. Look in the Classified or write us below.

MOORE

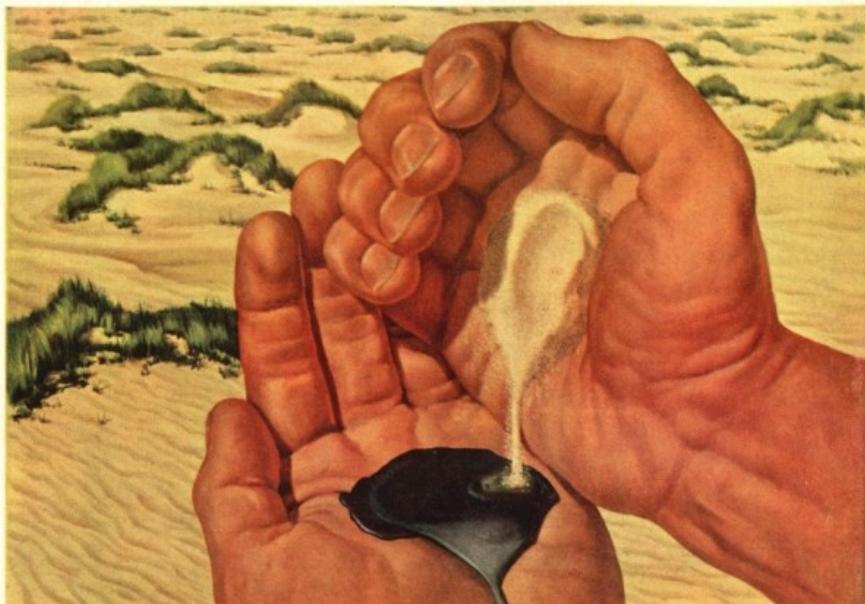


BUSINESS FORMS INC

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*Company on request



What in the world are silicones?

These astounding chemicals—born of sand and oil—hate water, laugh at heat and cold, and are doing remarkable things for you and industry

SILICONES are the fabulous offspring of an unusual chemical marriage between sand and oil. Sand, the basic material for glass, gives silicones some of the best features of glass. Oil, source of many plastics, gives silicones some of the special qualities that have made plastics so useful to all of us.

WIPE ON...WIPE OFF—Silicones are the secret of the new, long-lasting automobile and furniture polishes that you simply wipe on and wipe off. Another silicone forms a water-tight bond between tough glass fibers and plastics that go into radar domes for airplanes, boat hulls, even washing machine parts.

WHEN APPLIED TO MASONRY WALLS, silicones are at their amazing best. A one-way street for water, they keep rainwater from penetrating, yet let inside moisture out!

THEY LAUGH AT HEAT AND COLD—Heat-resistant silicone insulation protects electric motors at high temperatures. Yet silicone insulation on jet plane wiring remains

flexible, even in the brutal cold of the stratosphere. And silicone oils and greases withstand both arctic cold and tropic heat!

SILICONES AND THE FUTURE—Even the scientists don't know all the answers about silicones. But they do know there is an exciting future ahead for them. The people of Union Carbide, who pioneered in many of the special silicones now used by industry, are helping to bring that future closer to all of us.

FREE: Learn more about the interesting things you use every day. Write for the illustrated booklet "Products and Processes" which tells how science and industry use the ALLOYS, CARBONS, CHEMICALS, GASES, and PLASTICS made by Union Carbide. Ask for booklet G.

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—UCC's Trade-marked Products of Alloys, Carbons, Chemicals, Gases, and Plastics include

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SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS • EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries • NATIONAL Carbons • UNION Carbide • PYROFAX Gas

boys between the years 1910-20. Our lives were actually influenced by the characters. In my own family, as youngsters, we didn't play "cowboys and Indians" . . . we assumed the characters of the *Magnet* and *Gram* . . . We developed a sense of decency and honor which has lasted all our lives. Even now . . . none of us smoke . . . I only wish our own children had been influenced by such good, healthy reading instead of the dreadful comics, which inspire them to aggressiveness only.

J. TANNENBAUM

Johannesburg, South Africa

Rita & the Bad Girls

SIR:

YOUR CINEMA EDITOR, IN THE AUG. 31 ISSUE, ANNOUNCED THAT RITA HAYWORTH HAS JUST COMPLETED "THE STORY OF MARY MAGDALENE." HE IS SEVERAL MONTHS AHEAD OF OUR SCHEDULE. SHE IS NOW COMPLETING TITLE ROLE IN "MISS SADIE THOMPSON," SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S CLASSIC . . . "MARY MAGDALENE" AND "THE KING'S MISTRESS," THE STORY OF LOLA MONTEZ, ARE BOTH ON HER FUTURE SLATE . . .

JERRY WALT

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

COLUMBIA PICTURES
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

Whale to Seagull, Over!

Sir:

Has the Navy ivory tower now grown so tall that the big brass not only can't see the trees but are fast losing sight of the forest itself? Of course it is the height of giddy conceit to think that a seagull can be made the bull to a school of whales. The appointment of a naval aviator, Rear Admiral Frank Akers, as ACNO for undersea warfare [TIME, Aug. 24], seems to be forcing just such an arrangement. In their effort to keep pace with the Air Force in projecting themselves into the pushbutton future, the Navy has apparently relegated to the second team its most effective weapon in the Pacific melee—the submarine. Perhaps some homing up on naval history will remind the Navy that both the Kaiser and Hitler came very close to winning two entirely different world conflicts with the U-boat . . . It would be prudent and appropriate for the Navy to put at least equal emphasis on undersea warfare that it is now placing on aviation.

J. H. HENNESSY JR.

Springfield, Ohio

Sir:

I wonder just how many airmen serve as guiding lights for Russia's 300-odd submarines? Our submarine service, like our Marine Corps, is a small, elite corps of specialists who deserve the very best in equipment and leadership that can be given them, and in leadership I include the right to be led by men who have been trained and served in their particular branch of the service.

CHARLES W. ARNOLD III

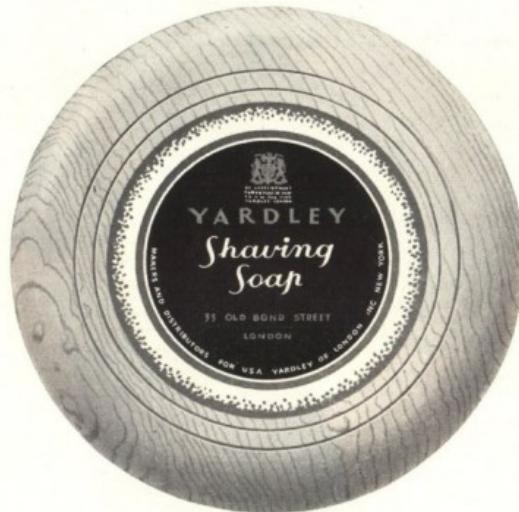
Andover, Mass.

Sir:

Your article gives an erroneous picture of the attitude of the Submarine Force toward the problems encountered in connection with its postwar new-construction program . . . I believe that I am reasonably well qualified to reflect that attitude, since I was the commissioning executive officer in *Harder* and have been commanding officer of *Trigger*, another of the new class . . . The overall design of these new attack submarines is excellent, and many of their capabilities represent large advances over previous submarine standards. The "novel lightweight diesel engines" are a legitimate attempt on the part of the Navy to develop a more efficient diesel . . . Since January of this year, *Trigger* has steamed over 15,000 miles with these

The criterion of good taste the world over...

Yardley for men



BY APPOINTMENT PURVEYORS OF SOAP TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI YARDLEY LONDON

Florsheim Shoes

*Cost less in the Long Run
—by the Month or by the Mile!*



The KENMOOR, S-4506;
Burgundy calf, U-wing tips,
\$19.95

Men who define economy in terms of quality know that better shoes cost less in the long run. In Florsheim Shoes, the finest of materials and workmanship combine to produce shoes that look better longer and thus save you money — by the month or by the mile!

Other Florsheim Styles \$17.95 and higher

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

engines, and has not failed to meet a single commitment because of engineering difficulty. I am not attempting to make the case that we are out of the woods with these engines but to state emphatically that we, as operators, feel that the development of new submarine engines is a worthwhile and legitimate operation . . .

JAMES F. CALVERT
Lieut. Commander U.S.N.
c/o Postmaster
New York City

The Women (Cont'd)

Sir:
Women have been lying to men for several thousand years; Doc Kinsey must be an egomaniac to assume they'd tell him the truth . . . The most interesting thing about your Aug. 24 review was the picture of all those suffragettes . . .

R. G. OGLESBY

Dallas

Sir:
Professor Kinsey's undertaking reminds me of Mark Twain's story about the dinosaur that was reconstructed from three bones and 20 barrels of cement.

Fritz Stein

Cleveland

Sir:
Any man who could get that much straightforward information from one, let alone nearly 6,000 women, should be TIME'S Man of the Year.

R. C. TOMLINSON
W. Orange, N.J.

Sir:
The Kinsey Report challenges a reply: This is the first time in my life I have been made aware that it takes a college education to interpret sex. I always thought the animals in the country gave the most natural demonstration of sex—at least they do not read books and they do not abuse the business . . . The garbled trash that is flouted upon our youth today in the name of education is responsible for the demoralization of the group . . .

ANNE SCHLESINGER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:
. . . You are to be complimented on giving such a comprehensive account . . .

Dr. Kinsey feels that the information he has gathered will help people to plan for happier marriages. I believe he is right. As people consider the statistics . . . I believe there will be more marriages between older men and young women, [and] older women and young men . . . I have fallen in love with a younger man and am looking forward to a delightful marriage and a long life . . .

ELIZABETH ROSSER
Chicago

Sir:
I couldn't resist commenting on your "intelligent" syllogism supporting Dr. Kinsey's contention that anything which a lot of people or animals do is normal. I'd like to offer another which makes just about as much sense: 1) Man is an animal; 2) some animals when angered by an enemy will bite that enemy; 3) since animals are natural, this action is natural and it is perfectly normal for human beings to go about biting their enemies. Both syllogisms have an apparent weakness in their major premise, which, of course, renders their conclusions invalid. The important point overlooked is that man, while being an animal, possesses a God-given intellect. It is this intellect which distinguishes him from a beast, since



BALANCE is important in DIABETES, too...

IN A WAY, the skillful performer on the tight wire and people with diabetes have certain things in common.

The performer depends principally on proper balance and control to accomplish his difficult act. Likewise, diabetics must be equally concerned with balance and control . . . if they are to live nearly normal, active lives.

The three essential factors which diabetics must keep in proper balance are diet, exercise, and insulin.

1. Diet is a vital part of the treatment of every diabetic. In many mild cases, especially when diabetes is discovered early, diet alone can control the disease.

2. Exercise, or active work, is also important in the treatment of diabetes,

because it helps to increase the ability of the body to use sugars and starches.

3. Insulin does not cure the disease, but it has often given diabetics a new lease on life. Insulin enables diabetics to utilize food and convert it into energy in a normal way.

New and different types of insulin, which vary in speed and duration of action, now make possible more effective control of diabetes. Many research studies are now under way to learn more about the chemistry of insulin and how it is used by the body. These and other investigations will probably bring an increasingly hopeful outlook for most diabetics.

When diagnosed early, diabetes is easier to control, and serious complica-

tions can often be avoided. Fortunately, diabetes can be readily detected by having a urinalysis . . . preferably with your periodic health examination. This usually permits its discovery before the appearance of typical symptoms, such as: excessive hunger or thirst, frequent urination, loss of weight, or constant fatigue.

No one should neglect regular medical examinations . . . particularly overweight people who are past 40 and also those with a family history of diabetes.

Metropolitan's booklet called "Diabetes" tells how diabetics can usually live long and active lives. It also includes facts about the progress made by medical science in the treatment of diabetes, and information which may be helpful in guarding against this disease.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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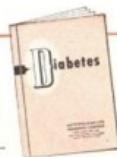


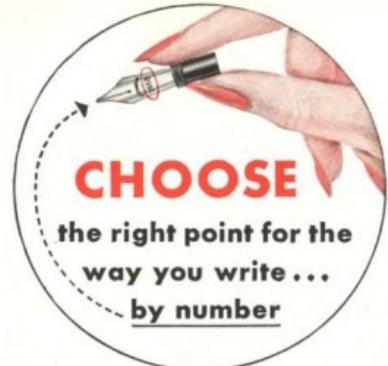
Please send me a copy of
your booklet, 1153T

Name _____

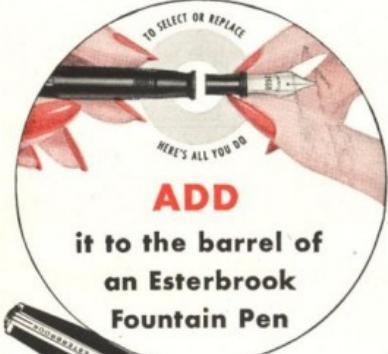
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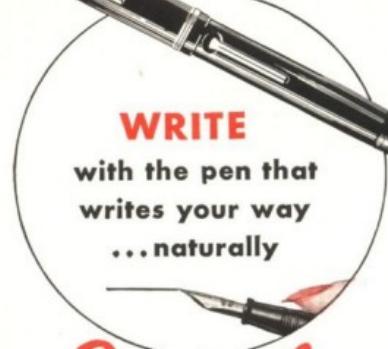




CHOOSE
the right point for the
way you write...
by number



ADD
it to the barrel of
an Esterbrook
Fountain Pen



WRITE
with the pen that
writes your way
... naturally

Esterbrook®

FOUNTAIN PEN

THE WORLD'S MOST PERSONAL FOUNTAIN PEN

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PEN COMPANY



it enables him to control his animal instincts. Unfortunately, too many "human" animals chose to ignore the purpose of the intellect . . . This seems to be true of Dr. Kinsey and other advocates of the philosophy that sex urges, because they are natural, need not be held in check . . .

KENNETH ALBERTSON
Branford, Conn.

Sir:
Alfred Kinsey's tie on TIME's cover should have been embossed with \$\$\$\$\$\$ instead of the mirror of Venus . . .

JOSEPH G. GRACA
Ames, Iowa

Sir:
Read the Kinsey Report:
*The Polyp is the architect
of Gothic reefs of coral;
And it can change its sex at will,
and not be thought immoral.
The Polyp can be male or not,
whichever is its pleasure;
Or, even a hermaphrodite,
if it can find the leisure.*

BYRON D. STOKES
Pasadena, Calif.

Well-Dressed Candidate

Sir:
Your Aug. 24 article on Filipino Presidential Candidate Ramon Magsaysay told of Magsaysay hurrying home and changing his grey business suit for slacks and an "aloha" shirt. Having been a resident of both the Philippines and Hawaii, I can assure you that the shirt he is wearing in the picture accompanying the article is not an aloha shirt. Magsaysay and his buddies are wearing "barong tagalog," which are considered to be the national dress shirt in the Philippines.

These shirts are very expensive and are usually elaborately embroidered. The peasants would surely think that it was *kaululan* (madness) if Magsaysay were to do his campaigning in an aloha shirt . . .

R. L. BRIAND
Lanikai, Oahu, T.H.

Our Daily Bread

Sir:
Paul Kiepe's letter [Aug. 24] on bread is a mouthful, and not of America's present-day loaf, either. Why, it won't even get stale! Whenever the bakers of this country—excusing the independent souls in our small towns who still know what bread is—stop turning out stuff that is absorbent cotton in the mouth and lead in the stomach, bread will become once more a part of America's diet, reducing or otherwise.

GEORGIA BALL
Sanford, Fla.

The Coin for the Boyne

Sir:
Let you give the impression that there is any "Scotchness" about the Irish, I should like to point out for the record as an Irishman who traveled on the Dublin-Belfast train that the custom is to throw a *raol* into the Boyne when passing and not a meager penny as you said [Aug. 24].

VINCENT E. KENNY
Montreal, Que.

Out of Joint

Sir:
If Shakespeare said, "Vanity thy name is woman," it must have been in an exclusive interview for your Aug. 31 article on women's clothes. "Frailty, thy name is woman!" said Hamlet . . .

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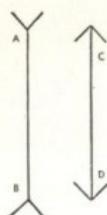
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

The TIME reporter who has been covering one of the most famous vacations of 1953 is Ed Darby, our White House correspondent, assigned to report on President Eisenhower's vacation in Colorado. I asked Darby to tell us about his working holiday, and he sent me the following reply:

"The other day I obtained an exclusive interview with the President of the U.S. It is the first time since Dwight Eisenhower entered the White House that he has talked to an individual reporter. It happened because I had my golf clubs along this trip. The people at Denver's Cherry Hills Club are very nice to us reporters. The club has given us all guest cards which read: 'At the request of President Eisenhower, Cherry Hills Country Club is pleased to extend the privileges of the club.'

"Locker space is, of course, scarce. On this particular day, the club pro, Ralph ("Rip") Arnold, escorted me to the locker room and told me to shout for Granby, the locker attendant. I walked from the sunlight into the gloom of the locker room and sang out. About the third time I shouted, a quiet, pleasant voice said: 'Hi, Darby, you having a little trouble?'

"In the gloom, I had been standing about a pace from the President, almost shouting in his face. Colorado Governor Dan Thornton, who was playing with the President that day, found Granby for me while the President and I chatted. Or, rather, the President talked and I gulped, trying to think of just how you go about apologizing for shouting in the President's face. The President allowed that it was great weather, that the course was in fine shape and that his game was going pretty well ('I got a birdie on the first hole this morning'). It was not exactly a world-shaking interview, but it fitted into the week's story of a President on vacation."

The bits & pieces that go into making a week's story of a presidential vacation are harvested at odd moments and places during a long day. "Incidentally," says Darby, "it's now next to a duty to learn to play golf. One of our colleagues does not play, and he has appointed me his copyreader on all golf stories. He asked me to do the chore after he got into print with a sentence saying that the President had teed up for a drive from the green."

In Denver, the press is billeted at the Brown Palace Hotel. The main complaint, says Darby, is "the working hours that the President maintains." He gets to his Lowry air base office about 7:45 most mornings. "This means that reporters have to leave the hotel around 7 to check in at the base and catch the first visitors and business of the day."

After the President's usual two-hour morning stint at the office, during which reporters stand by to interview callers and get announcements of the morning work, they are free to tag along to the golf course. "But there are times when everything is quiet and the President is safely at home and the reporter can argue himself into taking a full afternoon off." In the evening, White House Press Secretary Jim Hagerty phones the press room at the Brown Palace to report on any afternoon event that is newsworthy.

On the side trips, says Darby, "tagging around after the President in long motorcades is enough to give the regular White House correspondent a nervous breakdown. A motorcade is something like the kid's game of cracking-the-whip. Today, a dozen cars tagged the President's big black Cadillac from Denver to Frasier, 74 miles across the Rockies. The President's car buzzed along at 50 m.p.h., and out on the end of the whip, press cars speeded up to 65 and 70 to catch up after the hairpin turns."

With his nerves still twanging from the trip, Darby finished his note. He wrote: "I'm typing this in the waiting room of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad depot, the typewriter on a chair beside a potbelled stove. The temperature is a cool 66"; a mile up a dusty gravel road, the President is enjoying some fishing. Western Union Morse circuits are tapping away in the next room on press stories and White House messages. I've bought some levis and heavy flannel shirts. I'm assured that a six-gun is not really necessary." He added: "When I get home in mid-September and start my own vacation, my wife will have six months of work around the house for me to do in one week." After that, says Darby, he will probably play some golf.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn



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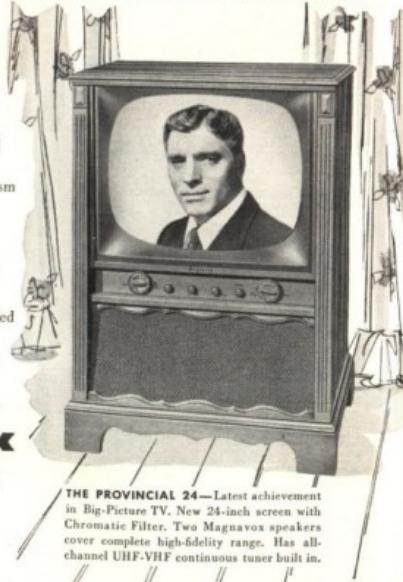


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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

FOREIGN RELATIONS The China Shop

There are important moments when a U.S. Secretary of State, proclaiming the principles of national policy, should be blunt, uncompromising and direct. There are equally important moments—and more of them—when a Secretary, aware that he speaks for his country, should be guarded in expressing judgments on the international situation, or should just keep his mouth shut. John Foster Dulles last week gave striking examples of how to state policy and how not to.

"In the Interest of Peace." Speaking to the American Legion at St. Louis, Dulles made a direct statement of U.S. intentions in Asia. On Korea, he stressed two points: 1) the Communists can no longer count on their "privileged sanctuary" beyond the Yalu, if they attack Korea again; 2) knowing that the Communists like to use negotiation as "a cover for achieving ulterior purposes," the U.S. will not let the Korean peace talks drag on indefinitely.

Dulles took up the question of possible Chinese Communist aggression in Asia, outside Korea. "Many believe," he said, "that neither the First World War nor the Second World War would have occurred if the aggressor had known what the United States would do. It is even more probable that the Korean war would not have occurred if the aggressor had known what the United States would do"

"Communist China has been and now is training, equipping and supplying the Communist forces in Indo-China. There is the risk that, as in Korea, Red China might send its own army into Indo-China. The Chinese Communist regime should realize that such a second aggression could not occur without grave consequences which might not be confined to Indo-China. I say this soberly, in the interest of peace"

Two Ad Libs. The day after his blunt, well-prepared St. Louis speech, Foster Dulles had a press conference at his Washington office. He led off with another well-prepared policy statement, again fixing the blame on the Russians for Germany's continued division. But when one reporter asked him what he thought about the German elections (see FOREIGN NEWS), the Secretary started ad-libbing. A defeat of Christian Democrat Konrad Adenauer, said Dulles flatly, would be "disastrous,"

for both Germany and the cause of German unity.

Washington newsmen were astounded. No U.S. official had ever before made such a bare-faced endorsement of a political faction in the elections of a friendly country, especially where both the leading rival parties were non-Communist and professed friendship for the U.S.

But the Secretary had not finished his tour of the china shop. Someone asked him about U.S. policy on the disputed



International

SECRETARY DULLES
The score: two to one against.

border zone of Trieste, noting that during the Italian election campaign of 1948, the U.S. had signed a joint declaration supporting return of Trieste to Italy. Dulles broadly suggested that all this might now be changed. The U.S. Government, he said, has been exploring other alternatives. It does not regard the 1948 statement on Trieste like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which stand forever.*

In his legion speech, Dulles had remarked that the U.S. does not have to be

* "Then these men assembled unto the king, and said unto the king, Know, o king, that the law of the Medes and Persians is, That no decree or statute which the king establisheth may be changed."

—Daniel 6: 15

"constantly taking international public-opinion polls" to see what its friends overseas are thinking. No one had to take an international public-opinion poll, either, to find out what the U.S. allies thought about Dulles' press conference. "An insult to the German people," cried Adenauer's Socialist opponents, and quickly started using the threat of U.S. intervention to whip up nationalism sentiment for their campaign. Adenauer's supporters were embarrassed. Said one Christian Democrat adviser: "If this endorsement had come a week earlier, it might have wrecked Adenauer's chances."

In Italy, where feeling over the Trieste problem is at fever-point, the reputation of the U.S. hit a new low. Communists and other extremists gave Dulles' statement all the publicity they could.

Picking Up the Pieces. Back at the State Department, officials tried to pick up the pieces. Dulles himself assured the Italians that the U.S. does not plan any new proposals for Trieste, has no intention of going back on its 1948 statement. For a while he thought of issuing a supplementary statement to clear up his unfortunate observation on Germany, but he finally decided against it.

On his three main statements of the week, Dulles' score stood: 1) On future Communist aggression in Asia, the policy he announced was not only right but needed saying. 2) On Germany, his appraisal of the German situation might be right but badly needed not saying. 3) On Trieste, there is no reason for the U.S. to back down on its promise to Italy, and even if there had been such a reason, the form and timing of Dulles' remarks would have been the worst possible way to go about a switch in U.S. policy on Trieste.

THE PRESIDENCY Down from the Mountains

Last week President Eisenhower went back to Denver from his vacation-within-a-vacation at Aksel Nielsen's rustic camp (TIME, Sept. 7), and resumed his schedule of work & play. The President was refreshed and jaunty after a week in the air-cooled Rockies, although his bruised elbow had cut into his fishing (he did catch the biggest fish of the week, a 15½ in., 1½ lb. rainbow trout). On his return to Denver, Ike hardly had time to greet the First Lady and Mrs. Doud before he was engulfed in affairs of state. Robert Cutler,

chairman of the Planning Board of the National Security Council, had flown in from Washington with a fat dispatch case full of international problems, and was waiting at the summer White House when Ike arrived. After a four-hour conference, the President decided to summon John Foster Dulles to Denver for a full report and consultation (*see above*).

Next morning a heavy load of work was ready for the President when he sat down at his desk at Lowry Air Force Base at 7:45. During his seven-day absence, three large leather pouches, chained and padlocked, had arrived in Denver. Dozens of letters, written and typed up in Washington, awaited his approval and signature. The two-foot pile of "urgent" papers before him was higher than the length of the rainbow trout. With an audible sigh, Dwight Eisenhower settled down to work.

One of his first acts was to sign an executive order abolishing the Psychological Strategy Board and substituting a new Operations Coordinating Board, completing a new and far-reaching reorganization of the national security machinery.

Last week the President also:

¶ Ordered Foreign Operations Administrator Harold Stassen to ship up to 10,000 tons of surplus farm commodities to famine-wracked Jordan.

¶ Authorized \$45 million in aid for bankrupt Iran (*see FOREIGN NEWS*).

¶ Visited a Denver osteopath for treatments to his bruised elbow, and told reporters that it was healing satisfactorily, though it still bothered him after a month.

¶ Announced that, barring emergencies, he would stay in Denver for two more weeks, flying East just in time for a speaking engagement at a Republican rally in Boston on Sept. 21.

POLITICAL NOTES

Senator Barkley?

When the retiring Vice President of the U.S. packed up and headed for his old Kentucky home last January, it seemed that his distinguished political career was over. But last week the political sun shone bright on Kentucky's old (75) Alben Barkley.

Last spring, as the sassafras shoots came out, so did rumors that Barkley might run for governor or Senator. He could have stopped the talk with a sentence or two, but he did not. By last week the buzzing had spread all over Kentucky and could be heard in Washington. Tending his 500 acres of land and his 200 head of cattle at Paducah, Barkley had "no comment whatsoever" about a political future. But he has been busy making speeches wherever he can (*e.g.*, to the Kentucky Chiropractors Association in observance of "National Correct Posture Week") and has been shaking a hand wherever he has found one stuck out of a sleeve. His closest friends believe he has decided to run for the Senate next year.

After almost half a century in public office and 40 years in Washington, Alben



KENTUCKY'S BARKLEY
Sunshine on his future.

Barkley wants to get back into harness, and Mrs. Barkley wants to get back to Washington. To run for his old Senate seat, Barkley would not have to make any definite move until early next year, and then he could get the Democratic nomination for the asking. That would put him up against the Republicans' able, respected John Sherman Cooper, who carried Kentucky last year although Dwight Eisenhower did not. Kentuckians think it would be a close race.[®]

® If elected, Barkley would be the fifth American to serve in the Senate after presiding over it as Vice President of the U.S. The others: John C. Calhoun, John C. Breckinridge, Hannibal Hamlin, Andrew Johnson.



CALIFORNIA'S WARREN
Independence in his heart.

Doubt in California

Ever since the election last November, California has bubbled with speculation about the future of Governor Earl Warren. Would he get a federal job? Would he run for another term as governor? Last week Earl Warren stilled one set of bubbles stirred up several others. Said Warren: "I will not be a candidate for the governorship next year . . ."

Governor Warren did not say what he would be looking forward to next year. Around the summer White House in Denver and the Administration councils in Washington, there was frank talk that the California governor is considered excellent talent for an important federal post. Warren wants a seat on the U.S. Supreme Court, probably can have the first one available, may get an interim appointment to some other job.

For Californians, there was a more interesting question: Who will succeed Warren as governor? In public office since 1919 and governor since 1943, Warren has been stubbornly independent, maintained his own personal political organization. He won both the Republican and Democratic nominations for governor in 1946, and in his three elections as governor got more votes (6,081,583) than any other candidate for office ever got in California. Now, for the first time since 1942, political control of California is in doubt.

On the Republican side, glad-handing Lieutenant Governor Goodwin J. ("Goody") Knight, wealthy (gold mining) lawyer who has been fidgeting in the lieutenant governor's chair since 1946, had already announced that he would run for governor whether or not Warren ran. An organization Republican and a far-right conservative, he could not expect to draw Warren's Democratic support.

On the Democratic side, dozens of names popped up, but one stood out: Attorney General Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown, the only Democrat holding a major elective office in California. A pleasant political neutralist of the Warren stripe, Brown had announced that he would not run against the governor, but he was ready to go now that his old friend had stepped out. Said he: "I think the Democrats now will elect a governor next year."

Californians who looked closely at the whole situation speculated on a fascinating possibility. Democrat Pat Brown was far closer to Warren than Republican Goodwin Knight. In his statement, Warren said not a word about electing another Republican as governor, but did dwell at length on the benefits of "periodic change of administration." Could Earl Warren, in his independent heart, be leaning toward Democrat Brown as his successor?

Now Is the Time

At Missouri's Henry County Fair a month ago, Harry Truman gave his explanation of the unwanted mildness which had characterized most of his post-presidential statements. Said he: "A lot of people here today hoped I would have some-

thing to say on political issues, but this doesn't happen to be the time . . . If we point out the Republicans' errors, they might mend their ways, and we would not have the chance to take them to task." This week, at a joint A.F.L.-C.I.O. Labor Day rally in Detroit, Harry made it clear that "give 'em hell" time was here again.

With obvious relish, Truman denounced the Eisenhower Administration and all its works. "There are plenty of signs," said he, "of a return of that old philosophy that the object of government is to help big business . . . This Administration has raised interest rates all across the board. That may be to the benefit of the money-lenders, but it surely does hurt the rest of the people . . . Our great public-housing program, which was helping to clear America's slums, has been condemned to death. Funds for enforcement of the minimum-wage law, which protects the lowest-paid of our workers, have been drastically cut. And the farmer, who lives with greater economic hazards than perhaps any of us, is being told that he ought to 'go it alone' again . . . You should hear the farmer weep and wail and ask forgiveness for voting as he did last fall . . .

"Look at what's happening to the policy of developing low-cost electric power. The betrayal of the Hell's Canyon project in the Columbia River Basin tells the story. If they can give Hell's Canyon away, others will follow. The power lobby is doing its best to take over Niagara Falls. And the bell will be tolling for the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Rural Electrification Administration and all the rest . . .

"Then there is another thing . . . That is the dangerous philosophy that balancing the federal budget is the most sacred objective of the Government . . . Now I am a great believer in a balanced budget. And I kept the Government budget balanced, too, until an emergency came along that was a lot more important than all the balanced budgets in the world . . . I should think a first-class Air Force and air-raid defense system . . . would be worth quite a lot to us just now—even if it unbalanced the budget for a while and deferred a tax cut for some years to come. It might even be better for the top-bracket income groups than the money they will make on a tax cut, because those extra dollars aren't going to do them much good if the whole country is devastated."

Harry's peroration began on a note of sweet reason: "In our hope for world peace and freedom, we are not Republicans or Democrats; we are all Americans . . . But there are different ways of reaching that goal . . ." The way Harry thought the Eisenhower Administration was heading was clear. Said he: "I don't want to see anyone take us back to the old ways of greed and arrogance and indifference to the public weal which we rejected 20 years ago. Because I know, if those days return, we shall lose our strength at home and our moral leadership abroad, and the path will lead to depression and destruction."

RACES Progress on State Street

Chicago's Marshall Field & Co. is a 101-year-old pioneer in retailing practices; charge accounts, low-priced basement floor, free deliveries, and a money-back policy for dissatisfied shoppers. One area where Field's did no pioneering was race relations; in its century and more, the store had never hired a Negro in its huge retail operations.

In early 1950, the American Friends Service Committee launched a new "job-opportunities program" in Chicago, headed by Thomas Colgan, whose first step was to talk hiring practices with Field's the bellwether of State Street's big four (the other three—Mandel Brothers, Inc., The Fair, and Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.—also hired no Negroes). Field's



AUDREY HARPER
A grandson helped.

would not budge, though, ironically, Colgan's program had financial backing from Marshall Field Jr., grandson of the store's founder and president of the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Undaunted, Colgan worked quietly on the other stores. In July 1950, Carson's cracked the color bar by hiring a Negro administrative aide, then some other Negroes as office workers, and finally even Negro sales clerks. Most other State Streeters followed, though some of the biggest (Mandel's, The Fair and Charles A. Stevens) drew the line at Negro sales clerks. Field's remained adamant.

Last winter a Pittsburgh Negro, Richard S. Dowdy, complained to Colgan that he had written to Field's, asked for a job in finance or merchandising, stated his qualifications (B.S. and M.A. degrees in research economics from Duquesne University), but neglected to say that he was a Negro. After encouraging replies, Dowdy went to Chicago only to be told by Field's that it was "lamentable but

true" that the store hired no Negroes. Dowdy's complaint was handed to Chicago's Commission on Human Relations, whose enforcement powers are limited to public contract but whose public hearings can be powerful in dealing with private business. Field's, faced with an implied threat of public hearings and a supertight labor market, relented and wrote the commission that it had decided to give "a number of jobs, some menial, some not so menial," to qualified Negroes.

Last week the word leaked out that slim, taciturn Audrey Harper has been working as a clerk-typist at Field's since mid-July as the store's first Negro employee (Dowdy was not hired), and that five other Negroes had followed her on the payroll. Mrs. Harper, 26, a high-school graduate with three years of business-school training, said: "It's a great achievement for Negroes, but I don't think it's anything to talk about too much. Fuss makes trouble, not progress."

Said a Field's spokesman: "The community appears to be ready for this development, and it is still the Field & Co. policy to 'give the lady what she wants.'"

Byrnes's Boil

South Carolina's Governor Jimmy Byrnes, who has a low boiling point when he believes federal action against race discrimination threatens states' rights, boiled over last week.

The aging (74), one-time Democratic New Deal stalwart (who broke with the national party to support Ike last year) was nettled by a new clause in contracts between the Government and banks which make Government-guaranteed farm price-support loans. The clause would require these banks to hire employees without race discrimination. Egged on by bankers, Byrnes telephoned President Eisenhower in Denver. Said Byrnes: "I talked with the President . . . he does not want departments of the Government to usurp the powers of Congress or by executive fiat to interfere with the business practices of citizens when there is no law authorizing such action."

Next day the Administration backed-track by withdrawing the non-discrimination clause first written into the bank contracts last May. Said Commodity Credit Corporation President John H. Davis: ". . . inclusion of the clause is unnecessary . . . employment of [bank] personnel is not a real factor in performing these lending functions, and there is no conceivable need for the operation of such a clause in this field." Said Walter White, spokesman for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People: a "humiliating capitulation."

THE ADMINISTRATION Appointments

Key appointments announced last week by President Eisenhower:
¶ To be Assistant Secretary of Defense for Legislative Affairs, Nebraska's smooth, smart Frederick Andrew Seaton, 43, a

practiced political hand who was Alf Landon's secretary during the 1936 presidential campaign, Harold Stassen's pre-convention manager in 1948, and one of the top men in the Eisenhower movement last year. Newspaper Publisher Seaton (the Hastings, Neb., *Tribune*, and other Midwest papers) was a member of the Nebraska Legislature in 1945-47, served for a year as U.S. Senator, filling the vacancy created by the death of Kenneth S. Wherry. His new assignment: to improve relations between Engine Charlie Wilson's Department of Defense and Capitol Hill.

¶ To be Administrative Assistant to the President, I. (for Isaac) Jack Martin, 45, an Ohio lawyer who for nine years was secretary and administrative assistant

to 965 planes, including 169 B-47 jet bombers and 579 jet fighters. Of the \$1 billion thus saved, about \$250 million will go into orders for the U.S.A.F.'s new supersonic fighter, the F-100. The remaining \$750 million will be held over for use in fiscal 1955, when another budget cut is in prospect.

Over the Bar

Since 1901, when Congress prohibited the sale of whisky on Army posts in the continental U.S., the drinking habits of the U.S. soldier have depended heavily on the whims of his post commander. A few post commanders simply ignored the law. Most approved a compromise whereby officers and noncoms kept their own bot-

Switch, no exception to the rule, brought to light a few switches on the home front:

¶ News that Corporal Ralph Meier of White Lake, S.Dak., had been freed by the Communists prompted some soul-searching by his 17-year-old wife Avis. Last March, after having heard the previous fall that Meier had died in prison camp, Avis Meier married Herald Kapsch of Mitchell, S.Dak. When a G.I. released last April in Operation Little Switch reported Meier alive, she had her second marriage annulled, but she hasn't made up her mind about the future. Says she: "I was so sure Ralph was dead, and my whole life had taken on a new direction . . . I still don't know how it will work out or how I want it to work out."

¶ In even worse straits was 23-year-old Mrs. Agnes Dixon, who married William Sasser of La Grange, N.C., on the strength of an official War Department report that her first husband, Pfc. Walter Dixon, had died of wounds in Korea. In January 1952, after the Communists disclosed that Dixon was a prisoner, Mrs. Dixon got her marriage to Sasser annulled. Six months later she gave birth to a son. Though she named the boy William Charles Dixon, Mrs. Dixon is currently living with her second husband's family (Sasser himself lives elsewhere). Pfc. Dixon, who was released a week ago, has announced that "I'll see about the situation when I get home." Meanwhile, the Veterans Administration is trying to decide whether or not Mrs. Dixon must repay the \$10,000 G.I. insurance which she collected after Dixon's reported death.

¶ For Mrs. Ava Nell Cogburn of Lexington, Ky., the return of her first husband, Sergeant Jimmie Cogburn, posed only a legal problem. Though she was "surprised and happy" to hear of Cogburn's release, 24-year-old Ava Nell frankly prefers her second husband, Farmer James Hern, whom she married two years after Cogburn was reported missing and presumed dead. Ava Nell, who has a six-year-old son by her first marriage and a month-old daughter by the second, hopes to divorce Cogburn, remarry Hern and keep both children. In Korea newly freed Jimmie Cogburn, who had joined the Army against Ava Nell's wishes, met the news of her remarriage with a low-voiced question: "What can I do?"

HEROES

Home to Fiddlers Green

*Half-way down the trail to hell,
In a shady meadow, green,
Are the souls of all dead troopers
Camped near a good old-time canteen,
And this eternal resting place
Is known as Fiddlers Green.*

—Old Cavalry Song

Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright was a soldier of the old U.S. Army. A lean, bowlegged cavalryman, he spent his happiest days in the hard-riding, spur and saber atmosphere of the vanishing Army posts of the West. In an age that pro-



MRS. WALTER DIXON & HUSBAND NO. 2
Ever since Ulysses, tragic notes amidst the cheers.

to the late Senator Robert A. Taft. His assignment: to help maintain good relations between the White House and Capitol Hill.

¶ To be Register of the Treasury, Savannah Banker Louis B. Toomer, 60, a Negro. Said Toomer, who will direct the work of 3,000 employees auditing the public debt and checking off paid-up securities: "This shows what the G.O.P. thinks of the Negroes, compared with what the Democrats thought."

ARMED FORCES

Cutback in Planes

Called into conference by Assistant Air Force Secretary Roger Lewis, top U.S. aircraft manufacturers last week heard some news that hit them where it hurt. The Air Force, having cut pilot training and manpower, and abandoned air bases to keep inside its reduced budget (*TIME*, Sept. 7), had also been forced to slash its plane-buying program. Canceled were or-

ties in their club lockers. Last week, taking advantage of congressional permission granted two years ago in the Universal Military Training & Service Act, the Army finally decided to allow all officers' and NCOs' clubs to sell hard liquor over the bar. Though it admonished commanders to "encourage abstinence, enforce moderation and punish overindulgence," and forbade bar drinks for soldiers under 21, last week's directive promptly brought a protest from Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. "More than 20,000 ex-uniformed alcoholics have passed through veterans' hospitals in the last three years," said Mrs. Colvin sternly. "The new order will double this number."

Big Switches

Ever since Ulysses failed to make a prompt return from the Trojan War, the cheers welcoming an end of hostilities have been marred by a few notes of marital tragedy. Korea's Operation Big

duced Army men of many talents—generals who could double as diplomats, showmen, orators or businessmen—"Skinny" Wainwright, a fine horseman,⁶ a crack shot and an all-round good officer, was never anything but a soldier. He had no conspicuous hobbies, outstanding social virtues or noteworthy vices. But his men believed in him, and they followed him to the limit at Bataan and Corregidor.

Wainwright's formal qualifications for leadership were good but not extraordinary. Born at Fort Walla Walla, Wash., where his father was serving, he went to West Point and built himself an orthodox career in the cavalry. He served with the 1st Cavalry, fought the Moros in the Philippines, had a succession of combat staff jobs in France in World War I, and went through the usual round of peacetime assignments. In 1940, as a temporary major general, he was sent to command the Philippine division. On Pearl Harbor Day, Wainwright was senior field commander under Douglas MacArthur.

Cheers on the Field. When Wainwright and his fellow generals deployed their troops, they had some 19,000 U.S. Regulars, 12,000 Philippine Scouts and 60,000 semi-trained Philippine army troops to meet the attack of General Masaharu Homma's 250,000 Japanese, supported by their uncontested control of the sea and the air. The troops, still the peacetime Army, were badly equipped. MacArthur ordered Wainwright to put into effect War Plan Orange, the 20-year-old strategy for a withdrawal to the Bataan Peninsula and Corregidor Island, where the defenders would wait for help from the U.S. He fell back skilfully, but there was no rescue in prospect. With his scratch army he conducted five months of resistance against the enemy's first team.

General Wainwright appeared on the lines almost every day, personally regrouping his troops right down to organizing front-line machine-gun units. After MacArthur had been ordered off Corregidor to Australia by President Roosevelt, Wainwright took over the entire Philippines command. He slept only a few hours a night, but the certainty of his appearances kept "the bastards of Bataan" fighting long after the book said they should have stopped.

One of his old officers on Bataan remembers "his tall, gaunt, straight body . . . his eyes flashing in his tired face . . . He was on his toes, and had a grasp of every part of the tactical situation. He seemed to be able to put himself in the place of everybody out there. Near the end, Wainwright was suffering from beriberi. Undernourishment had affected him so badly that he could barely use his right leg. Despite this, dragging himself along and leaning on a cane, he walked along the roads all the time, inspecting the final defenses. He was the only general I have ever seen actually cheered by his own men on the field of battle."

⁶ He wore the pink coat of a Master of Fox Hounds at officers' hunts.

Sword at the Side. On May 6, 1942, with Bataan fallen and Japanese landing parties on Corregidor attacking the entrances of his headquarters and hospital tunnels, Wainwright surrendered. He saw the tortures of some of his men at the hands of the Japanese and spent 30 painful months in Japanese prison camps, undernourished, beaten and abused by his jailers. At the end of World War II, he was escorted by Russian troops from the prison camp at Sian, Manchuria. When he appeared on the deck of the U.S.S. *Missouri*, at the Japanese surrender, he was a sick skeleton weighing only 120 lbs.

Skinny Wainwright never fully recov-

GAMBLING

Card Trick

It was a tense moment at the American Legion's \$1,000 bingo game in East Chicago, Ind. As the 25th and final number was called off one night last week, there was a stir of excitement at a corner table. One of the five women there gasped and screamed "Bingo!" On her orange card was the winning combination of numbers, all right. Then an attendant noticed something strange: one of the numbers on the winning card was printed slantwise. Suspicious, he asked the winner to come back next day to collect her check. Then he



GENERAL WAINWRIGHT & FRIEND: YOKOHAMA 1945
He was a soldier of the old Army.

International

ered from the physical effects of his captivity. In August 1947, a four-star general and a Medal of Honor man, he retired from command of the U.S. Fourth Army at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. To be near the post that is most beloved to old soldiers, he took a job as board chairman of a Texas food-store chain. He and his wife lived comfortably but quietly, for his health was poor. He called their small shaded house in San Antonio Fiddlers Green.

Last week, eight years to the day after the surrender of his Japanese enemies, General Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, 70, died of a stroke. After his funeral service, a detail of Fourth Army soldiers escorted his body out of Fort Sam's chapel to the post gate. Behind the coffin, his orderly led a cavalry horse with an empty saddle, the general's spurred boots reversed in the stirrups, and the sword he had once surrendered on Corregidor hanging stiffly at the side.

took the card to the printer, who quickly pronounced it a fake.

Reconstructing the card trick was simple. The five women had come in early in the evening, bought cards for the big \$1,000 game, and appropriated the corner table. Some time during the evening, the woman with the "winning" card substituted a matching orange card with unnumbered squares from a supply in her automobile. Then, as the game proceeded, she took dies from her pocketbook and stamped winning numbers in the blanks, while her friends huddled around her.

Next day, when the winner returned with two of her companions, she demurely denied everything. The legion was unwilling to call in the police, for bingo games are illegal in Indiana. Finally the woman made a magnanimous gesture. "Well," she said, "I guess the legion needs the \$1,000, so I will forget the prize." Then she and her companions got into a shiny new Cadillac sedan and drove off.

THE U.S., A STRONG & STABLE LAND

"Progressive Conservatism" Is Its Mood

In a republic like the U.S., the real news of the nation's political future and its economic direction lies in people who seldom see a reporter. Last month TIME's Contributing Editor Alvin Josephy set out to talk to these people. He drove 7,400 miles westward through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, along the Oregon Trail through central Nebraska and Wyoming, across northern Utah and southern Idaho, into eastern Oregon and Washington, then back through Montana, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the northern counties of the Midwest farm states. He chose dirt-section line roads in preference to highways, the little towns over the cities. He stopped in at Elks lodges, Chambers of Commerce, Grange halls, talked to Farm Bureau members, Farmers Union members, ranchers, foresters, state and local officials, editors. His report:

EVEN in the smallest towns and most isolated areas, the U.S. is wearing a very prosperous, middle-class suit of clothes, and an attitude of relaxation and confidence. People are not growing wealthy, but more of them than ever before are getting along, have money to spend, and are putting it to use getting satisfaction out of life. I found people with worries and concerns, but there are no great frustrations abroad, none of the strong pressures that make whole groups of citizens desperate and ready to turn to extreme thinking of one sort or another.

Out in the country, on farms and on the range as well as around the borders of every town and shopping center, there is a tremendous amount of building going on: new store buildings, clubhouses and public institutions, and dozens and dozens of modern schools, most of them along simple, functional lines. I remember beautiful schools, for instance, in Idaho Falls and a suburb of Billings, Mont., and others going up in towns in Ohio, Illinois and Iowa. In the commercial centers, the streets are lined with late-model cars. Everywhere I went I had a continuing impression of homes being kept up, business being done, and people being better off than they have ever been before.

In Gaps, No Emergencies. Republicans and Democrats have a surprising sameness of outlook and political thinking. President Eisenhower's policy of "gradualism," or of progressive conservatism, is, in my opinion, exactly the mood of the parts of the country I visited. In normally Democratic country such as northern Idaho and Montana, they don't cheer or worship him, but during the entire trip, only two people expressed to me strong feelings against Ike personally. The great preponderance of people I met did not even suggest that it was still too early to form an opinion on Ike. They like him all right, and he's O.K. Just that.

Delving deeper gives some clues to this satisfied feeling. On foreign affairs, he has filled a gap left by F.D.R. and has given them a secure feeling that everything is in hand and under control. I found a widespread aversion to being whipped up in crises every so often, and Ike hasn't whipped them up. Russia, for the time being, it seemed to many people I talked to, has all the trouble it can handle in its own backyard. Ike's relaxed and confident handling of Korea was fine, and they are sure that somehow he can avoid a collision with Russia. On domestic affairs, Ike gets credit for everything that has been done, or alleged to have been done (lots of talk on how he's cut down on Government workers, lopped off waste in the military, tapered off aid to foreign governments), and what hasn't been done, they believe, doesn't have to be done.

People aren't particularly concerned about lack of accomplishment. The gaps leave no emergencies, and no one has been badly hurt by omissions—yet.

In the areas I visited, Ike won last year because: 1) people who in 1948 had worried that they would lose benefits if the Democrats lost thought Ike promised retention of those benefits in 1952; 2) Ike promised an end to the Korean mess; 3) they were in fear that Washington was being taken over by Reds and

crooks. Now there is a settled feeling, I think, that Ike has met the challenge of the latter two points and, though there is need to worry about the first point, nothing definite has yet occurred, and no action is better than wrong action. Beyond those three points, the average farmer and rancher apparently look for little else from the Administration, which accounts for a general indifference to its record, or lack of it, up to now. There are certainly those with strong feelings about taxation, military spending and foreign aid, but save in special areas—such speculation centers and market places as Peoria and Minneapolis or in the Coeur d'Alene mining towns—I found little interest in those subjects which loom as the big issues in Washington. The issue, for instance, of the extension of the excess profits tax was quite often either shrugged off, or given a cold, "Well, what is an excess profits tax, after all? It's a tax on profits that are too big. What's wrong with it?"

In Roots, a Reason. I feel sure that if Ike were running again today, he would get a larger vote than last time in all the regions I covered. Many who voted for Stevenson told me that they were glad Ike was in, and that Stevenson would have been a mistake. I would hesitate to say that all Republicans enjoy the same popularity. From Ohio to Wyoming, straight across the farm belt, among corn, hogs, soybean, alfalfa, wheat, beet and cattle men, I heard Ike praised, and the men around Ike, as well as the Republican Party itself, blamed for going back on promises to the farmers. Farmers and ranchers everywhere told me that Ike had made specific promises in his campaign speeches to them that he would keep "the program" intact if he were elected. Now they blame Secretary of Agriculture Benson and, of course, Tom Dewey and "Eastern money" for talking Ike into breaking his promises. In eastern Oregon, Washington, northern Idaho and Montana, Ike is similarly popular, while Secretary of Interior McKay and the "power trusts and bankers of the G.O.P." are the villains to public-power supporters.

There is a lot of strange political reasoning behind all this, but its roots go back into American history. The area I chose to roam still has its traditions of Populism, the L.W.W.s and assorted brands of native radicalism, aimed for the most part against the moneybags of the East. A managed farm economy, public power, Government control and regulation can raise the hair of an Eastern conservative. Not so on his rural brother of the Midwest and West. That man, if his personal interests so dictate, can vote G.O.P. and be conservative on 99 issues, yet fight stubbornly for one thing which the Easterner might regard as an idea right out of the Kremlin.

A big, prosperous G.O.P. wheat farmer in Gering, Nebr., summed up what a lot of others told me elsewhere: "The thing we've got to fight against is alien, Asiatic Communism—not socialism. A managed farm economy is socialism, and we've got it, and we've got to keep it." And at a service-club lunch at Burlington, Iowa, a man who has 1,400 acres of fine corn land between West Burlington and Mt. Pleasant said: "The big Easterners are trying to sell Eisenhower that all he has to do is toss the farmers a little help after disaster hits, like it has in Texas. We went for the New Deal because it gave us a program to prevent disaster before it comes. We'll go back to the New Deal, if it's the only way to keep the program, whatever names they call it by back East."

A Veto for Canned Scripts. I heard the same sort of determined support for public power voiced by G.O.P. voters in Nebraska (a public-power state) and by people throughout the Northwest (where it has become an issue of enormous magnitude); for federal-irrigation projects by G.O.P.-voting farmers in Riverton, Shoshoni and Douglas, Wyo., and for the strictest maintenance of present Government rules regulating the use of national parks and U.S. forests by chambers of commerce in Wyoming, Idaho and Montana.

In Missoula, for instance, the local chamber recently got the

U.S. Chamber to abandon a national public-relations program aimed at getting U.S. forests opened wider to logging companies. The local protest, eventually backed by the chambers of commerce of 17 states, began when the Missoula chamber got some "canned" radio scripts from the Washington office. "We hit the roof," said Don Wilson, the secretary of the Missoula chamber. "Their policy would open the forests to all kinds of irresponsible fly-by-nights and little companies that would clear-cut the land, then let their holdings go back to the counties or the Federal Government for taxes after they were finished and had ruined the area for good." The big companies, which practice responsible scientific tree-farming, he said, are already logging the U.S. forests, and have no reason to agitate for relaxing Government rules. Later, I not only found this to be true, but came away from the Western states with the feeling that the majority of business people, even the big ones, are strong conservationists, and overwhelmingly opposed to those relatively few interests which are trying to make inroads in the national parks and forests.

I heard an anti-internationalist tone in many conversations in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin, but nowhere else. Iowa, Nebraska and the states farther west, particularly Idaho and Montana, seemed surprisingly internationalist, with pro-U.N. talk, clubs, study groups, and an awareness of our world position and responsibilities. In the mining areas, where there are shut-down and slowed-down mines and unemployment, there is a lot of angry and unreasoning feeling against the "trade-not-aid" program. At a luncheon in Kellogg, Idaho, I heard a minimum of logic and clear reasoning as people told me that they were all for giving help to our allies, even if it meant high taxes, but they were against "Stassen's damn-fool policy" of buying lead, zinc and antimony from foreign countries and letting our own mines rot on the vine. They were all for the sections of the Simpson amendment which would give special tariff protection to U.S. ores, and when it was beaten, papers headlined the defeat of the amendment in eight-column banners from Spokane to Helena as if it were a national tragedy. The day I left Idaho, the papers carried a story that Senator McCarthy might eventually come to Idaho with his investigating committee to see if there was bad planning among those in the Government who handled foreign-mineral purchases.

An Opportunity to Isolate. In every state except Joe McCarthy's native Wisconsin (where anyone will readily discuss Joe), I got the strong impression that McCarthy isn't much of an issue, but that any candidate who tries to make him an issue may get hurt. The premise is accepted that the Federal Government under Truman was full of Reds, and most of the people I talked to seemed of the opinion that there are still a lot of Reds in Washington, particularly in the State Department. No amount of argument is going to change their minds. In a part of the country where few people can readily identify themselves with "intellectuals," or others whom McCarthy has gone after, Joe still seems accepted as a necessary, and even valuable, bird dog. But opinions are not strong one way or the other. A majority view seems to be: the Communist threat has slackened, many Reds have been exposed, Ike's Administration isn't going to coddle them, but it's good to have McCarthy there keeping up the pressure and watching every hole a rat might try to sneak into. Book-burning, McCarthy's opposition to Ike, even the attack on the Protestant clergy by McCarthy's erstwhile Chief Investigator Joseph B. Matthews, seemed to arouse few passions. In fact, one of the few bookish persons I met, J. H. Gipson, the peppery owner of the Caxton Printers, Ltd., in Caldwell, Idaho, said to me: "McCarthy's just an enthusiastic, two-fisted young man who likes a fight. He's not out to destroy our liberties, or subvert the Constitution, or become a dictator, or anything else wicked. He's doing a necessary job, and he's doing it like a Marine—with both fists." Gipson, it might be noted, once almost wrecked his publishing career by renting his presses during a mine strike to a socialist newspaper whose own plant had been smashed by a mob. "I stayed up all night debating with my conscience," he tells about it. "But I believed in a free press—and I'd do it again!"

Only the faintest lines have yet been etched around what

promises to be the main issue in this part of the country: the Republican farm program. Members of the House Agriculture Committee under Kansas' Clifford Hope are out now on a national tour trying to find out what farmers want. Secretary Benson is also in the midst of a great querying operation, collecting opinions from hundreds of farmers and others connected with the farm industry throughout the country.

Support for Insurance. Farmers are as proud as anyone else, and they don't want to see headlines castigating them as a special class undermining the free-enterprise system or any other treasured American value. So most of them will begin a conversation by saying that they're all for trying to make a go of it by themselves, without special Government favors. But from then on one wonders if they really mean it. The "farm program," meaning a sort of package tying up such things as price supports at a high percentage of parity, insurance, loans, storage and marketing aids, REA and soil conservation, means one thing to most of the farmers I talked to: a reassuring piece of insurance against disaster. To them, there is no insurance in a "flexible farm program," or a program minus this or that present-day provision. In North Dakota G.O.P. Senator Milton Young said: "A flexible farm-support program will be tragic for the Republican Party." His words would be taken seriously.

Benson's original policy statements were perhaps too blunt and badly timed. Drought and falling prices were affecting farmers and cattlemen from Ohio to Texas, and they were getting worried. At just that moment the Administration spoke its piece. By the time I reached the Midwest and the plains states, opinion seemed to be firming up that Ike would have to be notified that the farm program would have to stay as is, and that if he didn't accept the notification, a lot of farmers would go back to voting Democratic.

Such a move away from the G.O.P. has not begun yet. And it may not occur. The owner of an alfalfa dehydrating plant in Cozad, Nebr., said: "It's a hell of a note. The Democrats bought the farm vote, and next year the Republicans will do it. Wait and see—they'll have to."

Meanwhile, Benson personally bears the brunt of the bitterness. In Goodland and Logansport, Ind., Centerville, Mt. Pleasant and Shenandoah, Iowa, Nebraska City, Kearney, Ogallala and the Scottsbluff area of Nebraska, I met many who complained that the Secretary is a businessman, not a farmer. In strong Farm Union areas such as central and eastern Montana, the Republican Party and policy are held to blame rather than Benson. Near Billings, I heard a recorded anti-G.O.P. speech by Senator Jim Murray in use as a radio commercial by a retail outlet as a sales pitch to farmers to buy portable grain-storage bins. The implication: the new Administration is now forcing farmers to feed for themselves. In Hettinger, N. Dak. and Selby, S. Dak., where rust was threatening the wheat crop, gribes followed the old Non-Partisan League line, and were directed like buckshot against the banks and Eastern capitalists around Ike.

The Chief Asset. The farmer is not only news politically—a focal question mark for both parties in 1954—but he is facing an important milestone in his relationship with the rest of the nation. "The Program" of almost 20 years' duration is now under study by the new Administration. What the Administration does, for good or bad to the farmers, for good or bad to the nation as a whole, will depend in great measure on the attitudes of the farmers themselves. The whole process of thoughtful consideration of the farm program, reflected in farm and town alike, is part of the general picture of gradualism, of progressive conservatism.

It is hard to digest quickly all that I managed to see in a month's time—hard to sit back and put it in proper perspective, to see all that is important and all that is not, to feel quite sure what is news and of interest and significance to everyone, and what is perhaps of only passing interest. But it is neither trite nor banal, I believe, to say that in its chief asset, its people, the U.S. today appeared to be a very strong and stable land, far stronger and more stable than a reading of reports from Washington and the daily headlines would indicate.

NEWS IN PICTURES



HOLLYWOOD ROUGH RIDER: Actor Errol Flynn, 44, prancing & leering in Venice, entertains nightclub with piggyback ride on Dance Partner Jamine Leplat, 19. Later, Flynn complained of severe pains in his back, explained: "I must have thrown something out of place."

SUMMER DOG DAYS: HEAT & HORSEPLAY

FALL was not far off, but summer's dog days inspired people of all sorts to strange and wonderful reactions. With temperatures near 100°, a St. Louis family kept cool by pelting one another with snowballs they had hoarded in the freezer, and a perspiring guest stole the thermometer from a Toledo hotel lobby. Europe was cooler, but the International Set kept things popping. In Biarritz, the Marquis de Cuevas, dressed as a "God of Nature," spent \$75,000 on the year's zaniest costume ball for 2,000 friends (see FOREIGN NEWS). Unsung thinker of the week: the Illinois professor who urged that cities be enclosed in huge air-conditioned domes for a steady 75°, winter and summer.



BRIGHT FUTURE: Striptease Artist Lili St. Cyr, 35, four times married, celebrates engagement to Decorator Thomas Douglas, 48, with massive (28 carats) diamond. Value: \$15,000.

DREAM BOAT: Paris Inventor Jacques Jahan shows off newest idea in outboards on Lake du Bourget, near Aix-les-Bains. Transparent craft weighing 390 lbs. is made entirely of plastic.

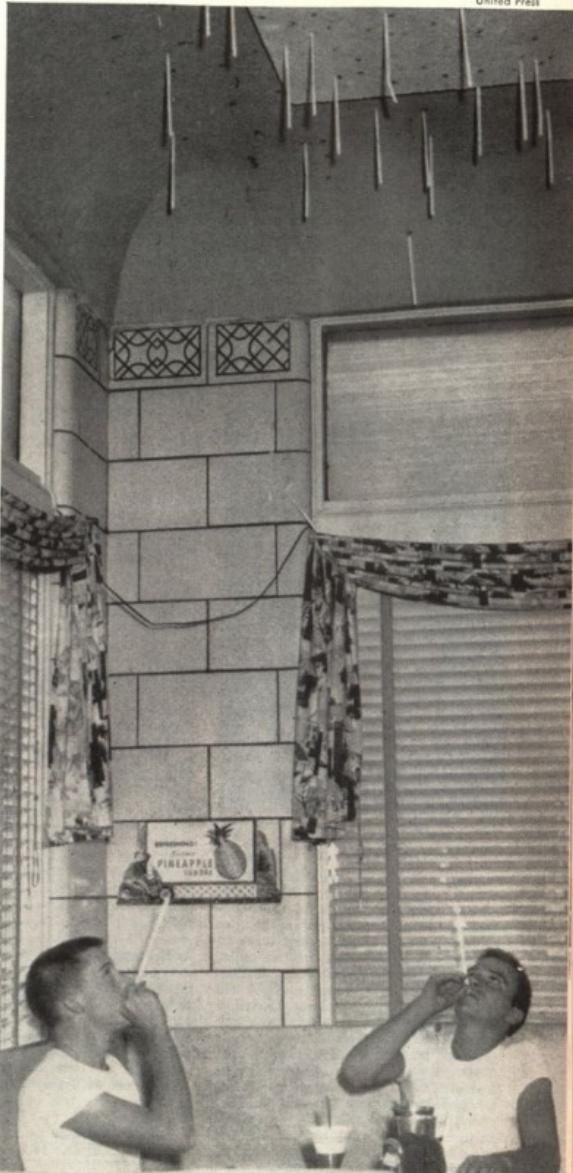


Robert Cohen—Black Star



PEACE DOVE: Painted model, decorated with Pablo Picasso's famed Communist motif was hit of unusual pageant in village of Vallauris on French Riviera, where artists put serious work aside to hold their annual exhibition of "living ceramics."

United Press



STICKY FAD: Michigan teen-agers enliven idle hours with new twist on old game of shooting paper covers off drugstore straws. Youngsters dunk covers in chocolate syrup, then lean back and decorate ceiling with makeshift blowguns.

INTERNATIONAL

TRIESTE

Glowing Ember

The problem of Trieste, a grey ember caught in the crosswinds of national desire, brightened to an ugly red glow last week.

The first gust blew out of Yugoslavia. Dictator Tito, heady from a long succession of diplomatic successes with the West since he broke with the U.S.S.R., opened a new campaign to best Italy in the post-war struggle for control of the beautiful old port city and the 287-square-mile Free Territory of Trieste which surrounds it. Belgrade's press and radio blossomed with demands for "a serious reconsideration" of Yugoslavia's conditions for a settlement. "Italy," snapped the official



YUGOSLAVIA'S TITO
A new demand.

newspaper *Borba*, "is completely disqualified as a partner to whom it is worth making concessions." With fanfare, it was announced that Tito himself was about to reveal brand-new Yugoslav demands.

Troops & Ships. None of this ruffled any hairs in Washington, Paris or London, where for five years the policy had been to make believe that the Trieste issue was not there at all. But the new Italian government of Premier Giuseppe Pella took the hints to mean the worst—that Tito was preparing for outright annexation of Zone B, the southern half of the territory, which has been in Yugoslav control since World War II. From Rome went orders to the army and navy: two to three divisions of Italian troops along the Yugoslav border were put on the alert, and a cruiser and two torpedo boats were dispatched to Venice, just across the Adriatic from Trieste.

Belgrade fired back with angry notes—

five of them in four days—protesting the Italian "military demonstration" and warning that Yugoslavia might take "corresponding measures" on its side of the border. But Giuseppe Pella stood firm. While Trieste is chiefly an issue of pride and internal prestige with Tito, to Italians it is an issue of deep and emotional nationalism—the one issue that unites all Italians except the Communists (and even many of them).

Even if he had wanted to, Pella could not skitter or give ground. And he did not want to. Though he likes to refer to his government as a "transition" government, Pella does not intend it to be transitory. Having won support that even the renowned Alcide De Gasperi failed to win before him, the new Premier felt that he could consolidate his regime with a favorable Trieste settlement. To fortify him Pella had the solemn 1948 declaration of the U.S., Britain and France, in which they renounced previous positions and advocated the return of the Free Territory of Trieste to Italy.

"**Stab in the Back.**" But from Washington last week, at the most indequate moment possible, came a thunderbolt that jolted Italy to almost desperate anger. Questioned about the U.S. stand on the five-year-old promise of all Trieste for Italy, U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles implied that the U.S. might consider some other plan for the territory (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Italy's government and press were horrified at what appeared to be a retreat from the unequivocal declaration of 1948. "This," cried Rome's conservative *Il Tempo*, "sets off irreparably from the U.S. a block of 47 million inhabitants of one of the most civilized countries in the world [and] . . . opens the rosiest horizons for Malenkov and Togliatti." One Italian newspaper flung a well-remembered phrase back at the U.S. "Stab in the back!" it said.

Although Foster Dulles later tried to shovel back some of the ground he had scooped from under an allied government that was sorely in need of support (by saying that U.S. policy had not really changed), the damage had been done. And Belgrade happily seized on it. At week's end Communist Tito traveled to the village of Okragilica, only 25 miles from the Trieste boundary, and before 250,000 Yugoslavs announced that he was withdrawing all his past compromise proposals and demanding a new one even less acceptable to Italy: internationalization of the Port of Trieste and outright annexation of the rest of the territory by Yugoslavia.

Unless he uses force, which he promised not to do, Tito cannot make his demands stick. But unless the Western powers replace their lassitude and ineptitude about Trieste with some diplomacy, they stand in great danger of losing Italy as a firm friend and cold-war ally.

COLD WAR

No. 12

In a year and a half, East and West had pelted each other with eleven formal diplomatic notes on one subject: unification of Germany. From Washington, Paris and London last week came note No. 12—the shortest and the best so far. It was a crisp, polite invitation to the Soviet Foreign Minister to meet with his Big Three opposite numbers to seek "a solution of the German and Austrian problems," and it got right down to the brass tacks of time (Oct. 15) and place (Lugano, Switzerland). The note did not try to meet attacks made in previous Soviet notes, and it made no attack on Soviet acts or motives.

The document had the odd quality of



ITALY'S PELLA
A firm stand.

pleasing just about everyone on the Western side. Paris' leftist *Combat* nicknamed it "La Note Dior," because it was short and had style. *Le Monde* applauded the absence of polemics, which give the Soviets the nourishment they need for their propaganda. In Germany, giving his approval, Konrad Adenauer said that it was he who suggested writing the note. And, though it was nicely timed to give Adenauer a last-minute boost for the Western German elections (see below), Adenauer's political enemies, the German Socialists, said they liked it too.

The likelihood was that No. 12 would propel the world no closer to an acceptable settlement for Germany than Nos. 1 through 11 had done. But it neatly left the Kremlin little room to dodge in. Now, said the London *Times*, there will be if the four-power conference on Germany does not now take place."

KOREA

Switch Completed

The last caravans of crowded trucks, jeeps and ambulances rolled to Panmunjom last week from the P.W. camps of Korea. Operation Big Switch was over.

In the mass 35-day exchange, 75,797 North Koreans and Chinese were handed back to the Communists; some 23,000 stayed behind in hopes that they would never have to return. From the Reds came 12,760 U.N. captives, 3,597 of them Americans. That was 284 Americans more than the Communists had promised to exchange. But it still did not account for all those believed to be in enemy hands.

Hero's Return

The man's hair was whitening, the lines of ordeal were carved in his face, and he was gaunt beneath his suntan. To those who knew him three years before, he looked ten years older. But even in his incongruous costume—an ill-fitting suit, blue cap, thick-soled sneakers, an orange shirt, a red tie—he was still cheerful and erect, still very much a soldier. He was Major General William F. Dean, 54, commander of the first U.S. forces in the Korean war (elements of the 24th Infantry Division), hero of Taejon, highest ranking U.N. officer taken prisoner by the Communists, first Medal of Honor winner of the Korean war.

The Communists delivered Bill Dean back to freedom last week at Panmunjom.

Looking for Water. At Freedom Village, after the doctors looked him over (he was having some trouble with his teeth, had a trace of amoebic dysentery), he sat down before a microphone and grinned at a crowd of newsmen. "You are the first Americans I've seen since July 1950," said General Dean. "I'm sure you look a lot better to me than I do to you." Then he told his story: how he and a small group of officers and G.I.s fought their way out of burning Taejon in that first grim month of the war; how he became separated from his party when he went to the help of a wounded man; how he lost touch with his aide; how he fell down a cliff while looking for water. For 35 days he wandered, dazed and hungry, begging food at farmhouses. Finally he was betrayed by a South Korean who led him into ambush.

Matter-of-factly, he recalled the first ugly weeks of capture. Sick from diarrhea, the Reds' prize prisoner was subjected to three relentless interrogations—one for a stretch of 68 hours, one for 44 hours, and one for 32 hours. His bottom got so sore that he sat for hours on his hands, until those, too, became swollen and sore.

"**So Help Me God.**" "I was threatened but not beaten," said he laconically. How grueling it had been was not related by modest Bill Dean, however, but by a North Korean named Lee Kyoo Hyun, who was interpreter and companion to Dean for one month in 1950, later escaped and joined the U.N. side as an interpreter. A North Korean colonel threatened to cut



International

PRESIDENT RHEE, GENERAL DEAN, GENERAL CLARK
Three years after, a soft sound of weeping.

the general's tongue out if he did not divulge military information. "Okay," replied Dean. "Cut it out. Then you can't force me to broadcast."

Repeatedly, he refused to talk, finally was ordered to put his refusal in writing. "I swear that I have no military information," Dean wrote, "and even if I had any, I would not divulge it in order not to become a traitor to the U.S. So help me God!"

Pretty Well Read. After the interrogations, Dean lived in virtual isolation with several Korean-speaking guards. Once in a while he had a visit from two Communist correspondents, Alan Winnington of the London *Daily Worker* and Wilfred Burchett of Paris' *L'Humanité*. At first, not allowed to read, he passed the time by doing mathematical problems in his head. One favorite exercise: squaring all the numbers from 1 to 1,000. Later he was given Communist books—the works of Lenin and other Red scriptures—to read. "I'm pretty well read on Communism," said Dean wryly.

As much a hero in captivity as in battle, he came back to a hero's welcome. In the hush of a hospital ward at Seoul, South Korean President Syngman Rhee decorated him with the Order of Taeguk, the government's highest military award. Old friends—officers and G.I.s who had fought beside him in the first dark days—clasped his hand and pounded his back. When the time came to begin the trip home to his wife, son, daughter and a grateful nation, the general wept softly.

THE UNITED NATIONS Housekeeping Problem

The United Nations ran into new troubles last week in its attempt to keep its big glass house to the satisfaction of its host. From a seven-man U.N. tribunal came a ruling that eleven Americans, fired

from the U.N. staff because their loyalty to the U.S. was questioned, had been dismissed "illegally."

In the case of seven, the tribunal ordered U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold to pay legal fees of \$300 each and damages ranging from \$6,000 to \$40,000 (for an "anthropologist and African specialist" whose field, the tribunal said, was so narrow he would be hard put to find a job elsewhere). The other four Hammarskjold was told to reinstate in their jobs. Ten of the eleven were Americans who had retired behind the Fifth Amendment last year when congressional probbers asked them whether they were or had been Communists, and whether they were or ever had been engaged in espionage against the U.S. The eleventh was a woman who admitted to having been a Communist for one year in the '30s.

Of some 40 fired in the past year (all but one by Hammarskjold's predecessor, Trygve Lie), ten others had appealed for similar redress, but nine temporary employees were turned down by the tribunal, and another case was referred to the lower U.N. Board of Appeal.

The tribunal's ruling brought protests in the U.S. The American Legion passed a resolution condemning the tribunal. Senator William Jenner, involved in the investigation that inspired the original firings, warned that the U.S. could withdraw its financial contribution to U.N.—some 33½% of the U.N.'s \$41 million budget—and Illinois' Representative Noah Mason was all for pulling out of the U.N. entirely.

But Dag Hammarskjold satisfied cooler U.S. minds by announcing that he would not rehire the four singled out by the tribunal, would award them damages instead. In all, the procedure may cost the U.N. between \$135,000 and \$185,000. But the U.S. Government, at any rate, seemed to feel it was worth that to keep such critics out of the international woodwork.

FOREIGN NEWS

GERMANY

Victory

The divided world watched in united suspense last week as the people of West Germany fought the cold war with ballots. The battle, crucial to the global struggle between the democratic West and the Communist East, swirled around one man—Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

To topple him from power, the Communists ordered East German toughs and Red agents to slip across the border and sabotage the elections. But alert police and hastily mobilized West German youth organizations thwarted them: they were picked up by the thousands and jailed or bundled back across the border. To help



Associated Press

VOTER ADENAUER
Many happy returns.

him win, the U.S. Secretary of State made a blunt appeal for an Adenauer victory (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*), and unwittingly gave Konrad Adenauer's most threatening opponents, the Social Democrats, an issue they sorely wanted. It embarrassed Adenauer's Christian Democratic coalition somewhat, but it came providentially late in the campaign.

Do Not Disturb. In the last hours of the campaign, no concern showed on the stern, creased face of the 77-year-old man who had piloted West Germany from chaos to prosperity, from defeat to respectability and alliance with the democracies of the West. He sped coolly through the last campaign stops, and then, on the day before election, retired to his garden on the banks of the Rhine and sent out orders to his party aides not to disturb him that night, nor on the next night when the election returns came in.

This week more than 26 million West Germans—of 33 million eligible to vote—

streamed out into the warm sunshine to make their choice. Some, with rucksacks on their backs, queued up before polling booths as early as 4 a.m., voted, trudged off for holiday hikes. In Munich, a team of boxers went to their polls in boxing trunks on the way to their workouts; in Helgoland voters came in bathing suits on the way to the beaches. Before the ballots were one-tenth counted, the happy returns began rolling in to headquarters of the Christian-Democratic Union and the two other parties of their coalition.

The Christian Democrats had expected at best to run up a narrow majority over the Social Democrats and the crazy quilt of splinter parties competing for the 484 seats in the Bundestag. Instead, they won a smashing victory, and the right to govern Germany for four more years. In district after district, the Socialists lost strength and Adenauer's C.D.U. gained. Every one of the Communists' 14 seats in the Bundestag—including that of Party Boss Max Reimann—was jerked away from them. The neo-Nazi German Reich Party did even worse than the Communists.

Peacefully Sleeping. For the Western world, it was a resounding victory. West Germany, faced with the tempting alternative of Socialist neutralism that would cost it less in forbearance and treasure, had reaffirmed its determination to rearm on the side of the West and buttress up the faltering cause of European union. From statesmen in Western capitals came jubilant statements of victory. But from the quiet house of West Germany's Chancellor came no election-night message. Dr. Adenauer, it was explained, was peacefully sleeping.

EAST GERMANY Pilgrimage of Protest

From all points in East Germany, some 300,000 came to West Berlin last week for the second distribution of "Eisenhower packets" of free food. Lines formed early at 13 centers, beneath signs warning the people to keep mum about their identities and beware of informers. One twelve-year-old girl thought she spotted one: she told police that her East Zone teacher had been standing near her in the line, but had moved furtively away when she noticed him. The teacher explained that he had moved because he too had feared betrayal—by the little girl.

It was the journey back home that the Easterners feared most. The despised *Volkspolizei* were now checking all trains. Often they confiscated the parcels outright, and sent the lard, canned milk and beans along to their barracks. But those who merely lost their much needed gifts were lucky. The Vopos fined or arrested many. Some were accused of being American agents, a crime punishable by imprisonment or death, and to others the courts began meting out prison sentences as drastic as five years. On top of threat

and punishment, the Reds tried by public ridicule to halt the sad parade of their hungry subjects. In Ruppin they put up posters showing a local man and his wife beside a well-stacked table. "The needy collect Ami food parcels," the signs read. "An example—Reinhard Dehncke is a kulak with 44 hectares of land. He owns one tractor, three horses, 14 cows, 15 calves, five sheep, ten geese, 13 ducks, and employs two helpers." In East Berlin they pilloried Pastor Hermann Erhardt of the Pankow borough. "Has the pastor collected parcels because he is needy?" the signs asked. "He said he did it out of Christian charity. What a sham!"

But the more the Communists applied the pressure, the more East Germans de-



United Press

EAST GERMAN WOMAN WITH FOOD PARCEL
Some unhappy endings.

fied them. By week's end the flow west had passed 65,000 a day and was still growing. "Why do you come at such risk?" one of the East Germans was asked. "Because they do not want us to come," said he bitterly. What began as a hunger parade had grown into a pilgrimage of protest.

GREAT BRITAIN Small Shuffle

When Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill returned to London after a rest cure devoted to reading Trollope, feeding tropical fish, dictating his memoirs, and holding conferences with his top Cabinet officers, the London press widely predicted that some important changes would be made in his government (*TIME*, Sept. 7). Last week, in the casual manner of British politics, the P.M. announced the reshuffling, but the big news was that it was only a small shuffle after all.

The principal changes: 1) three new ministers (for food, education and agriculture) were promoted to Cabinet rank, including Minister of Education Florence Horsbrugh, first woman ever admitted to a Conservative Cabinet; 2) the "overlordship" system—a Churchill invention under which a Cabinet officer supervises a cluster of related departments, but has no direct control over any of them—was dropped as a failure, and so were two overlords, Lord Leathers and Sir Arthur Salter; 3) a saving of \$26,600 a year in salaries was effected, to the delight of economy-minded Sir Winston.

Contrary to advance gossip, Churchill kept a firm grip on all the powers and responsibilities of Prime Minister, and Anthony Eden, due to return from his convalescence at month's end, stuck to his Foreign Secretary's post. Shelved, if not abandoned, was the much-bruited plan to elevate Heir Apparent Eden to Deputy P.M. and lighten Sir Winston's load. But until they get the doctor's reports on how Torydom's Big Two are bearing up, Britons are taking no bets that the reshuffling is finished.

FRANCE

Gone to Hell

For the first time in a century, there were no prisoners last week in Cayenne Penal Colony, the equatorial prison long known as "Devil's Island." The last 58 beaten, broken convicts were transferred from the South American swamps to a Paris jail, and with that France brought to an end a prison more infamous than any crime it had ever punished. From the day it was founded in 1854, some 70,000 Frenchmen were sent out to its noisome stockades in expiation of crimes ranging from robbery to murder and high treason. Hardly more than 2,000 ever returned.

Reserved for political prisoners, the little island which gave the whole colony its name was actually only a small part of the sprawling penal community—two other rocky islands and two mainland settlements along the banks of French Guiana's Maroni River. But the name sticks: only the Devil himself could have designed such hellish discomfort for his prisoners as those that abounded in the steaming jungles of Guiana, or hired jailers as efficient as the shark-infested seas and fever-ridden swamps that stood guard on all sides of the Cayenne colony. The world got its first full whiff of Devil's Island iniquity in the case of Captive Alfred Dreyfus, who spent four years there before his defender, Emile Zola, wrote *J'accuse*, and brought him back to freedom.

Freedom to Starve. Most were not so lucky. French law provided that anyone serving under eight years had to stay in Guiana as a *libéré*, or freed prisoner, for another period equal at least to that of his sentence; anyone sentenced for more than eight years had to remain in the colony for life. About all that differentiated the *libérés* from the prisoners was



Captain Dreyfus

Betwixt the Devil and shark-ridden sea.

the fact that the freed men had to scratch and beg for their living, while the prisoners at least got fed. Money or influence might buy a man special privileges, but there was no honest way to earn them. One of the most ironically successful prisoners in the colony was a one-time mutinous soldier who managed to buy himself the job of prison executioner, only to grow absentminded, kill another convict in a tiff and end up on his own guillotine—after being good enough to set the blade himself.

Other prisoners spent their days, from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., working on Guiana's roads, forests and plantations, their nights locked in fetid barracks. For those who



European

MARSHAL JUIN
Between luncheon and afternoon tea.

rebelled, there were solitary cells on St. Joseph Island, cement pits whose only opening was an iron grille. Few inmates long survived St. Joseph. One who did was the locally famed Paul Rousseng, an ex-soldier serving 20 years for attempted arson. Paul's reputation as the ace of all incorrigibles earned him a more or less permanent home on St. Joseph. He wrote frequent obscene letters to the prison governor, went out of his way to plague the warden, tried to give himself TB, practiced acrobatics on the grate of his solitary cell, and indulged in many other pranks. For each offense he got 30 extra days in solitary until at last he had piled up more than ten years in penalties. The authorities gave up, took him to the mainland, where he escaped. Where the jailers had failed, the jungle apparently succeeded. Paul was never heard of again.

No Deterrent. Ever since 1925, when a reporter visited Guiana and wrote a blistering exposé of the prison colony for his paper, *Le Petit Parisien*, enlightened Frenchmen have been clucking over the shameful institution they call "the dry guillotine," but little was done about it. It took more than ten years before the French government finally admitted that Cayenne "does not appear to have any deterrent effect upon the criminals" and was "not good for the prestige of France in [the American] continent." In 1938 the government announced its intention to let the penal colony "disappear by extinction." Red tape, lassitude and the demands of World War II slowed down the process, but last February the government decided to bring home the last convicts and *libérés*. Last week Théodore Roussel, a freed man who had spent more than 50 of his 76 years in French Guiana for a long-forgotten robbery, gazed blankly at the soft landscape of his native land. "I can't blame anyone but myself," he said of his wasted life. "I was headstrong."

"Tiresome Drudgery"

At a SHAPE correspondents' luncheon last week, the guest of honor, hard-boiled Marshal Alphonse-Pierre Juin, was asked: "Are you considering becoming a candidate for President of the Republic?" Replied Juin, the only living Marshal of France, and NATO's central European chief: "I should not give up my title as Marshal for the sake of another which carries with it more tiresome drudgery than real power." By teatime the remark had reached the ears of President Vincent Auriol, who chooses not to run again when his term expires next January. "Well," the President snapped to his Cabinet, "I'll spare myself one piece of tiresome drudgery—I'll never invite the Marshal to the Elysée Palace again."

Make-Work Project

"Le Marquis awaits you" cried the flunkies at the gates, holding their torches aloft in welcome. The queues of costumed party guests, who had been carefully screened by attendants assigned to bar

gatcrashers, filed in, Biarritz' Chiberta Country Club was in ornate fancy dress for the occasion, made up in false front by New York decorator Valerian Rybar to look like an 18th century château. The 2,000-odd guests, including some 50 princes, 20 dukes, 95 counts, 35 marquesses and one sad and shopworn King (Peter of Yugoslavia), were all supposed to dress in the same (circa 1750) style, but many seemed as vague about their century as they did about their host, Ballet Impresario George de Cuevas, Marquis de Piedrablanca de Guana, who was spending a cool \$75,000 to entertain them. Elsa Maxwell, who came only a couple of centuries too early in a red wig as Don Quixote's donkey-riding Sancho Panza, called him "that wonderful Italian who is doing so much for Biarritz . . . and Biarritz is France!"

In point of fact, Host Cuevas, whose right to a Spanish title seems to be questioned only in Spain, is part Chilean, part Danish. The one thing all his guests knew for sure about him is that he is married to a granddaughter of the late John D. Rockefeller. The marquise, 61, spends most of her time these days lying abed and munching chocolates, leaving her husband the marquis, 68, to his parties, his ballet and his eleven white (unhousebroken) Pekingese.

"You Look Black." All but one of the Pekes were left home last week, but the marquis' ballet dancers were on hand to entertain his guests with a performance of *Swan Lake*. For a while real swans were considered, but the marquis felt they might fly away inopportune. To make sure nothing else flew away, he had 200-odd private policemen on hand to watch his guests and their estimated \$9,000,000 worth of jewels. The copies were impeccably clad as 18th century plainclothesmen, but not all the guests were so socially correct. Washington Socialite Gwendolyn Cafritz burst in, looking very modern, with an apology: "I had Schiaparelli whip this up only yesterday; I had simply no time to find anything 18th century." Screen Star "Zia" Jeanneaire (*Hans Christian Andersen*) turned up in a few strategically placed sequins, riding what might or might not have been an 18th century camel. Another girl came as a white rabbit, with neither explanation nor apology.

Host Cuevas himself received his guests as a timeless "God of Nature" in cloth of gold, a scarlet cape and a headdress of gilded grapes and ostrich plumes in the full beam of a glaring spotlight. "I can't see you; oh, this light is terrible," he cried to one couple as his own limelight blinded him. "You look completely black to me." The couple whispered an explanation: they were dressed in skintight black.

Guest after guest fell into deep curtsies before the marquis. One old lady in a crinoline was so moved that she had to be helped to her feet. When the last curtsy was dropped, the marquis flung his cloak off to preside in a gold union suit at the presentation of 21 "tableaux," which were watched with considerable interest, if only



Robert Cohen—AGF

SANCHO PANZA MAXWELL
Born two centuries too soon.

because of the fact that nobody was allowed to eat or drink until they were over.

Veblen out of Marie Antoinette. When the last Watteau shepherdess had traipsed across the stage some time after midnight, the company dove for the buffet and polished off all the tiny hams and sucking pigs' feet. They were still thirsty after washing them down with some 500 bottles of champagne. All that was left, said a workman next morning, "were cigarette butts and a few cucumbers."

The plain folk of Biarritz, who were allowed to watch the goings-on from a safe distance across the lake, went home early. The party itself broke up around 5 a.m. The International Set agreed that it had been the maddest, gayest thing since Don Carlos de Beistegui's party in Venice two years ago (TIME, Sept. 17, 1951). And, though it may have seemed to the cynical a creation by Thorstein Veblen out of Marie Antoinette, it appeared that the party had a noble purpose after all. "The party," explained Actress Merle Oberon, who turned Hearst columnist just for the occasion, "was given to revive interest in Biarritz and . . . to give employment to as many as possible."

IRAN

Phone Call

The Iranian protocol officer who deals with the Russians in Teheran felt sure he recognized the voice at the other end of the phone line. The caller said that he was the Soviet embassy's political officer. "You should know," he went on, "that our ambassador attempted suicide." Then the line went dead. The protocol officer,

still convinced it was the voice of the Soviet political officer with whom he had talked dozens of times, phoned back. But the political officer denied making the call, denied the suicide story as well, hung up.

In spite of the denials, the report quickly spread all over Teheran last week, for if there was a diplomat with cause to be upset by life's inscrutable tricks, it was Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Lavrentiev, 49. When he went to Belgrade as ambassador in 1946, Marshal Tito was the prize exhibit in the Kremlin's gallery of satellite chiefs, and Diplomat Lavrentiev was in a cushy spot. Then Tito made his break with the Kremlin. (Shortly before the break, a brash Yugoslav diplomat asked Foreign Minister Molotov: "Why have you sent us such a stupid ambassador?") Replied Molotov: "Lavrentiev may be stupid, but he is a very good Bolshevik.") When Lavrentiev came to Iran as ambassador only five weeks ago, the Communists were riding high, and Moscow seemed on the way to gobbling up a fresh satellite. But then came the anti-Mossadegh uprising. The Communist Tudeh had not put to flight, and the returning Shah had not even deigned to say a word to the Soviet ambassador at the airport.

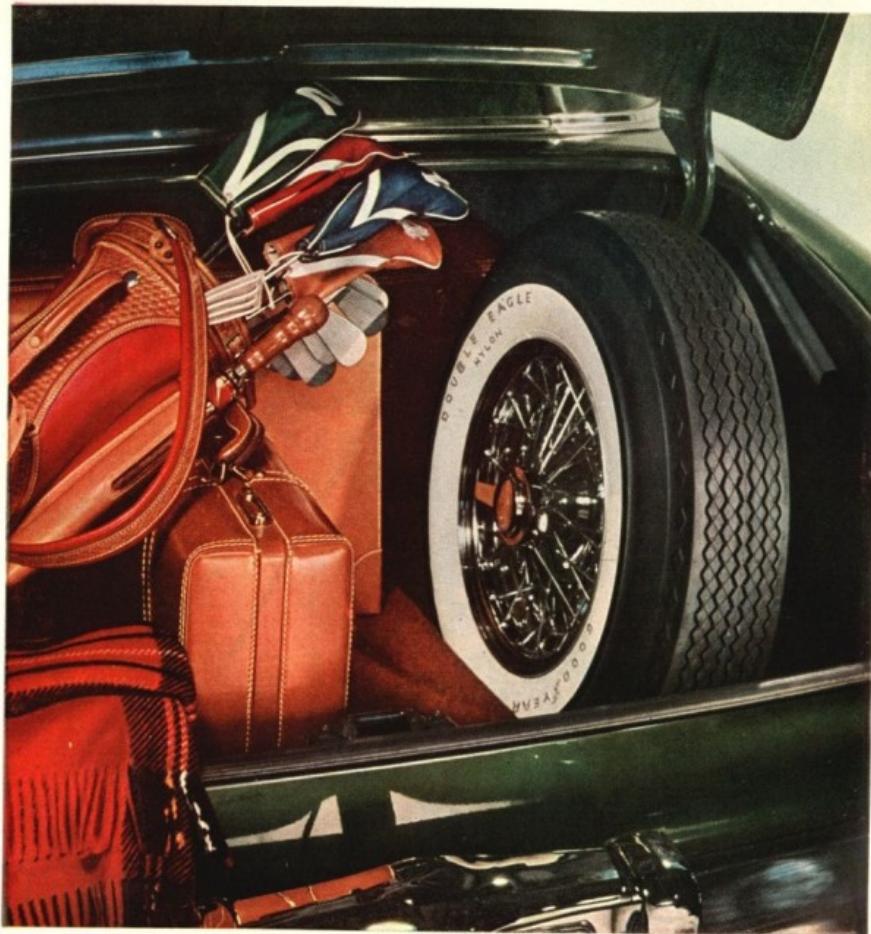
Repeatedly, Teheran diplomats phoned the Russian embassy to check the rumor of Lavrentiev's attempt at suicide. First they got only the brushoff, then the embassy was a little more talkative: the ambassador was very ill and could not be disturbed. "He has suffered a heart attack, like any other man," explained an embassy spokesman. But the curious were not at all satisfied. Teheran newspapers put their untrammeled imaginations to bear, with varied results: MVD men had shot the ambassador when he tried to flee to the U.S. embassy; the ambassador had shot himself; the ambassador had tried to do himself in with a poisoned cup of tea.

The embassy press attaché issued a statement calling all the reports "tendentious, mendacious and I don't know what," then clammed up. The gates of the embassy slammed shut, leaving the world outside to wonder when—and if—it would ever see Anatoly Lavrentiev again.

Emergency Grant

To President Eisenhower went a personal plea from Iran's new Premier, Fazlollah Zahedi: "Iran needs immediate financial aid to enable it to emerge from a state of economic chaos." Back went the President's reply: "We stand ready to assist you." Early one night last week, U.S. Ambassador Loy Henderson trudged the stairs to the third floor of Iran's rambling Foreign Office, where Premier Zahedi and his Cabinet awaited him, to keep his Government's promise. He handed over a second letter from Ike, which tendered \$45 million in emergency aid to Iran.

It was more than some U.S. diplomats had believed could be scraped together without new authority from Congress, less than many Iranians had hoped for. The Iranians felt that they needed at least \$300 million right away to get the wheels



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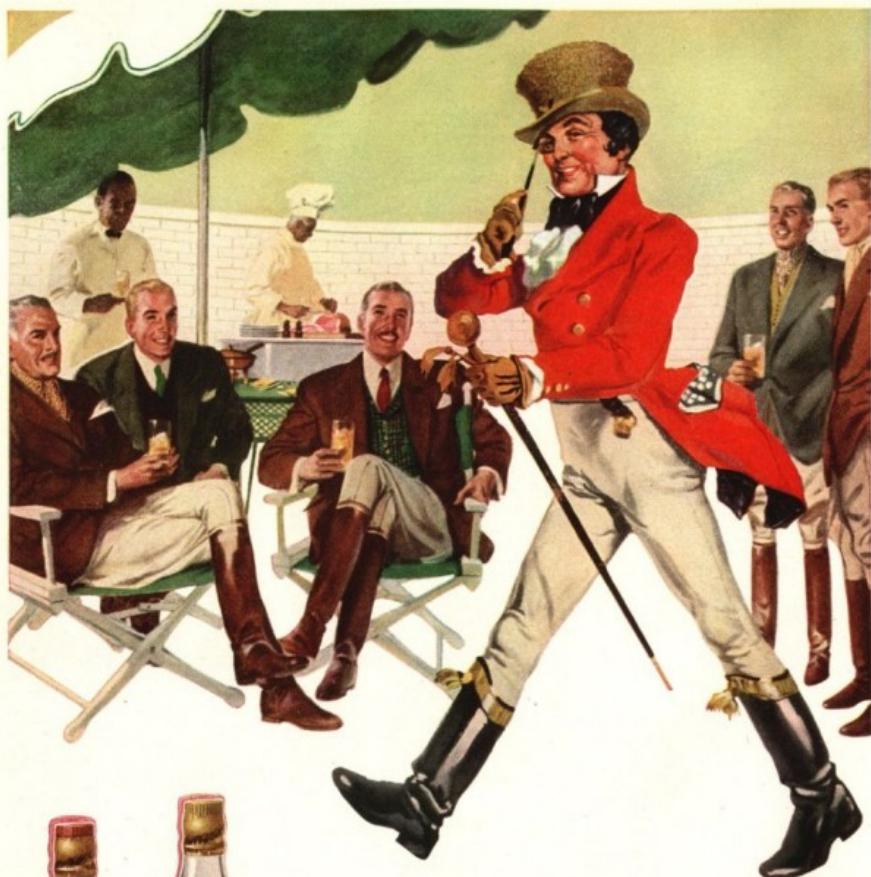
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of the nation's industry turning again. The new grant actually brought the total of impending U.S. aid to some \$98 million. In addition to the \$45 million, Zahedi's government will get \$23.4 million in Point Four aid (including \$10 million cut for "economy reasons" before Mossadegh fell and now restored) plus some \$30 million in U.S. military assistance.

Smartly guided by veteran Diplomat Henderson, the U.S. acted with surprising speed—only 17 days after the anti-Mossadegh coup—and wisely attached no tight strings to its gift. But President Eisenhower's letter did suggest "an early effective use of Iran's rich resources"—a polite way of saying that further aid might depend on Iran's willingness to settle its oil dispute with Britain and get its important resource, the Abadan refineries, back into business. Premier Zahedi seemed to understand. "In the near future," said he, "we should be able to begin to make maximum use of our national resources."

THE MALDIVES

Didi-Dee & Didi-Dum

Most nations take years and shed much blood running the political gamut from monarchy to anarchy. But in the placid, unruffled Maldivian Islands, which lie some 400 miles southwest of Ceylon in the Indian Ocean, these things are done more calmly. Last January, after centuries of autocratic rule under a sultanate, the Maldives became the world's youngest republic by simple popular vote (TIME, Jan. 12). There was no trouble whatever; the sultans had long since tired of their confining work, and Amin Didi, the man the Maldivians unanimously elected to serve as both President and Prime Minister in the new republic, was next in line for sultan anyway. Just to keep it all in the family, Ibrahim Mohamed Didi, a cousin, was elected vice president.

Last week the Maldives passed smoothly into another stage of political evolution. Ibrahim and another cousin, Ibrahim Ali Didi, tossed cousin Amin Didi in jail and took over the government themselves. Just what the political stage was at that point no outsider knew, since the Maldives' only connection with the world is through still another cousin, Ahmed Hilmi Didi, who promptly quit his job as ambassador to Ceylon. "I have been kept completely in the dark," said Ahmed Didi last week. "All I know is that Amin Didi has resigned."

NYASALAND

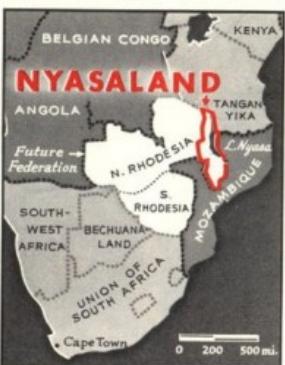
Violence in the Valley

A thousand miles south of Nairobi, the fear of spreading Mau Mauism haunts the fertile British Protectorate of Nyasaland. The colony's 4,400 Britons raise bumper crops of tea, tobacco and citrus fruits along the Shire River valley, which drains the 360-mile-long Lake Nyasa (see map). They are outnumbered more than 500-to-one by 2,500,000 Africans, whom they call "niggers" and "coons." Last week the

British in Nyasaland were faced with the most ominous outbreak of mass disobedience and rowdyism since David Livingstone, Bible in hand, discovered the lush valley 94 years ago.

Last month a British orange farmer caught two Nguru tribesmen stripping his trees. In a scuffle with police, one Nguru was killed. The violence spread. In Malamulo, the American Seventh-Day Adventist mission, with 200 leper patients in its hospital, was besieged by jeering tribesmen. Bands of Ngurus roamed the green countryside, chopping down telephone poles, blocking roads, stoning whites' cars. One British teagrower was seized, forced to stand still while Ngurus sharpened their pangas on the soles of his shoes and made mock passes through his hair with the knives.

Guns & Spears. At the tiny village of Chitera, Nguru tribesmen defied British authority and deposed their chieftain.



When the British marched in 40 policemen and 20 soldiers, they were met by 700 tribesmen armed with spears, clubs and bows & arrows. Tribeswomen screamed encouragement; the police fired guns and dispersed gas; the Ngurus let fly with spears and needle-tipped arrows. When it was over, two Ngurus were dead, at least three wounded.

The orange thieves touched off the Nguru violence, but deeper, older antagonisms lie behind it. The Nguru tribe moved into Nyasaland some 40 years ago to escape the repressive ways of Portuguese colonizers in neighboring Mozambique. The British, newcomers themselves, gave the tribesmen squatters' rights, but insisted that in return they pay "rent" by working a fixed number of hours each week on the white men's plantations. Last year, without warning, the colonial government increased the work quota.

On top of that came the British plan to merge Nyasaland with its neighbors, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, to form one big Central African Federation (TIME, Feb. 9). Africans opposed it, preferring distant Colonial Office rule to rule

by Southern Rhodesia's white colonials, and fearing that federation would enable the whites to grab more land. A few "safeguards" for the Negroes were written into the Federation constitution, but the nationalist-minded Nyasaland African Congress was not satisfied.

"Chifwamba." The Congress, dedicated to passive resistance, was almost as surprised as the authorities by the violence in Nguru land. But it was quick to capitalize on the trouble to press its own campaign against federation. Its leader is 43-year-old Hastings Banda, who left Nyasaland 21 years ago, got a U.S. education (University of Chicago), makes his home in London's Buckingham Palace Road but keeps in close touch with Nyasaland's native politicians. Most of the chieftains back Banda's Congress (those who don't are being deposed, like the headman at Chitera) and listen to his admonitions to resist but not to kill.

But in the backlands, other voices are rousing the natives. Secret societies, which have survived years of missionaries' efforts to imprint white customs on the Nyasa black, are busily at work. The jungle is noisy with the beat of tom-toms and the sound of witch doctors crying. *Chifwamba!* It means "Europeans are eating Africans." London professes to be little worried by the rumbles, and one Colonial Office man, obviously proud of his talent as a phrasemaker, spoke of "a pest in a teagarden." But British planters, who have evacuated their women & children to the market town of Blantyre, remember that London once classified Kenya's Mau Mau as a "minor incident."

MOROCCO

26 Matters of Principle

Like many another wealthy Moor, French Morocco's deposed Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef had enjoyed himself in two worlds. He liked fine automobiles, often wore European dress, sent his sons to French schools. But he also took full advantage of a standard Moslem privilege—plenty of women. He had two wives and 41 concubines, none of whom (according to a close friend) was long neglected.

When the French ousted Ben Youssef out of exile in Corsica last month (TIME, Aug. 31), they allowed him to take along the two wives and one favorite concubine. Last week 26 of the girls he left behind cooled their heels in a spacious villa in the hills behind Rabat. Fourteen third-stringers had been sent back to their families, free to look for other mates if they chose. On Corsica, meanwhile, Ben Youssef had to move out of the house of the frantic governor and install himself in a hotel before moving on, probably to a resort in the French Pyrenees. There, the broad-minded French indicated, the 26 remaining concubines will be allowed to rejoin the bereft ex-Sultan. "We are adhering to our principles," explained a Quai d'Orsay spokesman. "He is in exile with all the honors due his rank."

THE HEMISPHERE

MEXICO

The Domino Player

(See Cover)

Mexico, the old, picturesque land of the eagle and the serpent, of barefoot peasants drowsing in the plazas and well-shod politicians browsing in the treasury, is passing through a new kind of revolution. After the pistol-packing generals and the gay-grafting statesmen, the republic has a new and different President who has embarked on nothing less than a wholesale program for cleaning up Mexico. This revolutionary President is a slight, grey, austere man named Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, who took office last December at 61, the oldest man to become Mexican President since Porfirio Diaz fell in 1911.

In the Mexico of the past, graft and corruption in high and low places was accounted part of the very system of government. Drawing salaries too low to support their families, petty bureaucrats, cops and inspectors took their "bite" as a legitimate and necessary part of their living. In the highest ranks, public office was private opportunity, and during the recently completed six-year regime of handsome, youthful-looking President Miguel Alemán, the carefree cynicism of the grabbing reached its highest, or lowest, point. It was more than Mexicans could take, and when the time came, the Party of Revolutionary Institutions—Mexico's only real political party—read the popular mood and nominated its most conspicuously honest man. Don Adolfo, as he is known in deference to his years and dignified bearing, is the very opposite of his spectacular predecessor. He dislikes personal publicity, and his idea of a good time is to play dominos or go for a long walk. A new type of Mexican hero, he seems to be pleasing the people with his cleanup. And the way he is going about it shows a shrewd aptitude for the Mexican style of strong presidential rule.

Building & Boozing. In the last years before Ruiz Cortines took office, Mexican public morality was alarmingly on the skids. After World War II, the beguiling Alemán, a breezy, magnetic type with a flair for the big and splashy, led the way into an unexampled period of economic expansion. He preached industrialization, and he spent lavishly. Among his dams were grandiose, TVA-type projects, among his schools was a \$25 million University City (TIME, Feb. 23). For Alemán and his friends, the biggest was best for Mexico—and for themselves. They remembered well the maxim of President Manuel Avila Camacho's brother: "If you build a road for 75,000 pesos and pocket 1,000, everybody will howl. But if you build a road for 75 million pesos and knock back a million, nobody will notice."

The building and boozing that went on during Alemán's six years broke all records in a land accustomed to high, wide & handsome ways in government. Mexico's

press had been too close to the game to chronicle much of it, and every journalist knew about one rash editor who had been hurled, along with his typewriter, from his fourth-floor office window for daring to question the sudden wealth of a leading Alemán crony.

Dishing the Dirt. Not until after the former President and his friends ducked off to Europe for a long holiday, and Ruiz Cortines swung into action, did anybody in Mexico talk publicly about the deals of the Alemán regime. Then the dirt began to be dishied out, and tales that had been repeated for years in guarded whispers around the political cafés were



United Press

RUIZ CORTINES & ALEMÁN
In the land of the eagle, a new hero.

trumpeted across the capital from public rostrums. With a Ruiz Cortines adviser sitting beside him, General Francisco Aguilar of the government party, speaking at a Mexico City meeting, charged that Alemán and his friends had drained the country of some \$800 million, and laid away about \$450 million of it in banks in the U.S., Canada, Switzerland and Cuba. In an action that would have been unthinkable a few years before, General Leon Ossorio plastered the walls of Mexico City with a broadside blasting the Alemánistas and professing to list their misdeeds in detail.

The general alleged that:

¶ One Alemán cabinet minister owned part of a bank, a sugar mill, several Mexico City skyscrapers and four mansions (one containing a \$58,000 Italian marble fountain, the gift of a favored contractor). ¶ Another resourceful minister set up his own companies to contract with his department, and was soon able to set his mistress up in an Insurgentes Avenue lingerie business.

¶ Letting building and equipment contracts to the highest bidder, a third minister made an \$8,000,000 fortune.

¶ Another Alemán crony took \$40 million out of the treasury through his manipulation of the Foreign Trade Bank.

¶ An official of the federal district—"the man of a hundred mistresses"—contrived by such devices as landscaping streets with flowers, at 1,000 pesos a blossom, to acquire mansions, yachts, \$200,000 airplanes, and "dresses to cover the sinful bodies of his lady friends."

The Good Earth. Like many other Latin American politicos, the Alemánistas had a deep fondness for real estate, especially when it was improved with an air-conditioned ranch house, watered by government irrigation pipes, and bounded on two or three sides by newly paved roads. It got to be a standing joke in Mexico City that when the President was out on one of his frequent tours, no matter in what part of the country he happened to be, the newspaper accounts always concluded with the phrase, "the President then retired to his nearby ranch." Some of these country seats came to Alemán as gifts. His Lower California ranch is a 3,000-acre affair with 40,000 almond, olive and prune trees, air-conditioned house, bar, and the kidney-shaped swimming pool common to castles in those latitudes. The ranch was paid for by a number of 50,000-peso contributions from local ranchers and merchants who hoped that a presidential residence in their midst might bring irrigation works to the area. The hope, as matters turned out, was fully justified. In the development of the rich Pacific resort of Acapulco, Alemán's fondness for the land made him partner in several properties along the route of the new Alemán-planned superhighway to the capital.

The Good Times. Toward the end of the Alemán regime, the government's gay *caballeros* seemed to abandon all restraint. The smiling President, who loved the companionship of happy people and prided himself on his conviviality, went from one party to another. Sometimes the cronies would repair to an Acapulco yacht or to one of the ranches, and certain members of the inner circle would invite a plane load of high-spirited girls to join the party. At one time or another, the name of almost every well-known Mexican movie actress was whispered as a presidential party guest. When the blowouts were staged at the Lower California ranch, pretty Hollywood companions were also near at hand. In the end, the pace grew so dizzy that the President became involved in a notable indiscretion. Just after his retirement from office, he took off from his Lower California hideaway with a party including Leonora Amar, his Brazilian actress friend, for a week in Paris that was fully reported in Mexico, and, some Mexicans say, grievously dented his political influence.

Mexicans are tolerant of *amor*, and few higher compliments can be paid a gentleman than to call him "every manly." But Alemán and his pals got going so fast in their dizzy ride that the elder statesmen of the party decided things were getting out of hand. In Mexican politics, such former Presidents as Manuel Ávila Camacho, and the enigmatic Lázaro Cárdenas, holed up in his western mountains, exercise great power in the background. When the time came to choose Alemán's successor, the party leaders did not interfere with Alemán's right to pick him. But they warned him that he had better not name any of his cronies.

Ruiz Cortines was no crony. His relationship with the President was a formal one based on mutual respect; they never used the intimate Spanish *tu* with each other. He was one Cabinet member who had stayed out of the big deals, had no bad name with the public and no private enemies. But in years of loyal service, Ruiz Cortines had never given Alemán trouble, and there was no reason to believe he would. On his record, Ruiz Cortines was honest enough to satisfy public opinion, and "safe" enough to satisfy the men around Alemán. So Alemán himself chose the cleanup man.

Everything about Ruiz Cortines' past career indicated that he was a follower rather than a leader. Because of the early death of his father, a customs official in the old port city of Veracruz, he never got more than elementary schooling, and went to work at 16 as a bookkeeper's apprentice. When revolution swept Mexico, he joined the army and served eight years as a paymaster and paper-work man for



Photo Casasola
PORFIRIO DÍAZ (CIRCA 1900)
So far, and yet so near.



MODERN BUILDINGS ON MEXICO CITY'S JUÁREZ AVENUE
Off the burro's back, into a Cadillac.

generals. After the revolution, he served 13 years as a government clerk, rising finally to the job of chief of the government's vital statistics department. Even in those low-paid years he lived on his salary. Once, when the offer of a bribe came his way, he said: "I think you have made a mistake. You have tried the wrong man."

Up from Obscurity. In 1936 he formed a friendship with young Miguel Alemán (who was twelve years his junior) that lifted him from bureaucratic obscurity to high office. Alemán saw use for the older man's efficiency and administrative know-how; Ruiz Cortines admired Alemán's energy and imagination. As Alemán rose from governor of Veracruz to Interior Minister, he took Ruiz Cortines along as an administrative assistant. Then, when the governorship of Veracruz became vacant in 1943, Alemán helped get the job for his faithful friend.

As governor, Ruiz Cortines made a sound, unsensational record. He appointed commissions to check all state bureaus for graft, and he doubled the state's meager funds by cajoling laggard taxpayers into paying up. At Jalapa, the state capital, he lived in a small cottage outside town and walked to work. Once, when he stopped at a resort hotel in Fortín, he was given a suite. He asked the rate and was told it was 100 pesos. "Don't you think I can solve my problems just as well for 25 pesos?" he asked, and moved to a single room. His happiest days were spent on visits to his native Veracruz. There he would stroll about exchanging greetings with boyhood friends, or sit under the arcades at the old whitewashed Diligencias Hotel, playing dominoes.

Called to Mexico City by President Alemán to become Interior Minister in 1948, Ruiz Cortines filled the top Mexican Cabinet post with his usual unobtrusive efficiency. He bought a modest house in a conservative middle-class district, where he lived quietly and decorously with his second wife and his son and daughter by his first marriage (which ended in divorce in 1933). He drove his own car and often walked to work, stopping at a street stand along the way for a drink of tamarind juice. Surrounded by flashy ministers deep in all sorts of deals, Ruiz Cortines held his peace. But once, after hearing of one official's latest coup, he remarked: "I can't understand it. He has so much money. Why does he go after more?"

Down to Business. Inaugural day, Dec. 1, was a great day in Ruiz Cortines' life. That was the day that he became boss; the man who had always been in second place moved into first. As the red, green and white sash of the presidency was draped across his chest, observers noted that his hand moved gently across the silk and his deep-set brown eyes lit up. Then he stepped confidently to the rostrum and spoke words that soon wiped the big smile off the face of Miguel Alemán. "Government-protected monopolies must end," said the new President. "I will demand strict honesty from all. I will be inflexible with public officials who are not honest."

That day he announced a Cabinet that included not one of Alemán's cronies. A few days later he published a complete list of his assets—his Mexico City house, a small Veracruz ranch, his savings, his 1948 Lincoln and his furniture. The total valuation was \$34,000. Then he directed



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that all 250,000 government employees follow his example, with a warning that the lists would be checked for accuracy and checked again when the men left government service. When the treasury sent him the President's customary \$4,000 monthly check for "special expenses," he turned it back and said he would get along on his salary as he always had. He refused to accept five 1953 cars presented by Mexico City auto dealers. When a policeman stopped his chauffeur from making an illegal U turn, the President had the cop publicly commended.

Such actions might have been laughed off by the Alemanistas as mere grandstand plays or as signs of the new President's personal eccentricities. But Ruiz Cortines soon showed that he was out to clean up government from top to bottom. He abruptly ordered all treasury payments stopped while government contracts were re-examined. His Communications Minister reported getting a bill for one 75-mile highway that had been registered as completed and even marked on some maps. Yet, on a flight over the area, he could find no trace of the road. Ruiz Cortines called in the contractor and fined him three times the amount of his claim for non-fulfillment of contract. For the big job of federal district governor, the President picked a veteran Alemanista, but built such a fire under him that the old wheelhorse leaped like an apocalyptic charger against price-gouging movie exhibitors, police-protected brothels and unsightly sidewalk peddlers, then went frantically to work repairing street drains in flood-plagued working-class districts.

Out with Monopolies. To Mexicans' amazement, awe and admiration, Ruiz Cortines sailed into the "monopolists," i.e., Aleman pals who got strangleholds on many business activities. In March he struck hard to smash the monopoly of Mexico City oil distribution, held by pistol-packing multimillionaire Jorge Pasquel of Mexican-baseball-league fame. Then, in succession, he expertly dethroned Transport King Antonio Diaz Lombardo, who had made \$40 million as boss of the bus lines and head of Aleman's lucrative Social Security Department, and loosened the grip of multimillionaire Aarón Sáenz on Mexico's sugar industry. Pledged to lower food prices, the President also smashed the monopolistic plays of middlemen in corn, rice and beans by authorizing a government agency to buy and sell such commodities on an emergency basis. With food prices down 10%, Ruiz Cortines proclaimed last week that the first "battle against the hungermongers" had been won.

As startling as his cleanup was the skill and authority with which Ruiz Cortines carried it out. Mild and unassuming personally, the new President nevertheless grasped his great powers firmly. His methods reminded one subordinate of the story of Abraham Lincoln polling his Cabinet, finding all eight opposed to his view, then announcing: "Eight nays, one aye; the ayes have it." Though he has held only two Cabinet meetings since taking office,

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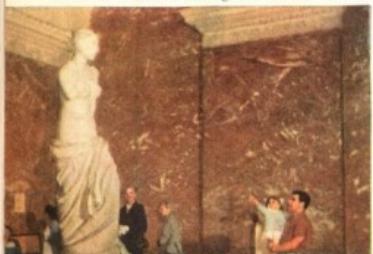


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PRESIDENT & FIRST LADY
She returned 250 birthday presents. -

Foto Mayo

Ruiz Cortines meets his ministers in special committees, summons them to fortnightly briefing sessions to which they trot like schoolboys with their homework, and follows through on their day-to-day work by frequent telephone calls.

His passion for bureaucratic detail keeps him at his desk long hours. Rising punctually at 7, he breakfasts on lime juice,¹⁰ soft-boiled eggs, rolls, cheese and coffee. After secretaries and officials bring him the most urgent business, he climbs into his Lincoln at 9:30 a.m. and rides, without escort, to the palace. On the way he reads the papers, often spotting items for which subordinates are called on the carpet later in the day. From 10 until 4 he works at his huge palace desk. After a two-hour break for a light lunch, he returns to his papers at Los Pinos, the presidential residence in Mexico City's west end, working from 6 until as late as 11. He dines late, in the Spanish-American manner.

Despite such exhaustive attention to routine, the President appears to be thriving on the job. He has even gained a few pounds lately, and has pretty well lost the cadaverous, hollow-cheeked look that won him the campaign nickname of *Cara de Calavera*—Skullface. He drinks little, and just before taking office he stopped smoking. So far, he has managed to visit Veracruz once or twice, and one holiday weekend surf bathers at the Veracruz public beach were startled to see the presidential countenance emerge from a breaking wave. Of his old domino partners, he has kept closest contact with Veracruz Senator José Rodríguez Clavería. When Ruiz Cortines became President, he

insisted that the Senator, as his intimate friend and closest adviser, dispose of his own shares in several profitable enterprises. The President demands similar self-denial in his family. On her first birthday after she became First Lady, Señora de Ruiz received 300 presents. The President had her write out a list of the donors, permitted her to keep 50 gifts from established friends, and sent the rest back.

Brodening the Base. Wholly preoccupied with his cleanup at home, Ruiz Cortines has so far taken only a perfunctory interest in foreign affairs, though he is a good friend and frequent visitor to the U.S., and will meet President Eisenhower on the border next month to inaugurate the joint U.S.-Mexican Falcon Dam on the Rio Grande. In domestic matters, his approach seems somewhat narrow after Alemán and his well-publicized program of industrial expansion. Last week, promising in his annual message to Congress to continue his fight for "honesty, decency, morality," he stressed that his administration's job is "consolidating" the work of the Alemán years. Ruiz Cortines has found that it is up to his regime to put furniture in the unfinished schools, to raise funds to bring professors to the still empty University City, to lay water pipes to fields so that the showy dams can start producing some food. Luckily, such mopping-up tasks can be done for relatively little money. One of the distressing things the new President discovered on taking office was that the Alemán regime had committed some 300 million pesos (\$35 million) of this year's income last year.

"We are a poor people," says Ruiz Cortines. He likes to compare his country with a pyramid whose base must be broadened by spreading the wealth more widely. The statistics-minded President reminded his people last week that 42% of all Mexicans are illiterate, that Mexico must still

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AND IT'S FAST. Even last-minute remembrances get there in time. Because your greeting travels telegraph-fast . . . when you Say it with Flowers-By-Wire.



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When you Say it with Flowers-By-Wire . . .
be sure to look for SPEEDY
and the FAMOUS MERCURY EMBLEM.
They identify the right shops.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASS'N.
HEADQUARTERS: DETROIT, MICHIGAN



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IMPORTED BRITISH HUNT CLUB FLANNEL.

FOR A LONG-TERM INVESTMENT in smart appearance you can make no better buy than Timely Clothes. Because these are the *only* clothes with Balanced Tailoring, a scientific combination of hand-needlework for soft, supple lines and hardy machine sewing to hold them. You can't beat that combination for looks, longevity or dollars-and-cents value. For the name of your Timely Clothier and free booklet, "How to Choose Clothes to Improve Your Appearance," write Timely Clothes, Dept. T-36, Rochester 2, N. Y.

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CLOTHES

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bring 10 million peasants into full participation in its fast-growing economy. In ten years, he said, the population had jumped 6,000,000, loosing new armies of wetbacks—illegal migratory workers—to cross the U.S. border seeking jobs. To absorb these people, said the President, Mexico must produce more food.

New Men in a New Land. Out of the Mexican revolution has come both a vigorous new middle class, where nothing like it existed before, and a new rich to take the place of the oldtime aristocracy. Domestic tranquillity, world war and the Aleman era of growth and expansion gave great impetus to the process. The very country has changed and matured, a fact that helps account for the rise of such a leader as Adolfo Ruiz Cortines.

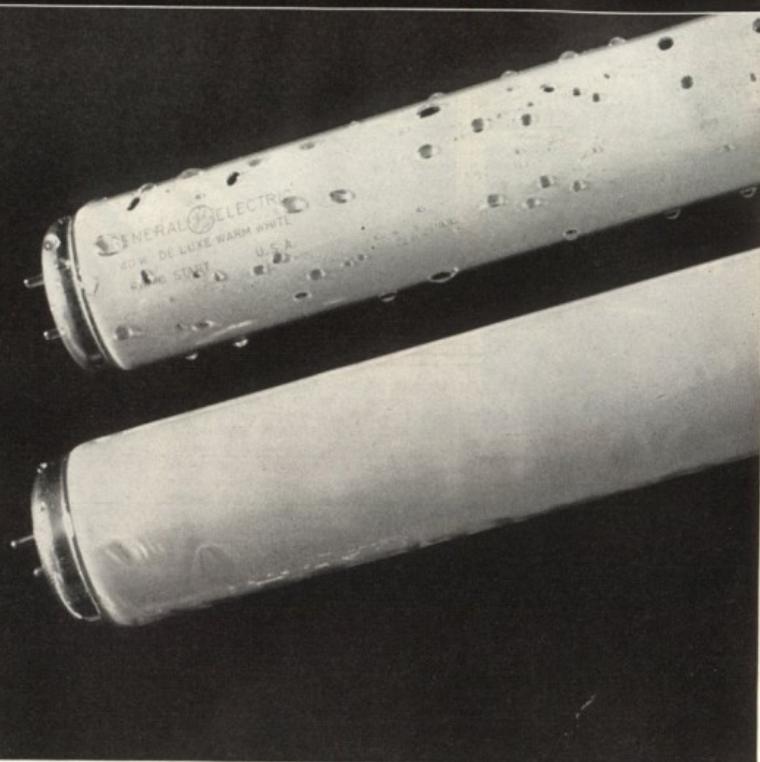
Even on the scarred grey face of the Mexican countryside, tilled for more than a thousand years by pointed sticks, changes are visible. South of the Rio Grande near Matamoros grow great fields of cotton, where only mesquite flourished 15 years ago. In booming Lower California, Mexico's newest state, ranchers have sown the republic's biggest wheat fields in reclaimed desert land, and set out hundreds of thousands of fruit and nut trees beside newly driven artesian wells. Among the volcano-ringed Puebla valleys, water led 7 miles through new mountain tunnels has brought record crops of corn and beans. Since World War II, Mexico has switched the emphasis from the revolution-blessed *ejido* (communal farm) to the privately owned farm, and with men on tractors tilling their own land there has been a healthy rise in food output.

Slicing through the cloud-mantled mountains and the coastal rain forests, through cactus-fenced pastures and corn-clad canyons, four major paved highways now march from the U.S. border to Mexico City. New roads, rebuilt railroads and oil pipelines now crisscross the countryside. Some sleepy towns of yesterday have become buzzing 20th century cities. Colonial Salamanca, seat of the government's big new oil refinery, looks like a Texas oil town by night, with its orange flares glowing over pipes and vents.

Mexico City, now the continent's No. 3 city, with well over 3,000,000 inhabitants, is as jammed with new buildings as Houston. Skyscrapers, one of them 43 stories high, soar above its Spanish church towers. Along its principal avenues flow rivers of cars, most of them assembled in Mexico (in U.S.-owned branch plants). From hundreds of sleek factories on the outskirts come office furniture, cosmetics and toilet articles, trucks and buses, cortisone and refrigerators. Along broad Insurgentes Avenue, one of the hemisphere's brightest shopping centers, Mexicans can buy a Jaguar, a cabin cruiser, a Paris gown, a set of tubular-steel garden furniture.

The people who buy and sell in this new Mexico bear about as much resemblance to the old-fashioned U.S. caricature of a barefoot peon on burro-back as Ruiz Cortines does to Pancho Villa. They are a people who have moved out of the adobe

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**Silicone coat on new G-E
Rapid Start lamps helps
them start quicker**

Moisture in the air can make a fluorescent lamp slow to start. The wet film that condenses on the lamp is a good enough conductor to detour some of the electricity needed for proper starting.

General Electric has tailored a "raincoat" that stops this. It's made of silicone and breaks up the wet film into tiny droplets, leaving dry areas that interrupt the electrical contact. Less current is stolen. Starting is quicker, surer.

We call the coating Dri-Film*. The photo above shows the difference it makes. Moisture breaks up into drop-

lets on the Dri-Film* lamp, forms a smooth coating on the ordinary lamp.

You get Dri-Film* on G-E Rapid Start lamps. It's invisible, won't rub off, helps assure you all the light you pay for. Many leading manufacturers have designed lighting fixtures to use Rapid Start lamps and their special Rapid Start ballasts. You expect the best value from G-E fluorescent lamps. Here's another reason you can.

For more information, write General Electric, Department 166-T-9, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

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fine job of**

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has been
trained for it...
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• And of course those mighty diesel locomotives never tire, never ask for time off, and bring mountains of freight through on time!

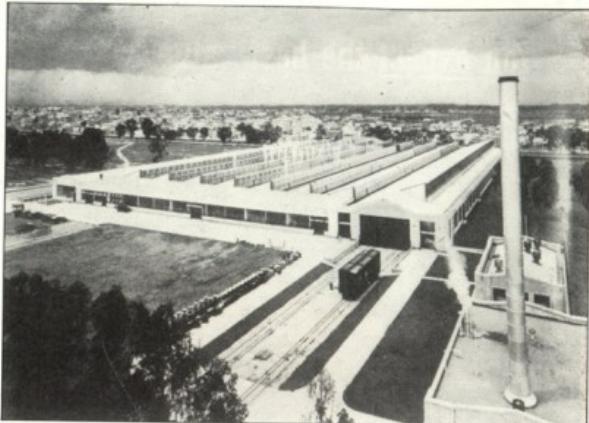
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For complete information consult
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Rocket Freights are to the shipper what the famous **ROCKET** fleet is to the traveler—fast, dependable transportation.



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MEXICO CITY'S FORD ASSEMBLY PLANT
Also cortisone, cabin cruisers and cold cream.

huts into the main stream of urban life. They include professional men trained in modern universities. They eat bread instead of tortillas (thereby creating a brand-new demand for wheat that threatens to shake the country's immemorial corn monoculture). They give their children a good education; they live in houses with hot water and plumbing; they own cars. And they have taken to spending their vacations at resort hotels that until recently had lived almost entirely on U.S. tourists trade.

Besides these solid citizens commuting from their solid jobs to their solid neighborhoods, Mexico proliferates with the new rich, those who make money fast and like to spend it freely. In Mexico City's luxurious Pedregal and Lomas, in Guadalajara's fashionable lakeside Chapalita, on the suave green slopes of Cuernavaca, they inhabit glittering glass villas that are the last word in international-style architecture. They drive bright-colored Cadillacs and set a fast pace at the country clubs. Bedecked with diamonds and keen to be seen, they jam the opera for performances at which tickets cost more than at New York's Met. They bet heavily at the races, and they have done a fair better job than either the Reds or the Rockefellers in taming that old radical, Diego Rivera, by keeping him busy painting the portraits of their daughters.

Caught up in their careers like middle-class people the world over, these Mexicans are obviously not revolutionaries in the old Latin American sense. With their stake in society, they are rather a new bulwark against the succession of rebellions that kept Mexico on edge through much of its history. They are nevertheless the products of the great social upheaval that took the lives of some 1,500,000 Mexicans a generation or so ago. Until the Mexican revolution, the nation suffered from a form of split personality, oppressed

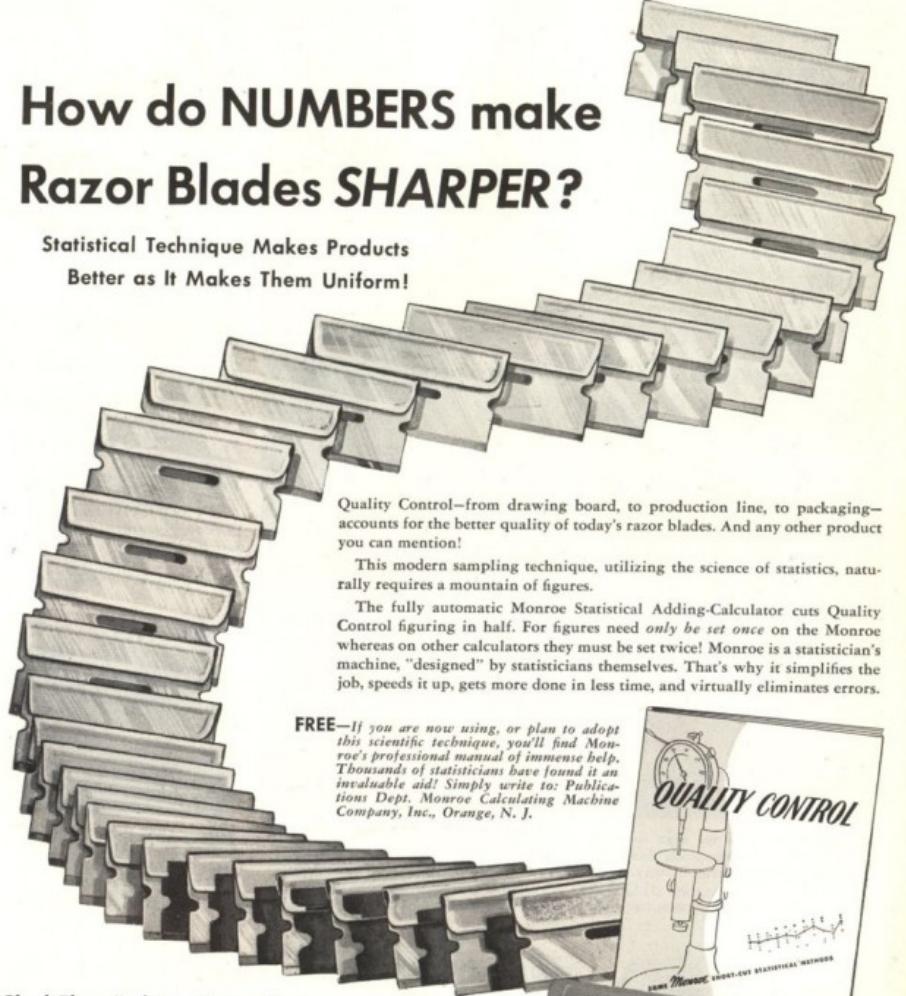
or angered by the ever-present reminders of a high Indian civilization that had been smashed by the white invaders.

Old Heritages Resurgent. The sons of the revolution appear to have learned to cherish equally their Indian and Spanish Christian heritages. Having accepted their past, they are ceasing to brood over it. Today it is fashionable in Mexico to collect pre-Columbian art, to dabble in archaeology, to wear Indian costumes and to study Indian customs. At the same time the Roman Catholic Church, long suppressed and persecuted by anticlerical revolutionists, is resurgent in Mexico. All over the country new modern churches are rising to replace those wrecked in the revolution. Nuns and priests wear their habits and cassocks in public; more and more parents send their children to Catholic schools. Under Ruiz Cortines, whose wife goes to church (though he does not), this trend is likely to continue.

Porfirio Diaz, the great dictator who imposed iron-handed stability on the country in the last century, once bitterly said: "Poor Mexico: so far from God, so near the U.S." Yet it is Mexico, in part because it is so closely subject to U.S. influence, that has pioneered the way to mature independence and independent nationality in Latin America. Proud of its *mestizo* origins, without need either to brag or apologize for them, the country is visibly experiencing some of the creative results of having found itself. Ruiz Cortines, with the backing of the rising middle class, has already changed the republic's standards of public morality. Last week, after his frank survey of Mexico's unsolved food and literacy problems, the magazine *Siempre* proclaimed it: THE ERA OF TRUTH. As such revolutionary ideas as honesty and truth spread through the government, the new President and the new Mexico can look ahead toward an even more fully developed democratic life.

How do NUMBERS make Razor Blades SHARPER?

Statistical Technique Makes Products
Better as It Makes Them Uniform!



Quality Control—from drawing board, to production line, to packaging—accounts for the better quality of today's razor blades. And any other product you can mention!

This modern sampling technique, utilizing the science of statistics, naturally requires a mountain of figures.

The fully automatic Monroe Statistical Adding-Calculator cuts Quality Control figuring in half. For figures need *only be set once* on the Monroe whereas on other calculators they must be set twice! Monroe is a statistician's machine, "designed" by statisticians themselves. That's why it simplifies the job, speeds it up, gets more done in less time, and virtually eliminates errors.

FREE—If you are now using, or plan to adopt this scientific technique, you'll find Monroe's professional manual of immense help. Thousands of statisticians have found it an invaluable aid! Simply write to: Publications Dept., Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., Orange, N. J.

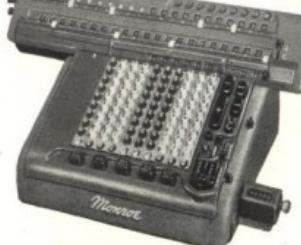


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*Look
men!*

Prove it
for yourself
with a 15-second
SIT DOWN TEST

That's all it takes! Just 15 seconds to discover comfort and convenience you probably never thought possible in a truck. There's no guesswork about it—just sit and see!



A joy to drive! That goes for the biggest Ford Trucks ever built as well as Pickups. Model F-900 shown is rated for 55,000 lbs. G.C.W., 27,000 lbs. G.V.W. Choose the one

right truck for your job from over 190 models and five great truck engines, including three with new LOW-FRICTION, overhead-valve design, developing up to 155 horsepower.



A rear window that is big enough to be a windshield . . . almost! Ford Trucks offer more all-around glass area, front, sides and rear—than any of the five other leading truck makes. Over 2,100 sq. in.

New DRIVERIZED CAB cuts driver fatigue!

It's another Ford first! And it's just one of many new TIME-SAVING features that help get jobs done fast!

For sustained-speed travel, Ford provides new LOW-FRICTION power in V-8 or 6.

For faster, easier handling, Ford provides Synchro-Silent transmissions in every model—and new "short-turn" front axles.

And for more efficient driving—always a key factor in TIME-SAVING,

Ford provides new DRIVERIZED CABS. Both Standard and Deluxe cab models offer all the features mentioned on these pages.

For an added touch of luxury, the DRIVERIZED DELUXE cab offers 16 additional custom features at slight extra cost. See your Ford Dealer soon, for complete details.

The world's most comfortable cab!

It's the totally new "DRIVERIZED CAB" you get only in a new Ford Truck! Now you can see and feel instantly, how Ford successfully combines truck ruggedness and performance with the comfort a driver deserves!



SWING open the new wider doors! Door handles are the easy-operating, push-button type . . . the kind you get on quality cars. Door latches are new rotor-type.



HOIST your size 12's into the cab! There's plenty of room between the seat and door pillar. No need to do a toe dance getting into or out of a Ford "DRIVERIZED CAB"!



SLIDE into the wide, comfortable seat. Bounce on it to test the super-cushioning action of Ford's exclusive seat shock snubber and new non-sag seat springs.



GLANCE back through the 4-ft. rear window. Heads right, or heads left, (without leaning) you can see the space you're backing into. Why pay extra for rear quarter windows?



STRETCH your arms into big cab roominess. With more hip-room than any of the 5 other leading truck makes, FORD DRIVERIZED CABS banish that "squeezed-in" feeling.



SIGH a sigh of real contentment! Man! What a treat for a working guy! And it's all yours in the new FORD DRIVERIZED CAB . . . the world's most comfortable truck cab.



Before
you buy any truck—
Make the
Ford 15-second
SIT DOWN TEST

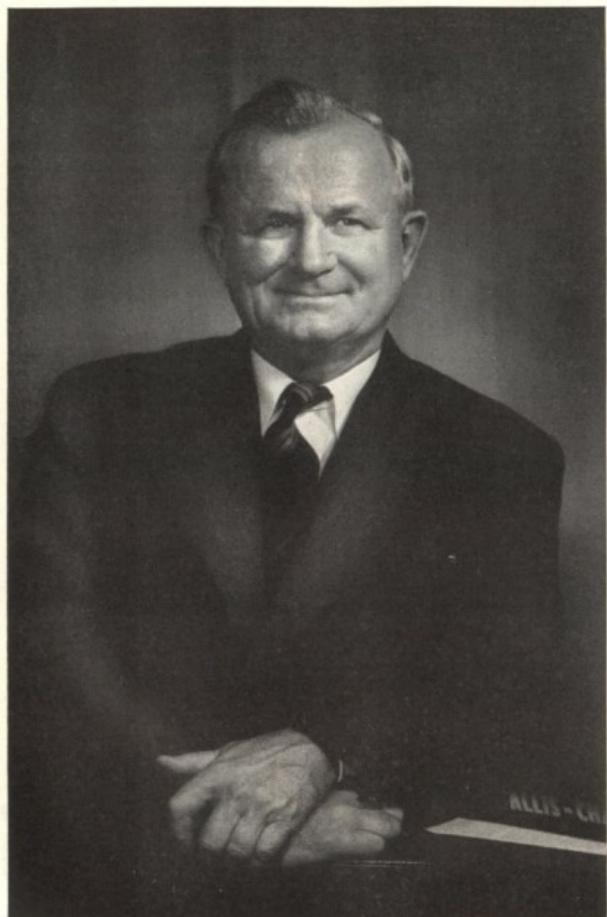
World's most powerful Pickup truck with the world's most comfortable cab, 6½-ft. box, over 4 ft. wide. New, stronger, clamp-tight tailgate. Choice of V-8 or Six.



FORD ECONOMY TRUCKS
SAVE TIME! SAVE MONEY! LAST LONGER!

DRIVERIZED DELUXE cab shown in photos available at slight extra cost

"If you want to be happier...more secure ...be discontented"



A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDER. Life insurance with the Northwestern Mutual plays a substantial part in Mr. Roberts' personal program. He owns a total of fourteen individual policies with this Company.

A statement suggesting a constructive attitude toward life insurance

by WILLIAM A. ROBERTS

President

Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company

"TO SAY that a larger measure of happiness can come from being discontented seems a contradiction.

"Yet if a man is to have maximum success in his work, if he is to enjoy a fuller, richer life, the feeling of being 'dissatisfied' with his present accomplishment is vital.

"And certainly this habit of discontent is one of the surest safeguards to family security. We often see the unhappy consequences when a husband or wife carries to extreme the attitude, 'We're satisfied, things are going all right.' So many times, the result of such complacency is insufficient life insurance—far too little to provide for the family's needs.

"And the healthy habit of discontent automatically creates another good habit. That is reviewing one's life insurance at regular intervals.

"The man who is 'restless' enough to keep alert to his changing needs for life insurance can, and usually does, build the kind of security he wants for his family."

HOW THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL AGENT PREPARES TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS

BY CHARACTER, ability, and training, Northwestern Mutual agents are well qualified. Many have earned the designation of Chartered Life Underwriter.

Why do they choose to represent this company? It is one of the world's largest, with over 95 years' experience. It accepts applications only through its own agents.

Because of its unique advantages, including low net cost, nearly half the new policies issued go to present policyholders.

For a sound review of your security plans, call a Northwestern Mutual agent.

The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL Life Insurance Company

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

PEOPLE



THE OLIVIERS (WITH ACTRESS HAYE)
During rehearsals, candles for an empress.

European

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Dr. Alfred Kinsey, an effective advance man for his *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, talked about his favorite subject to an overflow audience of women reporters. Author-Acress **Cornelia Otis Skinner** (a Kinsey interviewee) and a scattering of interested males at a Women's National Press Club luncheon in Washington. Ordinarily a solemn man, Kinsey proved to be an old tease when the girls got going on questions. What age group prefers sleeping in the nude? asked a woman from *Woman's Wear Daily*. Kinsey "stated the question to his own liking—"Should the manufacturers of clothes be seriously disturbed by nude sleeping?"—then replied that, mostly, it is women with higher educations who sleep in the raw. The mother of an eight-year-old girl asked whether she should send her child to a coeducational or a girls' school, got a snappy answer: "In other words, you want to know whether she should go to a heterosexual or a homosexual school. Frankly, we don't have enough information yet on that problem." The New York *Daily News'* Ruth Montgomery, looking demure under a big hat, asked whether his sensational statistics might not be influenced by the reluctance of "nice women" to talk, compared with "our sisters of the street." Kidded Kinsey: "Those are not terms a scientist uses."

Actor Sir Laurence Olivier and his Actress-Wife Vivien Leigh, after cruising the Mediterranean with Cinemagnate **Sir Alexander Korda** on his 150-ton yacht *Elsewhere*, were back in London for another busy theater season. They began rehearsals for their new play, *The Sleeping Princess* (Actress Leigh's first stage role

since recovering from last spring's nervous breakdown), and were photographed helping famed British Actress **Helen Haye*** (still going strong playing the Dowager Empress of Russia in *Anastasia*) blow out the candles at her 79th birthday party.

Christine Jorgensen, making the rounds as a nightclub entertainer, had a confidential word to say in Atlantic City: "When I get married it will be in Europe. An American man would think it a reflection on his masculinity to marry me. Europeans don't care about their masculinity."

Sloan Simpson, 36, New York City's onetime First Lady, came home after five social-whirling months in Europe and landed her pretty face all over Manhattan's front pages. Smiling brightly and flicking a black-gloved hand for photographers, Sloan (an ex-model) told shipboard reporters, "Let's not get into that," when asked why she had left **William O'Dwyer**. She is divorced from him, she explained, except in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church (she will go to Mexico to try for a church annulment). She spoke warmly about O'Dwyer and professed to be tickled about magazine stories that have pictured him as the hapless pawn of a playgirl: "Every story has a hero and a villain. I am delighted to be the villain in this case, if it'll give him the break he deserves."

Novelist James Jones, pleased by Hollywood's job on his *From Here to Eternity* (especially the sad ending, because "people need tragedy"), was spending an industrious summer at a writers' colony near Marshall, Ill. Holed up in the second-floor bedroom of his own "bachelor

* Not to be confused with famed U.S. Actress Helen Hayes.

They're Looking Different This Year

To V-shaped exaggeration in suits, farewell. In its stead, men this Fall are embracing a new, natural look of tall, trim neatness. Nowhere is it better expressed than in the new **HART SCHAFFNER & MARX** body style called, appropriately, the "Trend."

In the "Trend"—first visual change in men's fashions in several years—shoulders have been given a more natural, not-so-wide look. Lapels have been trimmed down slightly, buttons placed somewhat lower and virtually all suggestion of waistline eliminated, front and back. Yet there is considerably more freedom across the shoulder blades and in the armholes. The total effect is a flattering look of tall-and-trim neatness.



For those details that add up to such a difference, the ladies have an eye.

Introduced quietly last Spring, the "Trend" proved immediately popular. **HART SCHAFFNER & MARX** has known many successes in its sixty-six years and this is one of its greatest. To use a commercial expression, orders continue terrific. This is it! The look of slim straightness has arrived and its name is "Trend." You'll find it at the nearest men's store that sells **HART SCHAFFNER & MARX** clothing. In suits, sport coats and evening clothes. In several models. And in a pleasing variety of fabrics and colors.

**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**

CHANEL

*The Most
Treasured Name
in Perfume*



N° 5
BOIS DES ILES
GARDENIA
RUSSIA LEATHER
N° 22

CHANEL

house," he was already more than 400 pages along on his second novel. Publicity men wanted him at the Chicago opening of *From Here to Eternity*, but Jones stood fast: "I love you all, but please leave me alone. I'm living with my characters."

Oldtime Crooner Rudy ("The Vagabond Lover") Vallee, still crying "Heigh-ho, everybody" in the nightclubs, dropped into Port Arthur, Ont., for a one-night stand and hinted that he might not go on forever. At 52, he said, he was getting tired and thinking of retiring in a year or two to his Hollywood home. A reporter asked how old he felt. Sighed Rudy: "Like an old race horse regarding the ice wagon."

Resting up before going off to Bern, Switzerland, to head the U.S. Embassy, Madame Ambassador Frances E. Willis, 54, the first foreign service career woman



AMBASSADOR WILLIS
Roses to Bern.

to work her way to the top of the diplomatic pile, was pictured primly snipping rosebushes at her Redlands, Calif., home.

Wagnerian Soprano Helen Traubel, rising to the bait of \$7,500, warmed up for a week's work at Chicago's Chez Paree, her debut in any such emporium of liquor and lowbrow music. "There will be no Wagner," she promised. "This will be nothing but fun . . ." Her big number: a take-off on Jimmy Durante and Eddie Jackson mangling that sweet old song *Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?*

Four months after Novelist Edna Ferber called New York the filthiest city in the world and "a scab on the face of our country," Mrs. Wendell Willkie, widow of the 1940 presidential candidate, arrived from Europe with a new blast. "I think New York is the dirtiest city I've ever been in, and I love New York," said Edith Willkie. But she had the start of a solution: "I'm willing to go out with a broom and help clean up myself."

New KING-SIZE **VICEROY** GIVES YOU DOUBLE-BARRELED HEALTH PROTECTION



Now, for the first time, you can get all the advantages of Filter Tip and King-Size combined in one great cigarette. Yet new King-Size, Filter-Tip VICEROY costs you only a penny or two per pack more than cigarettes without filters.



*The Nicotine
and Tars Trapped
by Viceroy's
Double-Filtering
Action Cannot
Reach Your Throat
or Lungs!*

KING-SIZE FILTER-TIP **VICEROY**

MEDICINE

Hospital on the River

Where Manhattan's 68th Street dead-ends at the East River stands a striking group of stone and brick buildings known admiringly in the medical profession as "the great white palace"—officially, the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. At one side, overlooking both the river's traffic and the swirling autos of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, rises the nine-story building of the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic.

There are no outward signs that Payne Whitney is hospital for the emotionally ill, for there are no fences, no guards, no barred windows. Yet this 108-bed hospital ranks with the nation's best and most progressive in applying the newest of medical disciplines—and one of the most complex—to the healing of ailing humanity. Equally important, it carries on psychiatric research and a comprehensive teaching program. Interestingly enough, the clinic perpetuates an old tradition, for New York Hospital, the city's first, pioneered 150 years ago in replacing Bedlam's chains and floggings with kindly "moral management" of the mentally ill.

Lost Proportions. The Payne Whitney Clinic* does not ordinarily accept patients who appear incurable (and whose care most often must devolve upon state hospitals), though a few may be admitted for study or special treatment. It is devoted in the main to intensive, hopeful treatment of the curable, as "curable" can be defined at this stage of psychiatric progress. Payne Whitney's achievement scores, like its methods of treatment, are typical of the institutions in its class: each year, with an average of 225 admissions, it discharges about 150 patients as recovered or substantially improved. But to the psychiatrists, the score (which could be boosted by accepting less difficult cases) is not so important as the bigger fact: each of the 150 represents a sick and troubled individual who had reached or passed the breaking point and has now been restored to his family, usually in as good mental health as before he fell ill, often better.

Here come both the young and the old (from eleven to 90), men & women (but largely because women are more often financially supported by others, they outnumber men in the hospital), rich and poor (but only about 45% can afford to pay the full costs of their care, and all the fees collected from patients add up to no more than half the hospital's budget), bankers, businessmen, doctors, writers,

* Payne Whitney (1876-1937), who inherited a fortune from street railways and tobacco and made millions, became a governor of the Society of the New York Hospital in 1912 and soon took a special interest in its division for mental patients. When plans were being drawn for the Medical Center in the 1920s, Whitney resolved to finance the building and endowment of its psychiatric clinic. Even with the income from his generous \$8,000,000 endowment, it still needs donations to meet annual deficits.

artists, secretaries, housewives and students (there is a high proportion of patients in intellectual or creative pursuits).

With few exceptions, Payne Whitney's patients are depressed, anxious and tense. Many have complaints such as peptic ulcers, migraine, asthma, colitis, or skin disorders of psychosomatic origin. Some are alcoholics, a few are narcotics addicts, many have precipitated their admission to the hospital by attempting or threatening suicide. Broadly, such cases are classed as neuroses and personality disorders: some are psychoses. However, less importance is attached to the label than to individualized treatment for the illness.

One thing is true of nearly all: they have lost the ability to deal with reality.



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

NEW YORK HOSPITAL (CENTER FOREGROUND: PAYNE WHITNEY CLINIC)®
To restore the ability to deal with reality.

Though most of them face serious life problems arising from bereavement, failure at work or school, or difficulties with kin or colleagues, the problems are magnified in their minds. Sometimes it is an unreasonable fear that drives them to distraction; sometimes an unjustified feeling of guilt or inadequacy.

Often the patient is not consciously aware of the cause of his illness, and usually its roots are buried deep in the past. Whatever the cause, the effect is to make the patient feel that he cannot go on, and often those around him feel that they cannot go on with him. Something must be done—something short of commitment to a state hospital, and yet something more than periodically seeing a psychiatrist in an office.

Case of the Businessman. Such was the case of John X. Outwardly, he seemed to have nothing to worry about. At 46, he was one of the top executives of a key railroad; he had job security and a salary of better than \$20,000 a year, a loyal and

capable wife, a son who had just quit college to serve in Korea, two younger daughters, and a comfortable home on Long Island. John X was so well regarded by his neighbors that he was often called on to give his time and talents to community causes.

Inwardly, John X was not feeling so well. He said he was slipping—not doing as much work as he used to, and not doing it so well. He fretted about finances. He got so "nervous" that he could not stand the coltish antics of his younger children. Every trip on the rachitic Long Island Rail Road, every decision in the office or at home tied him up in knots.

But it did not occur to John X that he was emotionally ill. It was his stomach, he said. A battery of doctors found nothing wrong there. Then John X "knew" the worst: he was going to die soon, probably

from one of those hard-to-detect cancers of the stomach. Forced to give up some meetings, he spent the evenings at home talking to his wife about his life insurance. He slept poorly and lost weight. He gave up hope. Late one night the tension in his mind became so great that John X threatened to end his life, but his wife talked him out of it. A doctor persuaded him that he must go voluntarily into the Payne Whitney Clinic or face commitment elsewhere because of his suicidal tendencies.

John X's Treatment. John X was shown to a room very much like one in a small residential hotel. There was no lock on his door, though John X noted with annoyance that the nurse had used a key to open the door from the elevator bank

® Lower left: the neighboring Rockefeller Institute; upper left: Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases; at center: the skyscraper cluster of New York Hospital proper and the associated Cornell University Medical College.



Samson UPHOLSTERED FOLDING CHAIRS

Look Better, Last Longer!



Now—at no extra cost—all upholstered Samson Folding Chairs designed for public seating use have seats covered in a new vinyl material 50% heavier than vinyl used on chairs for the home! It has extra resistance to scuffing, staining, all types of damage; washes easily.

Chair legs and frames are tubular steel, finished in chip-resistant baked enamel. Back rest is concaved for extra comfort. See them at your Samson public seating distributor's.

NEW SAMSON TABLET-

ARM CHAIR!

Here's the ideal chair for use in company meetings, school assemblies, church groups, or for dictation!

- Tablet Arm Of Selected Hardwoods, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Inch Thick
- Over 120 Square Inches Of Working Space
- Arm Opens Or Folds Away As Chair Is Opened Or Folded



4-STAR VALUE IN ALL-STEEL FOLDING CHAIRS!

- Electrically Welded Tubular Steel
- Seat And Back Concaved For Extra Comfort
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to his landing: he was on one of the hospital's most closely supervised floors. Next, like all new patients at Payne Whitney, John got a thorough physical checkup. Meanwhile, the outline of John's case had been discussed at a staff meeting.

At these meetings, Psychiatrist in Chief Oskar Diethelm is joined by two other senior psychiatrists, Drs. Thomas A. C. Rennie and Richard N. Kohl, who are at the clinic full time and share the supervision of all patients. Also present are the resident psychiatrist, with more than three years' experience and training at the clinic; 13 assistant psychiatrists at various stages of three- to five-year courses as residents. Here an assistant psychiatrist is assigned to be the patient's personal physician during his stay, and the patient's daily routine is prescribed. He can be certain of excellent care, night & day. There are 74 graduate nurses, 20 student nurses and 25 psychiatric aides. Each psychiatrist treats a maximum of ten patients—in contrast to many state hospitals, where a single physician may be responsible for 400 or more patients.

On his first visit, the psychiatrist assigned to John X found his patient sputtering about being on a locked floor. "I've too much pride to be in a place like this," John said. "My wife has given you a false picture of my condition." Unaided, the doctor would have had a tough time with the determined executive, but twice each week his supervising senior psychiatrist joined them, reinforcing the younger man's efforts.

By far the greatest part of the treatment lies in the psychiatrist's efforts to help the patient to understand the origins of his problems. This means going back to how he developed as a person from earliest childhood—how his personality developed. It involves helping him to see that his poor ways of handling situations are complicating his problems. It does no good simply to tell him that; he must be helped to see for himself. It is no use exhorting him to use will power; he must be guided through the mazes of his mind and memory until he recognizes independently that he has resources to finish the journey alone. The psychiatrist shares the most intimate aspects of the patient's life, thus affording both the relief of catharsis and the support of an understanding relationship. Painful memories lose their sting. The patient's confidence is gradually restored through his faith in the doctor.

First to go was John X's feeling of wounded pride. Then, though he still fretted about the office and his stomach pains, at least he fretted less. After about five weeks, he began to feel grateful for the overall physical and psychological care he was getting, and to welcome his doctor's visits, even though some of the interviews were unpleasant. Thus he began to reveal more and more about the rockbound New England upbringing which had made him so rigidly "moral" that he was hardly human. He began to see that while he admired his wife's easygoing personality, he also envied it and at times actually hated it. It took a bit longer for him to

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resolve these conflicting feelings within himself.

Then there were the strict sex taboos of John X's childhood. He had married because, in good part, he thought it unhealthy not to. And though he prided himself on a successful marriage, it became clear that he regarded sex as a shameful rite to be conducted only furtively and in total darkness. Even before all this underbrush had been cleared, John X began to feel better. He got a kick out of woodworking and photography. He enjoyed his social activities with the other patients—badminton, card playing and musical evenings—all on unlocked floors. This gave him a feeling of responsibility, and confidence that his doctors no longer rated him a suicidal risk. Soon he was allowed to go out for an afternoon or an evening with his wife, to go shopping, to dinner and the theater. Concurrently, the detailed processes of psychotherapy went on—unraveling more of John X's life story, his hurts, his rejections, dreams, all to help him recognize and manage his emotions better.

By easy stages, John X returned to his normal pattern of life. He went out alone, and home for weekends. Then he went back to the office two days a week. He found that he could do his work as well as any of his colleagues. Also, he could talk freely to them about his illness. His sense of shame left him when he realized how many others had had personal experience with similar illnesses. After nine months, satisfied that he did not have cancer, and realizing that he had been a victim of his own stubborn, driving perfectionism, John X went back to working five days a week and living at home. Today he is happier, more relaxed and more efficient than before his illness.

Case of the Housewife. Like many modern psychiatrists, Payne Whitney doctors pride themselves on being eclectics

who take what they believe is the best from Freud and Pavlov, Bleuler and Meyer, Horney and Sullivan. Their treatment is analytic, but it does not extend to the orthodox form of analysis in which the patient may spend 200 or more hours in treatment.

The patient is studied intensively in many other ways. His behavior is continuously observed and recorded by check marks on his chart three times a day. Nurses and doctors note how he gets along with other patients. They record his weight and appetite, the swing of his moods, what incidents upset him, and how he handles his emotions.

The psychiatrist often gets productive information in answer to the simple greeting question, "How do you feel today?" The patient may refuse to answer if he is fearful, resentful or depressed. In such cases, it takes additional time for the psychiatrist to break through the barriers and win the patient's confidence. But many patients are so full of their troubles that they pour them out at once. Their ideas of what ails them may be superficial, and may conceal deeply buried anxieties and guilt feelings. Nonetheless, they give the psychiatrist clues that he needs for his understanding of the illness.

Edna Y., a 20-year-old housewife, had plenty of troubles to pour out. She had what many psychiatrists call the "suburban syndrome." Edna had been the spoiled baby in a hard-pressed Midwestern family. Unable to afford college, she worked in a department store, and there met a young man who was going into dress manufacturing. Soon after they were married, he was transferred to New York City. Living in a fashionable New Jersey suburb, surrounded by Vassar and Bryn Mawr graduates, Edna felt that she could not keep up in dress, club memberships, home furnishings or Mayflower ancestors.

In this setting, she began to suffer severe migraine headaches. These made her withdraw more and more from her usual activities. Medication gave her temporary relief at best. Edna began to neglect her house and her only child. After a few months of worsening headaches and deepening depression, a doctor advised her to try psychiatric treatment.

Edna Y's Treatment. John X had paid the full cost of his private room and care, \$210 a week. For Edna Y., this was out of the question, and the rate for her was set at \$42. Her care was identical with John X's, but she shared a three-bed room. Her doctors believed it was a good thing for Edna to face, inside the hospital as she must face outside, the simple reality that some people have more money than others.

Edna Y was anxious to please. She got along famously with her psychiatrist, but her early progress was slow. Uncovering layer after layer of memory, she learned gradually to understand that one root of her trouble went back to childhood feelings of insecurity and a sense of inadequacy as compared with her sisters. Like John X, Edna learned that it was natural for her to have occasional feelings of hostility and resentment even toward those



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she loved. It took time for Edna to come to believe in her own abilities and good qualities. Then she discovered an unexpected talent for painting and enrolled in an art school. With her new-found assets, she became confident of her ability to hold her own with other young matrons and her husband's friends.

Edna went home after 4½ months. No psychiatrist would have pronounced her completely "cured," but she had fewer and less severe headaches and faced her responsibilities capably. In her weekly, then monthly, visits as an outpatient, Edna's psychiatrist helped her to anchor her recovery more securely.

Case of the Frightened Boy. Sometimes a patient is so disturbed that the doctors cannot, at first, get through to him. In such cases, they may use sodium amytal, the so-called "truth drug," to help the patient to communicate. Or, after the symptoms are fully understood, they may give electric shock, or "electro-convulsive therapy," as they prefer to call it, always under the most rigorous safeguards.* They use insulin treatment in a similar way.

Bill Z was a case who needed insulin. Bill, 18, was found cowering and sobbing in a New York City cemetery. "I am being followed because I have knowledge which might destroy the world," he told the patrolman who found him.

"Who's following you?" asked the cop.

"Three hundred Communists," the boy replied. "And that's not all—airplanes with radar are tracking me."

"What's your name?"

"I am Christ."

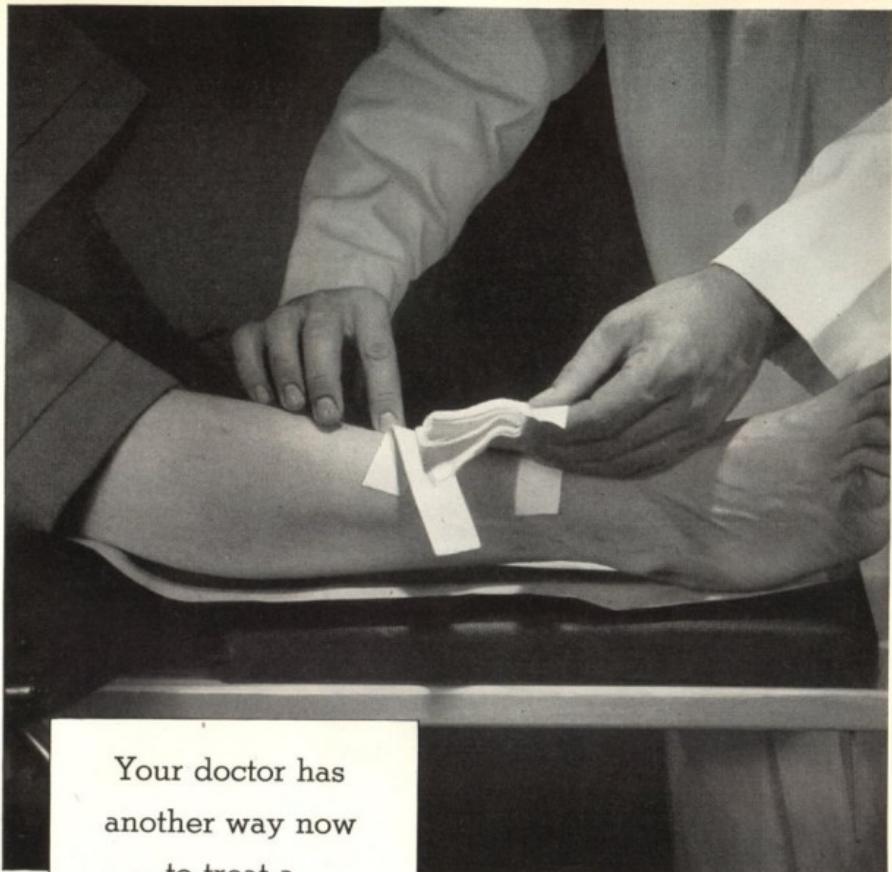
In three weeks at a city hospital, Bill Z received five electro-convulsive treatments. These subdued his more extreme symptoms. Psychiatrists agreed that he might respond to intensive psychotherapy, and his parents arranged his transfer to the Payne Whitney Clinic.

Bill Z's Treatment. Each morning for 60 days, before breakfast, Bill was given an injection of insulin, which cuts down the blood sugar. Bill sweated profusely and became increasingly drowsy. The doctors gradually increased the insulin dosage, but were careful to stop short of the point where Bill would have lapsed into coma. At one point, Bill had a stormy outburst, then quieted down and showed his first grudging signs of cooperating with his psychiatrist.

Before Bill Z lost control and ran out to the cemetery, he had spent hours locked in his room, studying religion, sex and science, and writing long discourses on philosophical problems. He was no easy patient to handle. He kept threatening to assault his psychiatrist. Mixed up about sex, he accused other patients of homosexual tendencies toward him (a reflection of his self-doubt) and made erotic advances to the nurses.

Only after insulin treatments did young

* Only in unyielding cases do Payne Whitney psychiatrists resort to the drastic operation of lobotomy (TIME, June 23), in which nerve connections in the forebrain are cut.



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Bill began to give up his delusions. But even after he admitted that his fellow patients might not all be Communist spies, he still insisted that the world outside was full of them, all threatening him personally. This delayed his visiting out. The psychiatrist also had to work with Bill's assertive mother and wishy-washy father to show them how the boy's troubles had arisen and how, by revamping their own feelings and attitudes toward him, they could give more of the support and love that he needed.

It took almost a year and a half (a long stay, by Payne Whitney standards) for Bill's anxiety to subside enough for him to leave the hospital and take up his college studies again. The psychiatrists know that Bill will need further treatment, perhaps for a long time, before his recovery is really secure.

The Hopeful Art. For patients who are not ill enough to be admitted to the hospital, and for some who should be admitted but feel they cannot be spared from home, the clinic has an outpatient department headed by a full-time senior psychiatrist and staffed by 55 experienced psychiatrists who give two half days a week from their private practices. Fees range from nothing, for the penniless, to \$2.50 a visit.

The Payne Whitney Clinic (and others like it) can hardly make a dent in the ranks of the 350,000 U.S. citizens who are admitted each year to psychiatric hospitals. Yet the psychiatrists who staff such institutions are confident that in their progressive, imaginative approach to the treatment of patients they have part of the answer.

The rest of the answer, they believe, lies in preventive work with children and schools, with parent groups and teachers, with ministers and employers. It lies, too, in the training of more psychiatrists, clinical psychologists, nurses and social workers, who make up the team in modern psychiatric hospitals.

Payne Whitney psychiatrists divide their time almost equally among treatment, teaching and research. They study both the disordered workings of the sick mind itself and the relationships between emotions and physical illnesses, and between emotions and the chemicals in the blood, as well as neurological disorders and such special problems as alcoholism. The staff takes an active part in the treatment of patients throughout the general hospital. All the resident physicians are learning by experience what they need to know to become teachers and investigators as well as practicing psychiatrists. Staff members are on the faculty of Cornell University Medical College and give psychiatric courses to the practitioners of tomorrow, thus giving them insight into the emotional aspects of their patients' illnesses.

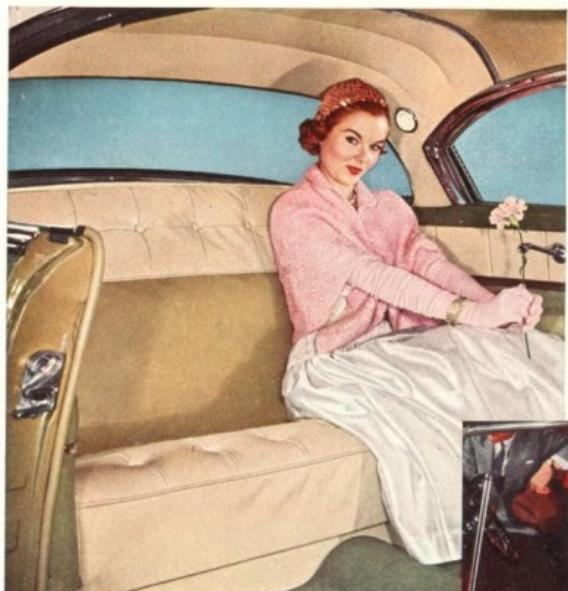
These efforts combined, the Payne Whitney doctors believe, will carry forward the process which has already raised psychiatry from the management of hopeless Bedlamists to the practice of one of the hopeful arts of healing.

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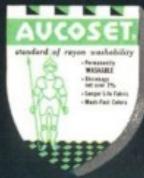


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MUSIC

Triumph of Age

A living legend stepped on to the stage of the steamy barn theater at Jacob's Pillow in Massachusetts' Berkshires one day last week. She was Ruth St. Denis, world-famed dancer for more than half a century and, with Isadora Duncan, founder of modern dance. By the laws of time (she admits to 73), old Dancer St. Denis should have creaked. Actually, though nobody in the audience pretended that she looked like the girl in the White Rock ads any more, many forgot her age



Plouffe Studios

DANCER ST. DENIS
At 73, one has to watch the hips.

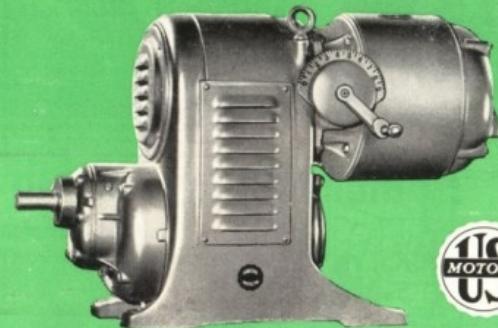
as they watched the practiced magic of her performance.

To the rasping accompaniment of a recorded piano, "Miss Ruth" wove her way through some of the Oriental numbers that first made her famous in the U.S. and Europe in 1906-08. In *The Incense*, she was an Indian woman carrying a tray of smoking incense; Miss Ruth's figure was no longer as willowy as it was in Theodore Roosevelt's Administration, but her bare arms undulated with astonishing grace and control. In *The Cobras*, she was a fakir. As the cobras, represented by Miss Ruth's arms, slithered over her head and body, she wore an impudent expression that told her audience that neither she nor the fakir took the cobras very seriously. In *The Yoga*, she strode onto the stage in flowing saffron robes with a long tambura (Indian lute) held at her back and her white hair wildly flying. She had first danced it in Vienna in 1908; in this appearance, she

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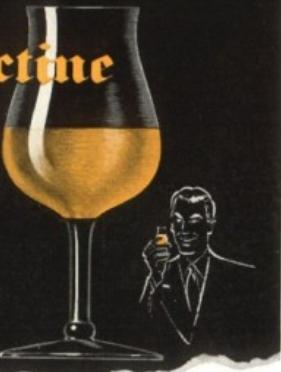
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was frankly an old woman, but a triumphant old woman.

Afterward, dance fans streamed backstage to shake her hand. Consensus of the crowd: "How this takes me back!"

Wearing a slash of scarlet lipstick and dashes of mascara across her scanty eyelashes, Miss Ruth explained something of how she does it: "I've been flirting with Gaylord Hauser, eating yoghurt and all those things. At the merry age of 73, one has to watch for a gathering around the hips. I never drink or smoke." She also practices yoga every morning.

Her Jacob's Pillow performance was one of Miss Ruth's occasional public appearances. Most of the year she is busy in Hollywood with the Ruth St. Denis School and the "Church of the Divine Dance," where she has about 50 disciples of all ages. She also has 50 acres south of Riverside, Calif., where she would like to start a colony. "If I had an endowment—which I ain't got—" she adds with the breeziness of an old trouper. "I would take six boys and six girls and keep them under monastic discipline in a retreat for five years before I would allow them to dance. My vision is of a renaissance in America, beginning with the dance."

Groovy Grimm

"Grandma, what frantic eyes you have," said Red Riding Hood. "The better to dig you with, my dear." said the wolf. "And Grandma," said Red, "what a long nose you have." "Yeah," said the wolf, "it's a gasser." "And Grandma," said Red, "your ears are the most, to say the least." "How you do come on," said the wolf. "I know my ears aren't the greatest, but what're ya gonna do? Let's just say somebody goofed."

Thus, with the poetic license of storytellers through the ages, TV Comedian Steve Allen updated the Grimm fairy tale in jazzdom's *Down Beat* magazine last spring. It was intended only as a private joke for bopsters, told in the latest Tin Pan Alley argot, where "cool" means good, "crazy" means wonderful and anything that is really tops is simply called "the most." But the tale quickly reached a larger public when Manhattan Disk Jockey Al "Jazzbo" Collins read it over the air, then recorded it for Brunswick. The record has sold a reported 200,000 copies to become a solid popular hit.

By last week Collins and Allen were in a hot competition to turn out the grooviest session. On a Brunswick side of his own, Funnyman Allen told how Goldilocks wandered into the three bears' house, found that "the largest bowl [of soup] was very hot, the next bowl was very cool and the littlest bowl was just right. Naturally she chose the cool bowl." Meanwhile Jazzbo had switched over to Capitol Records, picked up a new scriptwriter (Douglas Jones), and last week released his second pair of "Grimm Fairy Tales for Hip Kids": *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* and *Jack and the Beanstalk*. Jack, on first seeing the beanstalk: "Man, what crazy asparagus!"



If only parties didn't have an ending !

THE FUN is ended but the dirty dishes linger on. And, for a reason no man has ever fathomed, the hostess always seems to insist that the dishes be washed before anyone heads for the hay.

But what a breeze the job is with a Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher! A few moments to set the dishes into the racks, twist a dial, and off to bed. Only in this dishwasher are china, glassware, silver, and kitchen

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*Dealers are listed in most classified phone directories.

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The Only Dishwasher That Washes Everything Twice !

ART

Crafts Across the Sea

Above the doorway of the big modern building in Santa Fe, N.Mex., is lettered an appropriate motto: "The art of the craftsman is a bond between the peoples of the world." The building is Santa Fe's new Museum of International Folk Art, and both museum and motto are the gift of a wealthy Chicago art patron named Florence Dibell Bartlett, who has spent 20 years collecting the folk art of 50 countries. On her travels, she noticed that most of the ancient crafts seemed to be dying out. Collector Bartlett decided to build the museum as a showcase for the works of the world's craftsmen.

Collector Bartlett's showcase is enough to delight any museum visitor. Planned by Director Robert B. Inverarity, 44, a wartime Navy artist and part-time anthropologist, the museum's building is clean and functional, all on one floor and with plenty of well-lighted exhibition space. There is a comfortable auditorium

with a stage and movie screen, a wing of workshops with special looms for reweaving damaged fabrics, photo labs and a microfilm room, a complete research library and special workrooms for visiting scholars. The building is air-conditioned, and when visitors get tired of looking at the exhibits, they can relax in the museum's handsome lounge, or wander onto a flagstone patio for a view of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

When the museum opened last week, visitors could see just how well the craftsman's art links the peoples of the world. One display of shoes showed the common ingenuity of the world's cobblers: a wooden Dutch shoe for the wet lowlands, a cool leather sandal for Arabia's hot sands, a warm quilted-cotton boot for Manchuria's bitter winters. Wooden manikins wore beautifully embroidered costumes from the Andean highlands and a fascinating suit of woven palm-fiber armor made for a South Sea island warrior. There were tiny statues, ceremonial masks, hoes and

puppets from such widely separated areas as Borneo, Europe and Africa, all done with the same careful skill. And outside, the museum will soon set up its most ambitious project of all: a complete fisherman's cottage brought over from Sweden, the first of an international village to show how different peoples of the world solve their living problems.

Brilliance on the Bosphorus

NO nation is more torn between the culture of East and West than modern Turkey. Most of its artists take their stand on the western shore of the Bosphorus, doing second-rate imitations of European art. Others occupy the eastern bank, and turn out miniature paintings, inlays and rugs of the sort traditionally associated with Persia. One of Turkey's best contemporary painters is an artist named Bedri Rahmi Eyuboglu, who has one foot firmly planted on either side of the Bosphorus, paints pictures that could never have been done farther east of Paris or west of Bagdad.

Now 40, Painter Eyuboglu spent three student years in Paris, came home to paint pale echoes of Raoul Dufy. In the last decade, he has spent more and more time in the villages of Anatolia, found much inspiration in Turkish folk art. The delicate brushwork and preference for pastel colors that marked his European apprenticeship have given way to strongly accented designs, contrasting glittery masses against vivid backgrounds (see opposite page).

Eyuboglu works best between midnight and 3 a.m.—"almost painting in my sleep." Lately he has busied himself with a variety of mediums: tempuras, mosaics, and wood blocks for printing curtains and handkerchiefs. "The possibilities are limitless," he murmurs, absently dabbling a design in his coffee saucer. Business people are beginning to see the possibilities in Eyuboglu himself; negotiations are under way for a show of his art in Philadelphia, and the new Hilton Hotel being built in Istanbul will be decorated with Eyuboglu curtains.

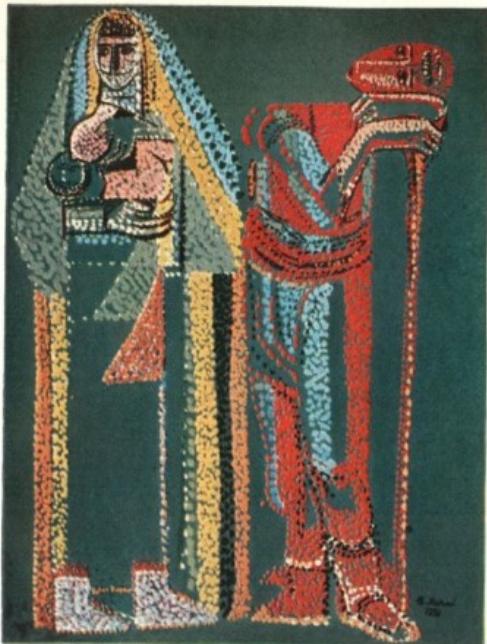
Best of all, the Turkish government has just invited Eyuboglu and his wife, who is also a painter, to design *basmala*—printed cloth often worn as a headress by Moslem women—for production by the Turkish textile industry. This project, says Eyuboglu, "will make art available to thousands of the people; it is multiple art."

When he is not at the state-controlled textile factory at Nazilli, Eyuboglu still labors long and cheerfully in his dark ground-floor studio down an alley from the city's main street. He sells most of his pictures for under \$50, and according to a friend, "if you express a special interest in something he has done, he'll insist on giving it to you." Eyuboglu's ambitions far outstrip commercial success. Says he: "My goal is to evolve an art as unique as Persian miniatures and Matisse, and as Turkish as our coffee and tobacco and figs."

DIANA IN ST. LOUIS



ONE of the best examples of Etruscan sculpture ever brought to the U.S. is this smiling *Diana*, put on display for the first time this week by the City Art Museum of St. Louis. The work of an unknown master who lived around 475 B.C., the statue was designed as a single, delicate piece of terra cotta 50 in. tall. Later the statue disappeared, was rediscovered in 1872, when an Italian archeologist found it 30 miles north of Rome, broken into 21 ivory and earth-red pieces. This year St. Louis spent \$56,000 to buy its *Diana* from a Swiss collector and restore her to her original state; an eager goddess of the hunt, striding swiftly forward, her left hand clutching a bow while a fawn prances at her side.



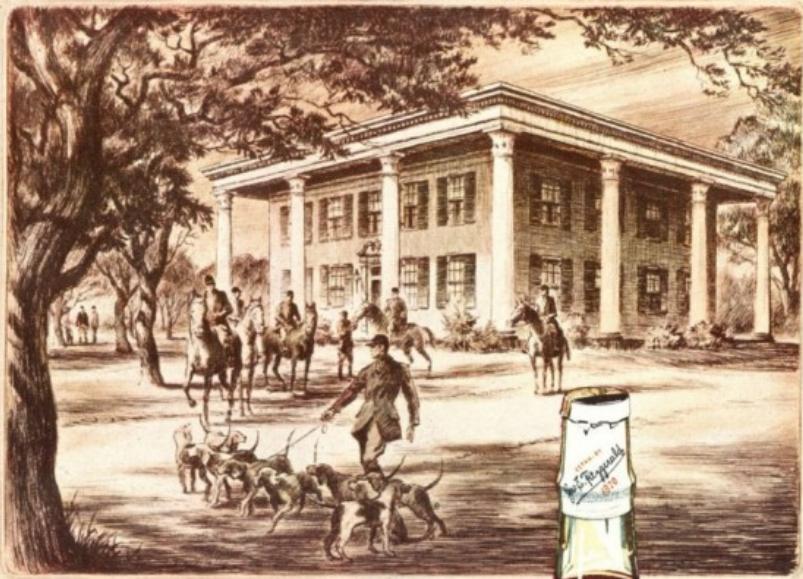
FARMER FAMILY, by Paris-trained Bedri Rahmi Eyuboglu, emulates hieratic quality of Byzantine mosaics in Constantinople's St. Sophia Cathedral.



CURTAIN DESIGN is wood block print with highly stylized figures of maidens and nursing mothers, stiffly silhouetted in black rectangles like characters in old-fashioned, back-lit puppet shows of Constantinople.



OX SHOEING is among Bedri Rahmi's most successful recent pictures, shows influence of modern Paris school. Sunbursts in background make sumptuous contrast with down-to-earth subject.



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EDUCATION

In Again, Temporarily

Harvard's Dr. Helen Deane Markham, who has been in & out of her job as assistant professor of anatomy because of her refusal to say whether she is or has ever been a Communist, was in again. When Dr. Markham clammed up before the Jenner Subcommittee last March, the Corporation of the University cleared her of Red affiliations, announced she would keep her job. Then an FBI undercover agent identified Dr. Markham and her husband as Communists; Harvard reopened the case, suspended her with pay.

Last week, in a masterful bit of fence-straddling, the Corporation reinstated her, but announced that she would not be re-appointed when her present term expires next June. Cried the Boston *Herald*: "A ponderous pussyfooting . . . You can no more be partially loyal than you can partially pregnant."

Learning a Written Language

Spanish is the national language of Peru, but close to half a million Peruvians in the vast Amazon jungle areas speak only primitive native tongues and have no written languages. This block to mass education has long been a worrisome problem for the Peruvian government.

In 1945 the government asked William Townsend of the University of Oklahoma's Summer Institute of Linguistics to head a mission to teach the Indians to read and write their own languages. Townsend, a friendly, energetic man who learned his first dialect (Cakchiquel) in 1917 trying to sell Bibles to the Indians of Guatemala, went to Peru in 1945 with eleven assistants. Before they could teach, Townsend and his teachers had to learn the local tongues themselves. Deciding to

concentrate on the 18 most widely used dialects, they set off for the jungle.

On with Roast Tapir. The first language barrier to be cracked was that of the Cashibo Indians, who live along the Aguaytia River. There the linguists had a lucky start. Near the village of Pucallpa, they found a Cashibo named Gregorio Estrella, who had lived on the coast and learned Spanish. Recalls one of Townsend's team: "Gregorio led us to his tribe. They were so pleased when they found we wanted to live just the way they did that they built a house for us." As a starter, the linguists began asking the names of everyday things: banana, fire, water, house, etc. It was tough going. They found that the only difference between many words was the presence or absence of a glottal stop (written ' in the phonetic system devised by Townsend). For example, 'mo ka 'oké 'skén means "The jaguar is at the other side of the river." Pronounced without the stop before the third word, the same sounds mean "The jaguar has come." Townsend's team also found that the Cashibos could put the Germans to shame with multisyllabled words. In Cashibo, the single word onamisshrontékenbailexandshrin means "He was teaching again for somebody else several days ago."

With the rest of the languages, Townsend's linguists did not always have the luck to find a Spanish-speaking interpreter. But their approach was always the same: gain the confidence of the Indians by living with them and sharing their food (including such exotic dishes as monkey stew and roast tapir). Once a team had learned a language, it set about publishing a simple reading primer in it.

Away With the Boa. By now, Townsend, with headquarters in a group of 35 buildings on Lake Yarinacocha, six miles



TOWNSEND (CHECKED SHIRT) & PERUVIAN PUPILS
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Institute of Linguistics

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By LENTHÉRIC

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north of Pucalpa, has a staff of 108 (with 30 children, many of them born at Yarinacocha). Townsend's teams cover the jungle in six airplanes, keep in touch with headquarters by radio.

This summer, Townsend's efforts to teach the natives Christian ethics landed him in trouble with the Roman Catholic Church in Peru. The apostolic vicar for the jungle area, Monsignor Buenaventura Uriarte, boomed: "Townsend's institute is engaged in an active and purposeful campaign to convert our jungle Indians to evangelistic Protestantism." Methodist Townsend, a member of Los Angeles' Church of the Open Door, vigorously denied any sectarianism, but the cry was taken up by the conservative press in Lima. For a while, it looked as if Townsend's good works were at an end.

Last week the Peruvian Minister of Education announced that a special Cabinet meeting, presided over by President Manuel Odria, had decided that the Linguistic Institute's research and teaching among the Indians would continue with the full backing of the Peruvian government. Townsend had promised to use the Catholic version of the Bible in his religion course, and the government would increase its financial aid to the Church's own jungle missions. Said Townsend: "Of course, when I see a jungle Indian worshipping a boa constrictor, I want to teach him to worship the Lord instead."

Poor Richard

"I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear," is the way Shakespeare has England's King Richard III describe himself. For almost 500 years, the world has pictured the last of the Plantagenets as one of history's arch villains: a homicidal ("I can smile, and murder while I smile"), deformed ("an envious mountain on my back . . .") schemer who usurped the throne and foully murdered the boy princes in the Tower in 1483.

No wonder that a lot of people were surprised recently to read in the "In Memoriam" columns of the August London Times notice: "At Bell's Bostworth August 22, 1485, there fell, fighting bravely, Richard III of England, King-Statesman, Soldier, Gentleman. Deeply mourned. From distant shores, pale dusty ghost. One grain of sand salutes your memory."

Biased Reporter. The *Time's* mourning grain of sand turned out last week to be plump, bearded Dr. Eugene Horsfall-Ertz, 53, jovial headmaster of a boys' school in Sussex. Dr. Horsfall-Ertz, whose hobby is history, has set himself the sizable task of cleaning up Richard's bad reputation. Like some other scholars, Horsfall-Ertz has come to the conclusion that Richard has been grossly maligned by history, that he did not murder the little princes, and that, all in all, he was one of the best, kindest and wisest kings in England's history.

Horsfall-Ertz's case is basically the same as the one presented by the late Josephine Tey in her intellectual mystery-thriller, *The Daughter of Time* (Macmillan, 1951). Author Tey's (and Horsfall-



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CAN GENTLEMEN?



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But these improvements have had another profound result: *they have challenged petroleum refiners to produce fuels with burning qualities sufficient to enable modern engines to develop all their rated power.*

This challenge has been fully met by research chemists and refinery engineers. But the task has not been an easy—or an inexpensive—one. Crude oil—the industry's raw material—has no simple definite formula. It is a highly complicated mixture of hydrocarbons, and can vary widely from field to field and even from pool to pool.

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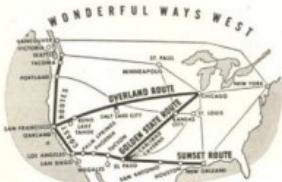


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Ertz's) argument is based mainly on the fact that there is no contemporary evidence to support the ugly charges against Richard. What the world knows comes from Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III*. Most people have long assumed that Sir Thomas (who was canonized by Pope Pius XI in 1935) was an on-the-spot reporter, but historians know that More was only seven years old when Richard was killed at Bosworth and that he took his information from one John Morton, who became Archbishop of Canterbury under King Henry VII.

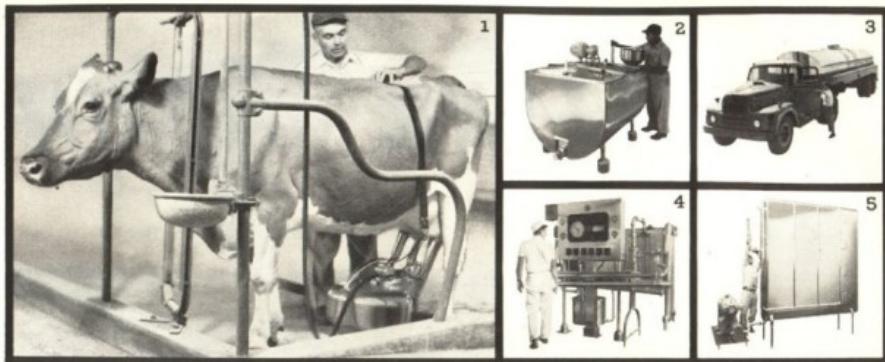
Shocking Affair. Henry, the first Tudor, who himself usurped the throne by force of arms at the Battle of Bosworth, had every reason to blacken the memory of Richard in order to make his own crown more secure. It was at Henry's direction, says the Richardists, that Morton and



RICHARD III (RIGHT) & PRINCES Blackened by a usurper.

More cooked up a sycophant's brew of history for the Tudor king.

The strongest point in the pro-Richard arguments is the fact that Parliament in 1483 declared Edward IV's marriage to Elizabeth Woodville illegal (because he was already married). Therefore, Edward's sons, the little princes, were illegitimate, not qualified for royal succession, and thus not likely subjects for killing since they represented no threat to the throne. The champions of the last Plantagenet also cite a bill of attainder, or disqualification, brought by Henry VII against his predecessor after Richard died at Bosworth. The bill charged Richard with cruelty and tyranny, but made no mention of the murder of the little princes. "Which you must admit is very odd indeed," says Dr. Horsfall-Ertz, who adds: "All the evidence against Richard is purely circumstantial or hearsay. No jury of today would convict him, and what's more, they would add a rider saying that the case should never have been brought. It's all a shocking affair, really."



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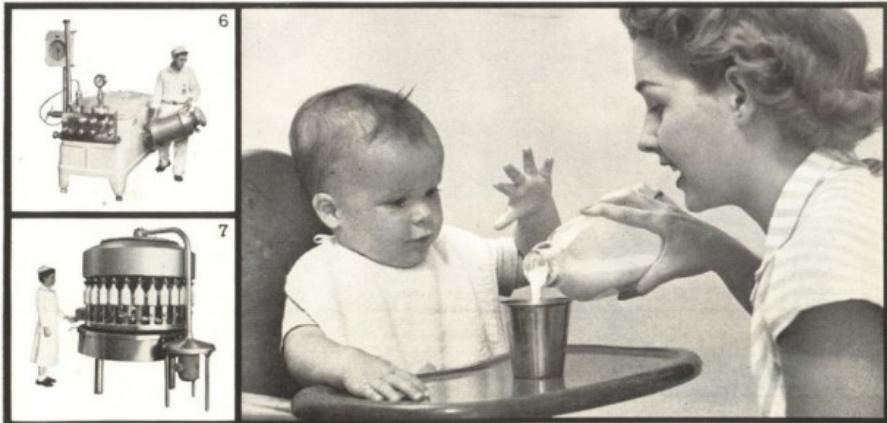
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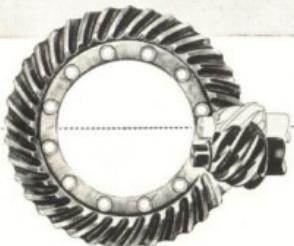
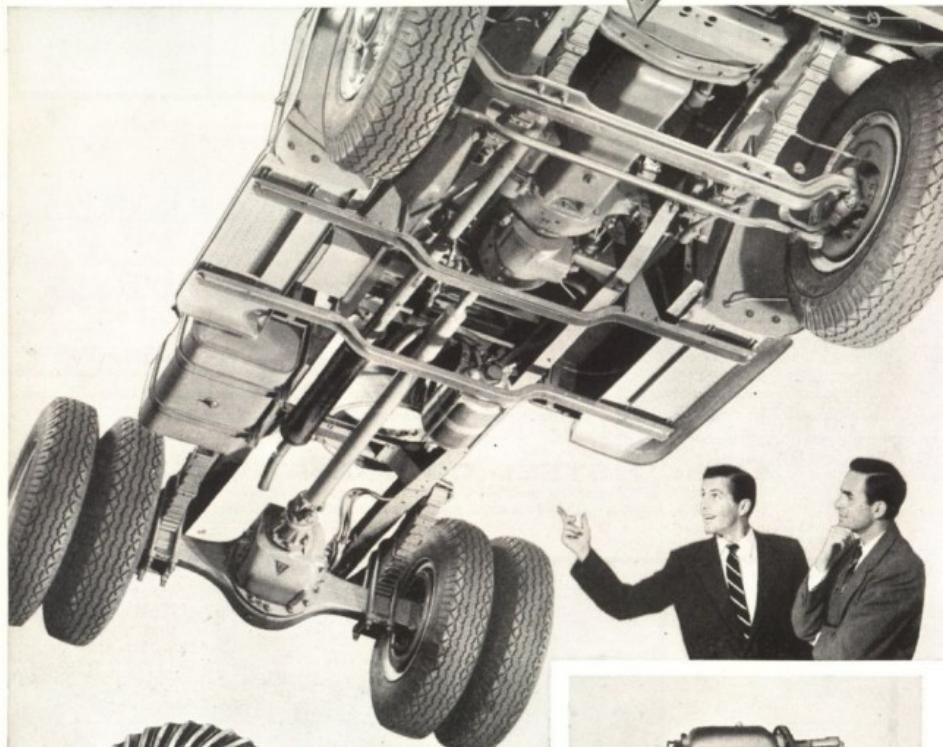
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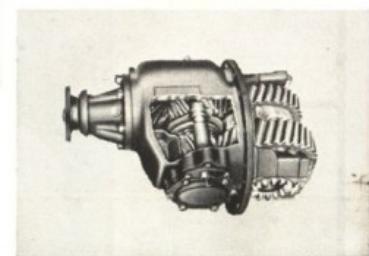
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RELIGION

Words & Works

¶ On the wind-scorched top of Mt. Everest, Sir Edmund Hillary planted a crucifix, he told a reporter last week.[®] The small fiber cross had been given to the expedition's leader, Sir John Hunt, by "an English Roman Catholic father," he said, though "actually none of the Everest team was a Catholic . . . It was in a small envelope about half the usual size. When we reached the summit, I remembered the crucifix and stuffed the whole thing, envelope and all, in the snow alongside Tenzing's [Buddhist] offering."

¶ The purchasing power of Protestant clergymen declined 12.8% between 1939 and 1951, the National Council of Churches announced. Meanwhile, the purchasing power of factory workers has gone up 42%, of service trades employees 33%, of Government workers 24.9%.

¶ Ten thousand balloons, each bearing five New Testament tracts in five languages, to be wafted across the Iron Curtain, were launched from a German football field by Evangelical Lutheran Pastor Emil Schmidt and his congregation. Financial sponsor of this spiritual airlift: U.S. Evangelical Lutheran Churches.

A New Judaism?

It is New Year for the Jews. All over the world this week, families come together to pray and wish each other "*Le-shanah tovah tikkateb*" (may you be inscribed [in the book of life] for a good year); the *shofar* sounds, and the year 5714 (since the Creation) begins. All over the world, Orthodox elders shake their heads at the careless young for whom the

high holidays mean nothing more than some time off from their jobs. But in Israel this week many of the young ones, too, are shaking their heads—at the sterile secularism of their elders the Zionist pioneers, and at the dogged conservatism of their elders the rabbis.

Shabbos Goyim Goats. In Tel Aviv recently, a young Orthodox Israeli went to his rabbi. He had just been offered a good job on the police force, he said, but it would mean that he would have to work on the Sabbath. What should he do? The learned rabbi was silent for some minutes, then he dismissed his visitor. He would send for him, he said, when he had come to his decision. Several weeks passed and the young man heard nothing. Anxiously, he asked the rabbi again for a verdict. The rabbi sighed deeply and looked into his beard. "Ah, my son," he said, "in Europe I was never faced with such problems."

The orthodoxy of the ghetto did not have to cope with the maintenance of a modern state, and the religious laws that nourished and protected the Judaism of the Diaspora can be an embarrassment once Zion has been attained. Yet the rabbi, while recognizing that such basic services as electricity, water, telephone and telegraph must be maintained seven days a week, cannot bring itself to give the necessary dispensation to Orthodox Jews. Said one of them last week: "Jews are permitted to work on the Sabbath if the security of the nation is threatened, or to save human life. But a Jew who puts in a trunk call from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv for a girl who wants to wish her boy friend happy birthday would be breaking the Sabbath."

The result, both observing and non-observing Jews complain, is a rabbini-

* For other news of Sir Edmund, see MILYSTONES.



YOUNG ISRAELIS CELEBRATING A NEW SETTLEMENT
Policemen must work on Saturday.

United Press

Looking for Something?

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Classified Telephone Directory

FOR HOME OR BUSINESS NEEDS

LOOK IN THE

'YELLOW PAGES'

OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY



Korea . . . 1953

"I found them in the streets..."

Pusan, March 25, 1953. "I found them in the streets. The red dust and foul smell of the war torn and overcrowded city enveloped them. The courage and strength of her people and the weight of the world was in the little girl's eyes. Her physical burden did not seem too heavy for her to carry. She told me her father had been killed in the evacuation from the north and that her mother was sick. She had taken her little brother with her to beg for the day's food. I went home with her . . . home was a corner of the railroad station where her mother lay on a bundle of rags. Find Foster Parents for the children at once, please. It will mean the difference between life for this whole little family or death by starvation." Thus writes Robert W. Sage, our Director in Korea.

There are thousands of children like Kim Tae Ok, aged 4, and her 11 months old brother, Kim Pyong Ju living in the deepest misery of the war in Korea. They have known nothing but hunger, cold and

terror. Your help can mean hope and security . . . food, clothing and a place to live. The Plan is dedicated to peace in a world where our children will have to live with these children. We need your help to help them!

"Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once the child is touched by love and the knowledge that someone cares. The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Western Germany and Korea and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Department of State.

Your help is not only vital to a child struggling for life itself—but also toward world understanding and friendship. Your help can mean—and do—so much. Won't you share with one of them please and let some child love you?

Contributions Deductible From Income Tax

Foster Parents' Plan For War Children, Inc.

55 W. 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Arturo Toscanini, Mary Pickford, Mrs. William Paley, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Jean Tennyson, Helen Hayes, Dr. Howard A. Rusk, Edward R. Murrow, Ned Calmer, Mrs. Gardner Cowles.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC.

55 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Station B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex: _____
I will pay \$15 a month for one year (\$180). Payment will be made monthly (), quarterly (), yearly (). I enclose herewith my first payment \$_____.

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing \$_____.
Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____

Date: _____

Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

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T-9-53

EO 4-6647

cally sanctioned division of the population into "observing sheep and shabbos goyim" goats."

Benzedrine Letdown. Fearful of wrenching the new-made state apart at the seams, the parliamentarians of the Knesset have been egg-walking through a series of compromises between the secular and sacred. The rabbinate has even made a few tactical concessions (most recent: rescinding the rule that before marriage all brides must produce a "certificate of purity" given after a visit to the ritual bath). But for the most part, Polish-born Chief Rabbi Yitzhak Halevi Herzog and his fellow rabbis have dug in their heels and refused to budge, confident in the prophecy of the great 12th



Associated Press

CHIEF RABBI HERZOG
"Israel will return to God."

century philosopher, Maimonides, that "in the end Israel will return to God."

Certainly, the native-born young Israelis, the "sabras" (nicknamed from an edible cactus that is prickly on the outside, soft and sweet within) who fought for their land like lions under the inspiration of Zionism, have been searching for a new source of inspiration. The intense Zionist ideology of heroic manual work in an atmosphere of collective equality looks to them more & more old-fashioned. The slogans have disappeared; their leaders have become government bureaucrats with American cars at their disposal; mailmen and railway clerks seem to be just as valuable to the state as "pioneers" who are willing to swelter in the Negev desert to grow tomatoes which could be more cheaply produced in Galilee. Said one young Israeli: "It seems as if Zionism was a sort of Benzedrine which isn't working any more. And we don't

* Orthodox Jews of the Diaspora have often hired non-Jews (*goyim*) to perform household tasks that are forbidden on the Sabbath (*shabbat*).



Carl Rosen, President of Puritan Dress Company, tells how . . .

He leads the world's biggest dress parade!

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"Then we release the best styles, timed to go on sale when our 2-page ads appear in Sunday papers all over the country. Those dresses reach every part of the nation overnight — via Air Express. Finally, our efforts pay off in a flood of reorders!

"And again we turn to Air Express, to replace stocks as fast as they sell out. This dependable speed is the lifeblood of our business. It is absolutely essential to us.

"Yet the majority of our Air Express shipments go at lower rates than any other commercial air service.

"Buyers and salesmen know they can depend on us. We depend on Air Express!"

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Air Express

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know what to take in its place. But we do feel that the state has failed us—without exactly knowing why."

The bitterness of the disillusioned sabras was increased by the immigrants from Europe's cities, with their preference for selling ice cream at street-corner stalls to clearing rocks from the hillside. Splinter groups began to form: the intellectual "Canaanites" who urged severing all relations with non-Israeli Jews and wrote anti-religious poems; the would-be expatriates who wanted to leave the country and live among non-Jews; the aggressive nationalists who sneered at the "spinelessness" of those who had marched unresisting into Hitler's gas chambers.

Bible Principles. But in the past year a new positive attitude has been evident. Says Pedagogy Professor Karl Frankenstein of Hebrew University: "This has been most striking in their changed approach to new immigrants . . . Cynicism and sterile nationalism are on the way out."

The young men and women of Israel are reaching for religious forms to give meaning to their new nationhood. Parents who belong to the old secular-socialist tradition of Zionism are finding that their children demand observance of religious festivals; even in the collective farms, which have been called "hotbeds of atheism," young people feast and fast in accordance with the Jewish calendar.

But the young people make it clear that the law-bound Judaism of the Diaspora is not what they are looking for. Said one of them last week: "In the teachings of the Bible there are principles of ethics and morals on which can be constructed a way of life more satisfying than the rabbis' interpretations with which our grandparents had to be content." Added another: "Every nation needs its traditions, but we modern Israelis can't accept the traditionalism of the Torah-soaked ghettos."

Philippines Milestone

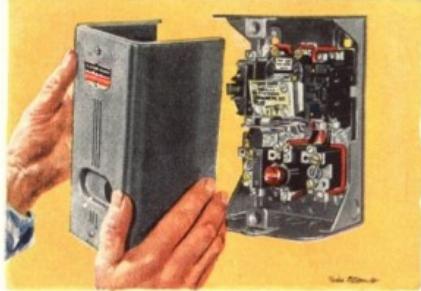
Filipino Protestants gathered in downtown Manila's gothic United Church last week to celebrate a milestone event: the commissioning of missionaries to foreign lands. The Rev. Jorge R. Quismundo, 29, was off with his wife to teach in Celebes, the Rev. Jose D. Estoye, 29, and his wife were bound for Thailand. They were the first missionaries to be sent abroad by the new United Church of the Philippines.

An experimental United Church was organized in Manila in 1924. During World War II, the occupying Japanese forced all Protestant bodies to join it for convenience in dealing with them. Though this shotgun partnership dissolved after V-J day, the United Church of Christ in the Philippines was formed again on a more solid footing in 1948, is now the largest purely Protestant body in the country. Its constituents: Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Church of Christ, Evangelical United Brethren and Philippine Methodists—100,000-odd adults in 790-odd congregations.

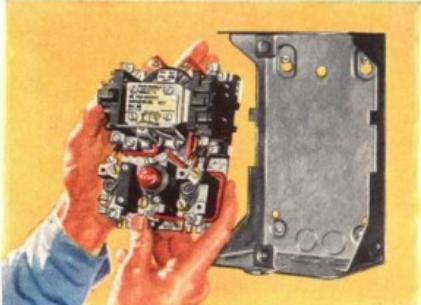
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THE THREE CUTLER-HAMMER STARS ★★★ STAND FOR THREE NEW STANDARDS

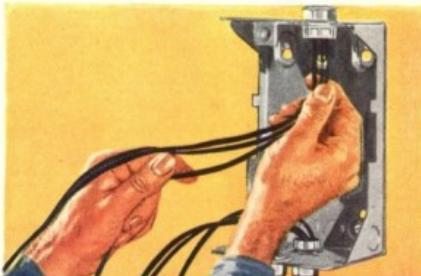
1. Just loosen two screws...and off comes wrap-around cover. Screws stay in cover, do not fall into machines or get lost on floor; a typical time-saving design detail.



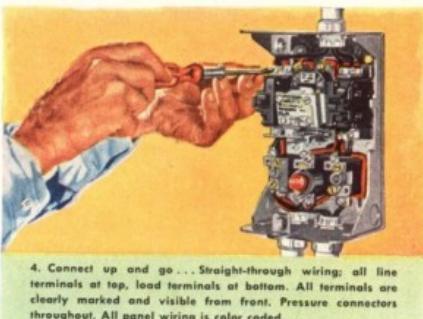
2. Remove entire starter mechanism...by merely loosening three screws. Then light, easy-to-handle skeleton case can be installed. Embossed mounts for good job on uneven surfaces. And upper mounting holes are keyhole slotted.



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★ *works better*
★ *lasts longer*



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Factory records everywhere today show the cost of installing motor control is almost always greater than the cost of the equipment, often two to three times as much. That is why Cutler-Hammer engineering made easier installation a key objective in designing the new Cutler-Hammer ★★★ Motor Control. When you buy motor control, figure its real cost, its installed cost. Then you too will insist on Cutler-Hammer! Your nearby Cutler-Hammer Authorized Distributor is ready to serve your needs. Order from him today.

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SPORT

Melbourne Preview?

The shuttle-eyed tennis fans who jammed Forest Hills' ivy-hung stadium this week were all but sitting inside a crystal ball. It was like seeing into next December at Melbourne. There, if talent is a measure, Australia and the U.S. will meet for possession of the Davis Cup, held by the Aussies since 1950. Unless (unlikely) the Americans are eliminated in an earlier Cup round, the U.S. mainstays should be Wimbledon Champion Vic Seixas, 30, and Tony Trabert, 23. Opposing them will be Australia's teen-age prodigies, Ken Rosewall and Lewis Hoad, both 18. In this week's semifinals of the National Singles tournament, the two Americans confronted the two Australians.

To get there, some of the Big Four had their rough moments: Swedish Champion Sven Davidson caught Ken Rosewall on an erratic day and forced him to go five sets to win. Steady Vic Seixas repeated his Wimbledon finals victory over Denmark's Kurt Nielsen only after wavering before the Dane's superb volleying and dropping a set. Although young Lew Hoad sank Gardner Mulloy, the grand old (39) man of U.S. tennis, in straight sets, Mulloy, in a sprightly burst of lost youth, carried the third to 11-9. Grinning wryly, Mulloy croaked: "I should have been playing his father."

If victory was too much to ask from a man of Mulloy's years, was it also too big an order for young Rosewall and Hoad? The semifinals seemed to produce a firm answer. In top physical shape, thanks to Coach Harry Hopman's strict meat-and-sleep training rules, the Australians nonetheless sometimes seemed mentally over-wound, as if their play had become work. Facing powerful Lew Hoad, whose service is one of the fastest in amateur tennis, Vic Seixas showed the same flair for court tactics he demonstrated this year at Wimbledon. It was a net-

rushing struggle, but in the end Seixas won in straight sets, 7-5, 6-4, 6-4. That left it up to Ken Rosewall to prevent the first all-American finals in the National since 1950. Armed with cunning and the best backhand among amateurs, little (5 ft. 7 in., 145 lbs.) Ken fought a war of maneuver from the baseline. But Trabert's cannonading returns took a steady toll. Rosewall, too, went down in straight sets, 7-5, 6-3, 6-3. For the moment, at least, Australia's grip on the U.S. singles crown was unclenched.

Next day Tony Trabert outhit Vic Seixas to take a personal grip on the title.

Strongest Man in the World

For a youngster who wanted to distinguish himself as an athlete, Doug Hepburn of Vancouver began with disadvantages: a congenitally deformed right foot and shrunken right leg. But a dozen years ago, when Doug was 14, he set himself a goal. He told his mother: "I'm going to be the strongest man in the world."

Doug went to work lifting weights in Vancouver's Y.M.C.A. gym, laid out a stern regime for himself. Outside school, he spent most of his time worrying the weights, fueling up on enormous daily quotas of calories and proteins (e.g., three or four steaks a day). He never touched candy, alcohol, tobacco. One look at girls told him: "They're dangerous." Anything that detracted from his lifts was "dissipation." At 20 he had a nervous breakdown, but soon bounced back.

To some, single-minded Doug Hepburn, beefing up like a young bull, was a big joke, but Doug stuck to his routine. After he quit high school, he worked summers as a lifeguard at city beaches, winters as a hotel doorman. Once, separating two drunks grappling in the lobby, Doug yanked at the top tippler, accidentally sent him hurtling through the air like Superman. In local weight-lifting contests, Doug sometimes claimed to have broken a



SEIXAS



TRABERT

United Press

An old grip unclenched.



HOW TO MAKE YOUR NAME



It's a mystery to most people... a problem to manufacturers. And the most practical solution from any point of view is the new DOT Fishtail fastener. Specially designed for nameplates and other die-cast trim, it has teeth that actually bite into the nameplate's chrome-finished studs. Quickly assembled with a simple hand tool, it holds and retains sealing compounds, works equally well on flat or contoured surfaces. Spring tension ensures positive locking yet allows adjustment for oversize holes.

Fishtail fasteners are available in several sizes and types. These and thousands of other specialized fasteners and allied devices, designed by United-Carr, help speed assembly, cut costs, improve product performance for manufacturers of appliances . . . automobiles, electronic apparatus, aircraft, furniture. If you need special fasteners in volume, check first with United - Carr — FIRST IN FASTENERS.

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to get a postage meter. Or I can't promise that all your campaign letters will get out on time."

"Right, Miss Abbie! Let's get one. What do you call it?"

- You call it the DM. It's a desk-model postage meter—gives even the smallest office the advantages of metered mail.
- The DM prints postage, the right amount for any kind of mail—directly on the envelope, or on special tape for parcel post... At the same time, prints your own small ad, if you like. Has a moisterer for sealing envelopes.
- It can be set for as much postage as you want to buy—protects it from loss, damage, theft. Accounts for postage automatically, on visible registers. Saves mailing time, and usually postage. And anybody can use the DM!
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world record; most spectators figured he was bragging. Vancouver newspapers buried Doug's exploits as sports-page filler stuff. Sometimes, in news fames, the papers filled space with "body beautiful" pictures of Doug, who posed in such a way as to hide his thin right leg.

Brooding over his lack of recognition, Hepburn dropped training last year, passed up tryouts for Canada's Olympic weight-lifting team. But a few Vancouverites had begun to take him seriously. Goaded to enter this year's world weight-lifting championships in Stockholm, Hepburn consented to show his skill at a Canadian Legion meeting, at a baseball park between innings. For his traveling expenses, the take, plus donations, came to \$1,377. With a sprained ankle and no coach, he departed for Sweden last month.

Doug's dark, rugged features and his massive 290 lbs. on a 5 ft. 9 in. frame caused a stir on Stockholm's streets. Ignoring the dangerous Swedish girls, he immediately set to practicing the two-hands championship lifts—the press, snatch, and clean and jerk.⁸ Last week his big moment came. Hepburn faced the gargantuan defending world champion, Brooklyn's John Davis, in the heavyweight class (lifter's own weight unlimited). Planting his feet and unlumbering his tremendous biceps, Doug reached his goal. With three lifts totaling 1,030½ lbs., he beat Runner-Up Davis, who raised 1,007 lbs. With a Herculean press of 369 lbs., Doug had broken the world's record. Officially, and beyond controversy, he was the strongest man in the world.

* All three start with the weight bar laid at the lifter's feet, and end with it held above his head, arms fully extended. In the press, the bar is held for two seconds at shoulder level, then smoothly raised the rest of the way. The snatch calls for hoisting the bar in one continuous motion. In the clean and jerk, the bar is moved upward from the shoulders by a sudden arm-stiffening motion.

Scoreboard

¶ At Dayton, Ohio, Major William T. Whisner Jr., 29, flashed his F-86F Sabrejet past the finish line 3 hrs. 5 min. 25 sec. after his takeoff from Muroc, Calif. to win the 1953 Bendix Trophy race by 48 sec. His average speed for 1,900 miles: 603.547 m.p.h., some 50 m.p.h. faster than the record set (in an F-86) in 1951.

¶ At Marion, Mass., a team of U.S. amateur golfers including Congressman Jack Westland of Washington, the U.S. amateur champion, defeated the British nine

matches out of twelve, to carry off the Walker Cup for the 13th time in 14 competitions.

¶ At Naples, Lieut. Commander Agostino Straulino of the Italian navy won the world's sailing championship in the Star (22 ft. 8½ in.) class for the second year in a row. Runner-up, in a race that drew 38 entries from 16 countries including the U.S.: Duarte Bello of Portugal. The highest final standing of any of the visiting Americans: eleventh.

¶ At Camp Perry, Ohio, the high-powered rifle events of the National Rifle and Pistol Matches (TIME, Sept. 7) were won by two U.S. marines. With 435 points out of a possible 450, Master Sergeant Maxim R. Beebe took the service-rifle title. Staff Sergeant Don L. Smith won the sporting-rifle championship with 439 out of 450.

¶ At Chicago, Hasty House Farms' bay colt Hasty Road all but cinched the 1953 earning championship for two-year-olds by taking the \$99,645 winner's share of the Washington Park Futurity. Hasty Road's earnings in five races: \$208,350.

¶ In the English Channel, San Diego's Florence Chadwick, 33, swimming west to east in 14 hrs. 42 min., conquered the channel for the third time. After a four-minute rest, she waded back into the water to attempt an immediate east-to-west crossing, was stopped after 2½ miles by cold and a school of stinging jellyfish.



WEIGHT-LIFTER DOUG HEPBURN
They used to figure he was bragging.

Lucien Roy

Tailored like a jacket



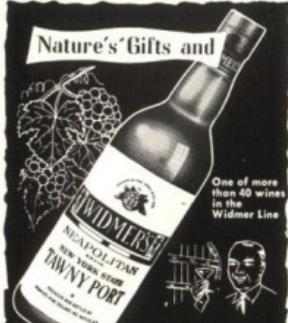
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WIDMER'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES

SCIENCE

High Flyer

The highest human of the week was Lieut. Colonel Marion E. Carl, 37, one of the Marines' top fighter pilots of World War II (183 enemy planes), who flew a Douglas Skyrocket to 83,235 ft. over Muroc Dry Lake, Calif., beating Test Pilot Bill Bridgeman's record of 79,000 ft. Carl was also the fastest military flyer, but his best speed (1,143 m.p.h.) did not beat



Los Angeles Examiner—International

TEST PILOT CARL
Enough to make his blood boil.

Civilian Bridgeman's record (1,238 m.p.h.).

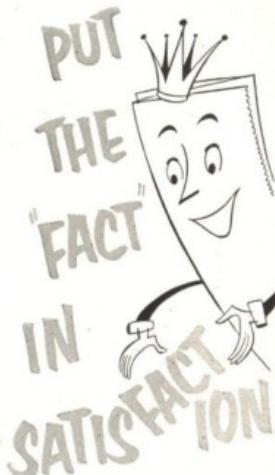
On his altitude flight, Carl's rocket plane was dropped from a B-29 at 33,500 ft. His first rocket barrel did not fire at once, and he dropped to 28,000 ft. before the power came on. Then he pointed the Skyrocket upward at about 30°, gradually steepening the climb toward 40° as the burning of the fuel made the plane lighter. The three tons of fuel lasted less than three minutes. At "burnout," Carl was at 75,000 ft. He coasted upward the rest of the way, turning down only when his plane began to wobble.

During the flight, Carl wore an "omni-environment" pressure suit. If the pressure in his cockpit had failed, he would have needed it; during much of the flight he was above the altitude (63,000 ft.) at which human blood boils. But the pressure did not fail, so he did not have the unpleasant opportunity of testing the suit's protection against the near-vacuum 16 miles above the earth.

Plenty of Problems

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a pret-

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Are We Pulling the Punch?

(Reading time...
2 minutes, perhaps
the most important
2 minutes of your life)

As the President of an insurance company, I want to take you behind the scenes for a few minutes. The other day, one of our better salesmen, on a visit to the home office, walked into my office with a troubled look on his face. I knew something was up, so I asked him to sit down.

Jim told me that one of his closest friends had died suddenly the week before, and because he had left no insurance to speak of, Jim felt it was his personal failure.

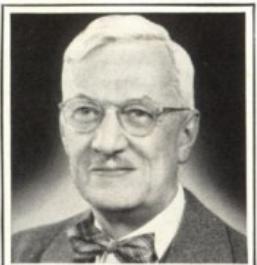
He told me he had given his friend a plan, a good plan well within his means, then left him alone for a week to think it over. And in that week—his friend died.

I tried to soothe Jim's feelings by telling him that hardly a week goes by that some salesman doesn't report a similar tragedy. But Jim would have none of it.

"It was my fault," he said. "I didn't convince him of the high price of 'putting it off.' I must have 'pulled the punch.'"

That set me to thinking. Are we as a business "pulling the punch"? How many helpless family situations could we have helped to avoid, if there were some way to convince heads of families of the danger of "putting it off" for just one week . . . or even a day?

Is it because you think that insurance



E. M. McConney, President
Bankers Life Company

is all expense and no rewards? Last year, we at Bankers Life paid out \$23,707,000 to families, where the head of the family did *not* "put it off" before he died.

Is it because you think insurance is not for the living—just money you leave when you are gone? Today, thousands of families are living in retirement with checks coming to them regularly from Bankers Life—checks which they will receive for the rest of their lives.

I can tell you, out of the tragic records in our business, that a man can make no greater mistake, than to "put off" providing for himself if he lives, and his family if he dies.

No one can *make* you do it. But millions can tell you why you should—before it's too late.

I want you to be on the safe side . . . to take one minute right now and send the coupon below to me personally. One day you'll thank the President of an Insurance Company for not "pulling the punch."

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tier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

—Sir Isaac Newton

Modern scientists still feel as Newton did about the great ocean of undiscovered truth. In *Scientific American*, some topflight authorities describe the challenging mysteries that keep today's scientists baffled.

The Mystery of Matter. Matter is common stuff, but the scientists do not know what matter is. The more they dig into the problem, the more confused they get. Dr. Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Prize-winner in physics, points out that light can behave as waves and also as particles. So can electrons, protons and larger chunks of matter.

"A limited volume of gas, say helium," he admits, "can be thought of either as a collection of many helium atoms or as a superposition of elementary wave trains of matter waves." By the same kind of reasoning, a desk, a battleship, or even Dr. Schrödinger himself may be merely a fuss kicked up by conflicting waves.

But Schrödinger is not sure of even this wild idea. He admits that neither he nor anyone else can answer the question, "What is matter?"

The Binding Force. Dr. Hans A. Bethe, head theoretical physicist in the wartime atom-bomb project, is baffled by the force that makes matter hold together. According to all known laws, the particles (or waves) that form atomic nuclei should repel one another. Instead, they cling tightly to one another with a force that is 10^{37} (ten trillion trillion trillion) times as strong as the force of gravitation. This force, oddly, has only a short range. At a distance of 2.5×10^{-12} centimeters (one four-thousandth of the radius of an atom), it diminishes almost to nothing.

Trying to explain the structure of atoms without understanding this mysterious binding force, says Dr. Bethe, is like figuring out the rules of a baseball game without seeing the ball. But he has a faint hope. The binding force has something to do with mesons, and knowledge of these elusive particles is accumulating rapidly.

Rays from Space. Scientists know that cosmic rays are protons or larger atomic nuclei striking the earth from space with energies up to one hundred million billion electron volts. But they do not agree about where cosmic rays come from or how they get so powerful. Professor Bruno Rossi of M.I.T., a leading authority on the subject, seems to favor, tentatively, the theory that the cosmic ray particles were shot out of stars at moderate speed and were gradually accelerated by magnetic fields in space. But he is by no means sure. "At present," he says, "no hypothesis about the origin of cosmic rays is unequivocally supported by theory or experiment."

Star Whirlpools. Another great mystery of space is why the galaxies often look like spinning pinwheels. Cecilia H. Payne-Gaposchkin of Harvard Observa-

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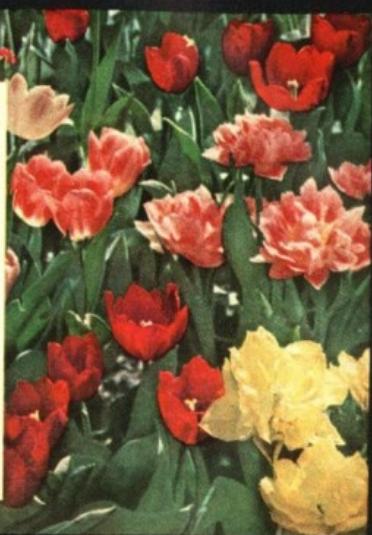
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tory has no ready answer. She points out that a great many galaxies (including the earth's) are spirals, but she does not know how they got that way. It may have something to do with the turbulence and viscosity of the thin gases between the stars, or with the magnetic fields that are supposed to permeate space. Astronomers believe that the explanation of the mysterious spirals will tell them much about the history of the universe.

Tangled Proteins. Life has mysteries that are just as baffling as those of inanimate nature. Danish Biochemist Kaj Ulrik Linderstrom-Lang pays his baffled respects to the proteins, of which all living objects are largely made. Living cells, even simple bacteria, make proteins by the dozens, but human chemists so far have not synthesized any. The proteins' molecules probably have long central chains of amino acids. These are coiled like springs, and all sorts of chemical oddments must be attached at precisely the right turns of the spiraling chains.

Biochemist Linderstrom-Lang tells what progress has been made toward disentangling the proteins. Progress thus far is not impressive, and until chemists have mastered the proteins' secrets, they cannot understand how life's chemistry works.

Growing Up. A mystery that has fascinated philosophers for thousands of years is how a complete organism develops out of a single fertilized egg cell. Biologist C. H. Waddington of the University of Edinburgh reports that it is a mystery still. The biologists can bother fertilized ova in all sorts of ways, but they cannot explain how the apparently simple cell can, all by itself, construct something as complex as a whale—or a man.

Seat of Memory. Some of the biggest mysteries lie in man's own brain. Dr. Ralph W. Gerard of the University of Illinois College of Medicine asks: "What is memory?", and then gives himself an unsatisfactory answer. No one knows how the brain stores its information. It contains about 10 billion neurons (brain cells), but if they worked like the vacuum tubes of electronic computers, there would not be nearly enough of them to store the information in the average, well-furnished brain.

One theory holds that remembered items are stored in the brain as electrical impulses flowing endlessly around closed circuits of nerve cells. This cannot be true, says Dr. Gerard, because animals whose brains have been chilled to stop all electrical activity can still remember. He believes that the brain has some "static" method of storing memories. Perhaps changes in the synapses (nerve endings) between the neurons build up a pattern of information. Then, when the brain wants a bit of information, it may "scan" the synapses electrically and extract the knowledge it needs.

Dr. Gerard is not sure of any of this, but he has a rather frightening project. "I think it is realistic," he says, "to hope for an understanding of memory precise enough to permit experimental modification of it in men."



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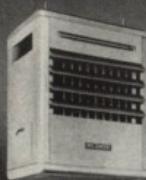
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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Sound & Busy

Like a man walking into a memorial service to report that nobody had died, Bridgeport Brass Chairman Herman Stein-kraus said last week: "Wall Street's recession talk wouldn't last very long if Wall Streeters got into and around the country and saw how sound and busy it was." The soundness and busyness was evident in many quarters last week. Some signs:

¶ Employment moved higher than ever before, to 63.4 million in August, the Commerce Department reported, while unemployment dropped to a postwar low of 1,240,000, only 1.9% of the total work force. The Labor Department found 16 major areas with "substantial labor surplus," and total unemployment of 101,000 in July. Just a year ago, there were 21 surplus areas, with 481,000 unemployed.

¶ Personal income, which has gone up every month this year except April, climbed to an annual rate of \$288 billion in July, a new record.

¶ Industry plans to spend \$7.4 billion for new plants and equipment in the third quarter, a record quarterly total, the SEC and Commerce Department announced, but outlays are expected to fall off in the fourth quarter. Total predicted for the year: \$27.8 billion, up 5% from 1952.

¶ The Federal Reserve Board expected its index of industrial production for August to snap back to 238% of the 1935-39 average, after plantwide vacations had pulled it down to 233% in July from the June level of 240%.

¶ Despite slacking off in new-home starts, new construction in August set a record of more than \$3.3 billion, up 7% from a year ago.

There were soft spots in the economy, too, and some of them seemed to offer a measure of support for the recession talk that was loose in the land. With farm income down, the farm-machinery business slumped. The petroleum industry showed signs of overproduction; Sinclair Refining Co. and Phillips Petroleum Co. cut their crude-oil refinery runs 3 to 5% for September. Auto production fell moderately during August as automakers began to feel the Hydra-Matic transmission pinch and output of 1953 models started to taper off in preparation for retooling for 1954. There was softness in some apparel lines and in some home appliances, and defense cutbacks have had a mild effect on aircraft-supplier plants. There were also localized business slowdowns, such as in Washington, D.C., where the federal payroll has been cut, in Kentucky and West Virginia, hurt by the sick coal industry, and in Hollywood.

But retail sales were still running 6% ahead of last year, though many merchants had to work harder to sell. An appliance shop in Idaho Falls and an auto dealer in New Orleans offered to take cows, horses, donkeys or chickens as down payments



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His glasses were rosy.

on freezers and Ford pickup trucks. However, the weak spots were still very much the exception rather than the rule, and no single trend could be pointed to as a sure sign of trouble ahead.

WALL STREET

Bear Fox, He Say Plenty

As financial columnist for the Boston Post, Washington Waters often sounds like an irrepressible optimist. "The stock market," says his column, "may truly be a kind of Aladdin's lamp which will produce great riches for those who know how

* At Boston University in 1950, where he received an honorary LL.D.



Martin Koner—Black Star for Fortune

COLUMNIST FOX
His crystal ball was dark.

to rub it." But the rub, as Washington Waters is well aware, is knowing how. Waters knows. He is one of the few financial columnists in the world who can write about the stock market that way with real authority. By rubbing the lamp the right way himself, he has amassed a fortune of \$20 million plus in stocks, gas and real estate. Last week Washington Waters cheerfully confirmed a suspicion of many brokers: he is John Fox, 46, who bought the ailing Post a year ago for about \$3,500,000 (TIME, June 30, 1952) and started a column on the subject he knows best—how to make money.

Bear Fox. But Fox is no optimist now; he is a bear. Nobody who followed the advice of Waters got burned in the big market shake-outs of the past three weeks. Waters had been predicting such a turn-down since he started his column last April. Nor did Fox hesitate to tell where he thought the market was headed after both the industrials and rails broke through their previous year's lows last fortnight (TIME, Sept. 7). Wrote Fox last week: "The bear market has been confirmed and will probably go further down. There is no hurry about buying stocks."

Did this mean that Bear Fox, who also believes that the market mirrors the future and that falling stocks mean that business will decline, too, thought there were no buys left? Not at all: "Some of the rail stocks are getting so cheap in relation to their basic worth, that whatever may be the extent of further decline in the market, they are sure to show a profit in the long run . . . Some of them will even begin to look like mighty attractive purchases on a further decline."

Blue Chips? Humbug! Along with his predictions—and his dig at bankers and bond salesmen as incompetents—John Fox tries to give his readers a general education on how to play the market. While much of his teaching is sound, he often makes investing appear so easy that those who swallow all his advice could easily lose their shirts. He also has only scorn for those who advise buying "safe, sound," dividend-paying blue chips, urges them instead to hunt for the overlooked, undervalued long shot. "Every investment," he sums up, "should be made for the primary purpose of causing capital to grow." Those who measure value by dividends he likens to a man who believed "that a dog could be judged by the size of its tail . . . Many of the mutts which he bought, without looking at anything but their attractive tails, were on their last legs. The first rule of investment should be never mind what it pays [in dividends]."

Fox likes to jeer at counselors who advise "a widow with \$10,000" to put her money in bonds and conservative stocks. Such advice, he adds, "arises principally out of incompetence on the part of those giving it." It is bad, says he, because it will yield her an income so small as to do her little good. If she bought nothing but

TIME CLOCK

bonds, her income would be even smaller, and the bonds themselves might drop in value. If she bought blue chips, she would likely be paying a premium price, based on their past performance rather than their future. Instead, Fox recommends a hunt for stocks so depressed that they sell for far less than a company's actual book value and thus should rise (e.g. U.S. Leather, which he bought into and is liquidating, selling the property for a good deal more per share than he and his associates paid for 90% of the stock).

Wrote Fox: "[I] have always thought it was a good deal easier to make money in the stock market than to make it by betting on horses. After all, one need know only what stock to buy and when to buy it, in order to do all right in the market." But sure-shot Fox has neglected to add that that's all one needs to know to clean up on the horses, too.

LABOR

The Picket

When the A.F.L.'s Automobile Mechanics Union began organizing auto dealers' mechanics in Chicago in 1939, Carl Petersen's Chevrolet agency balked. Two of his employees struck and began picketing. After two years of it, they got fed up and quit. The union kept picketing anyway, using Alexander Orr, a ruddy, rotund little Scottish bachelor and professional picket.

Last week, after twelve years of walking up & down outside Petersen's, 69-year-old picket Orr's tour of duty finally came to an end. Dealer Petersen agreed to go along with an agreement signed by the Chevrolet Dealers Association and the union, and urge his few remaining non-union mechanics to join up. Said Petersen: "I didn't care much one way or another." Orr, who reckoned that he had paced off 40,000 miles in twelve years, had worn out two signs and two dozen pairs of shoes. Said he: "Everybody was always nice to me. Mr. Petersen never said an unkind word to me all the time I was there." In return, Orr had helped out Petersen by walking his Scottish terrier.

GOVERNMENT

Ship Seizure

In New York harbor last week, a U.S. Customs officer briskly climbed aboard the S.S. *Mohican*, a World War II Liberty ship, as she lay at anchor. The officer informed the captain that the ship was being seized by the U.S. Government. His reason: the U.S. ship, in violation of a 1916 law, was being operated by an alien owner, Stavros Niarchos, a Greek who had bought her as war surplus through U.S. nationals as dummies.

In seven months, Assistant Attorney General Warren Burger, chief of the Justice Department's civil division, has seized 29 such vessels (19 of them oil tankers), with an estimated value of \$32 million.

AUTOMOBILE owners will benefit from the rate war beginning among auto liability insurers. Irked at the big inroads made in their business by such rate-cutting independents as the Allstate Insurance Co. and the Farm Bureau Mutual Automobile Insurance Co., which offer discounts up to 20% on some risks, two big industry groups are ready to cut rates themselves. The plan, already approved by the National Bureau of Casualty Underwriters and the Mutual Insurance Rating Bureau, which together represent more than 200 mutual and stock companies, calls for reclassification of drivers so that the safer ones will save up to 15% of their premiums. But the independents are talking of making new rate cuts of their own.

DODGE and Willys will share a \$60.6 million cutback in Army orders for trucks and jeeps next year. Dodge, which has been making \$5,000,000 worth of 3/4-ton trucks and ambulances a month, will have its orders pared down 37% after Jan. 1. Willys, the Army's sole supplier of jeeps, will have its orders trimmed 33%.

E

JOHN L. Lewis' Welfare & Retirement Fund is running in the red. In its last fiscal year, ended in June, the fund handed out a whopping \$138.9 million in benefits. But it took in only \$130 million in per-ton royalties, despite the additional 10¢ a ton Lewis won from the operators last October. Result: the fund's unexpected balance shrank from \$99.5 million to \$92 million. The fund's outlook, as more miners retire and union-mined coal output declines, is dim. There is small hope that a royalty increase will help, since any boost

When Burger took office, a test seizure of the S.S. *Meacham* had already been made by the Truman Administration, and the owner's appeal was laboriously dragging its way through the courts. The former Administration felt powerless to seize any more until the test case was determined. But as soon as Burger, 45, a St. Paul lawyer and an influential Ike-before-Chicago organizer, took over, he found an ingenious way of cutting the legal red tape.

Admiral at Work. Burger simply seized the ships, then let them continue operating under the same officers. But he first had both captain and first mate sworn in as deputy U.S. marshals, with the duty of impounding all profits made by the vessel. To accomplish this, Burger had to get the owners' agreement to the arrangement. They were willing because their only alternatives were to keep the seized ship at

will shift more coal production to non-union mines. Non-union output jumped 5% last year, to 23% of U.S. production.

WITH steel output up 40% in the first seven months of 1953, Great Lakes ore boats are hauling the greatest tonnages since the Mesabi Range opened 61 years ago. U.S. Steel's 64-boat fleet, which racked up its first 4,000,000-ton month in August, is headed for a full-year haul of 29 million tons, 3,000,000 more than in 1951, the peak year.

PACIFIC Intermountain Express Co. (TIME, Jan. 2, 1950) expects to jump from eighth to first place among U.S. truckers if a deal to buy West Coast Fast Freight, Inc. is okayed by the I.C.C. With a combined fleet of more than 3,000 trucks, operating between Chicago and the West Coast, P.I.E. expects the companies' combined gross to hit \$45 million this year, \$4,600,000 more than the No. 1 U.S. trucker, Associated Transport, Inc., took in last year.

THE Administration, which wants Congress to amend the "Buy American" Act, is working on ways to liberalize it in the meantime. One idea is to lower, by executive order, the 25% differential by which foreign suppliers must underbid U.S. competitors. Another is to relax the methods of calculating the differential to give foreign suppliers a better break, and to get Government agencies to stand aside the rules and conditions they set for foreign bidders.

SOME of the magic is going out of the "miracle" synthetic fibers, particularly those which are supposed to resemble wool. Sales of Acrylans are so slow that Chemstrand Corp. has cut output at its new \$30 million Decatur (Ala.) plant to 17% of capacity, laid off all but a handful of workers. Du Pont's Orlon is not selling well either for use in worsted fabrics. Weavers, disillusioned about the extravagant billings of man-made fibers, are cutting their orders.

anchor (at a cost of \$1,000 to \$2,000 a day), or put up bond equal to its value. As a result, Burger is now running so many ships that, at Justice's staff luncheons, FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover calls him "Admiral." Moreover, he has obtained secret, sealed indictments against several of the principals for making false statements.

The owners of the ships also stand to lose vast sums if the *Meacham* case runs against them. Hardest hit will be Niarchos, who has had eight tankers and five Liberties seized, and his brother-in-law, Aristotle Socrates Onassis, the Greek capitalist who bought the gambling casino at Monte Carlo and operates some 80 ships around the world (TIME, Jan. 19). Onassis has had six tankers, five Victory ships and one Liberty taken over. The group of corporations that ex-Congressman Joe Casey and Newbold Morris helped set up,

THE POPULATION BOOM

What It Spells for Prosperity

THE U.S., which was buying baby food at the rate of 270 million cans in 1940, this year is buying it at the rate of 1.5 billion cans. In the same period, the U.S. toy industry has grown from an \$84-million-a-year strippling to a \$900-million giant, and the sale of bicycles has almost doubled (2,000,000 last year). These are the measuring sticks of the Great Baby Boom—the greatest in U.S. history. They are also the advance signs of how the great growth in U.S. population in the last 13 years will transform the economy—and provide an expanding market for business which it will have to hustle to fill.

The boom, which year after year has confounded the experts, has shown no letup chiefly because World War II spurred early marriages, and high wages have made it possible to have bigger families. In addition, advances in medicine have greatly decreased the mortality rate.

Census Bureau projections had indicated a population gain, from 1940 to 1950, of only 8,000,000. The actual gain was 19.5 million, to 151,700,000. In less than three years since then, the U.S. has already topped 160 million. In the last year or two, the number of births had been expected to fall because the Depression generations of the '30s, far smaller than those of the booming '20s, were coming of marriageable age. However, the fewer couples of marriageable age have been counterbalanced by the fact that high incomes and steady employment are leading couples not only to marry younger but also to have more children. As a result, the population is still growing so fast that it will reach an estimated 175 to 180 million by 1960.

By 1975 the U.S. will need to set a "fifth plate" for every four persons now consuming. Setting this fifth plate will demand an increase in cattle production, for instance, equivalent to all the present production of Texas plus Oklahoma and Minnesota, and enough more lambs to match the great production of Montana, Wyoming, Utah and Nevada combined. To produce this much food, every five acres of U.S. land must produce as much as six acres today—creating a tremendous need for more tractors, fertilizer, soil conditioners and other means of increasing food production. Millions of new houses, telephones, appliances and autos, plus more schools, railroad passenger cars and freight cars, will be needed. Government experts estimate a minimum need of 1,400,000 new or

rebuilt housing units a year for the next decade, just to keep abreast of growth. Many of the houses themselves will have to be bigger, for the size of families is increasing (the number of fourth children being born this year exceeds 1940's by 61%).

The demand for electric power is growing so fast that utilities reckon they will have to build as much new capacity in the next decade as in the past 75 years. General Electric estimates that in 1960 the growth and replacement market should mean total industry sales of 4,500,000 refrigerators v. 3,900,000 in 1951, 1,500,000 freezers v. 1,000,000, 2,500,000 ranges v. 1,400,000. As for the pivotal U.S. auto industry, which accounts for about 7.6% of U.S. manufactured-goods production, the predicted increase of 24 million population by 1960 will include some 10 million more customers of car-buying age (19 and over). All told, Congress' Joint Committee on the Economic Report has estimated, the needs for industrial expansion as well as public-works will require a total expenditure of \$500 billion by 1960.

The population boom will bring problems as well as opportunities. U.S. schools are already badly overcrowded, and an estimated \$10 billion in new school facilities is already needed. As present-day youngsters grow into the work force, more jobs will have to be created by industry (perhaps an additional 8,000,000 within the next decade). Furthermore, the workers will have to increase their productivity, if high living standards for all are to be maintained, because two-thirds of the population growth will be between those either too young or too old to work. Those over 65 will number 16 million by 1960 (v. 12.5 million now). But many of the old, at least, will not be a direct burden. With their incomes from fast-growing retirement and pension funds, they will create big new markets for small houses, travel, gardening, etc. They are already creating new demands for housing, living less and less with their children, more in small units by themselves. At the other end of the scale will be vast increases in markets for children's and teen-agers' consumer needs. In short, boom production for a 1953 population will be far too small for a 1960 population. Moreover, in the next ten to 20 years, as the babies of the Great Baby Boom reach marrying age, there is likely to be a new population explosion to make that of the '40s and '50s look small by comparison.

and that touched off a congressional investigation of all the sales (TIME, March 3, 1952 *et seq.*) have had five ships seized.

Corporate Maze. The dodge used by many foreigners to acquire U.S. ships was to hire U.S. nationals to form a dummy corporation to bid for the vessels. The foreigners would provide the money indirectly, by putting up the collateral for loans which banks would then make to the dummy. After getting title to the ships, the dummy would then lease them to the foreigners at ridiculously low rates—so little that the dummy would never make enough money to incur U.S. taxes. Instead, all the profits would flow to the foreign operators and the true ownership would still be concealed in a bewildering maze of companies.

Some of the cargo ships have been engaged in traffic with Red China, and some of the tankers, using underpaid foreign crewmen, have underbid U.S.-owned tankers enough to knock U.S. seamen out of jobs. Admiral Burger expects to seize about 75 ships before he is done and, if the courts uphold him, sell them over again.

COMMODITIES

Too Much Wool

When Australia's wool auctions opened last week, world wool producers got a nice lift. Brisk bidding sent quotations as much as 5% higher than the closing prices last June, and about 25% above their early 1952 lows. But Australia's lively market was not much consolation for U.S. wool growers, who are in what the Agriculture Department calls "a very depressed condition." Annual wool consumption within the U.S. has fallen from the postwar peak of 738 million lbs. in 1946 to 472 million lbs., and price supports on wool have cost U.S. taxpayers \$92.2 million in the last decade, the largest loss incurred on any storables commodity.

With 100 million lbs. of surplus wool, almost 40% of the 1952 U.S. clip, already in Government hands, the Commodity Credit Corp. may have to buy up to 40 million more pounds of wool this year. To dispose of this huge surplus, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture John H. Davis last week asked the Tariff Commission to recommend a 7¢-a-lb. additional duty on imported wool. With this protection, Davis hoped that the CCC could avoid any new wool purchases this year, and perhaps rid itself of half its old holdings.

Wool growers, who wanted something more like the 16¢ proposed last year, said they were "stunned" by Davis' request. Despite the present 25¢ wool tariff, imports have been making steady headway in the U.S. wool market, accounting for 71% of domestic consumption last year v. only 60% between 1946 and 1950. The wool men insisted that the additional duty should be at least 12¢, and possibly 15¢.

For President Eisenhower, who has authority to raise tariffs whenever domestic support programs are imperiled, the Davis proposal posed a tough problem. To accept it would be backtracking on the Administration's announced program to



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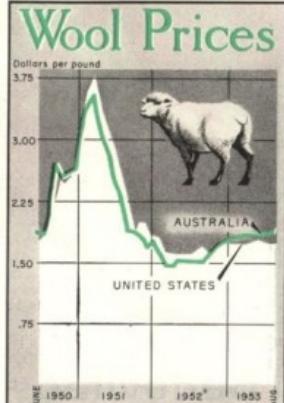
STREET.....

CITY & ZONE.....

STATE.....

liberalize U.S. trade policies. To refuse it would be to jeopardize Republican votes in the thinly populated western sheep-raising states, and to aggravate CCC's surplus problems. And if he succumbed to pressure from wool growers to increase the fee from 7¢ to 12¢ or 15¢, other industries might ask for more protection too.

But is more protection what the wool men really need? High-quality Australian wool, adding in the present tariff, now costs more than the domestic wool (see chart). Furthermore, wool users, who oppose a tariff increase, argue that any boost



Time Chart by J. Donovan

in domestic wool prices would actually be self-defeating. A rise in wool cloth prices would decrease consumption even further and increase the use of synthetic fibers.

Last week's debate underscored the basic question of whether the policy, imposed by Congress under pressure from the growers, of trying to stimulate domestic production to 360 million lbs. a year still makes economic sense. Since U.S. growers were in trouble producing only two-thirds of that amount, it looked as if it was time to lower the production goals.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ After ten years as boss of General Foods Corp., largest U.S. maker of packaged foods (fiscal 1953 sales: \$701.1 million), Chairman Clarence Francis, 64, prepared to retire next March by handing over the reins as chief executive officer to Austin Smith Igleheart, 63, who started with General Foods in 1926, when it bought out his family's milling business, has been president since 1943.

¶ Into the presidency of Jerry O'Mahoney, Inc. (diners) went Swedish-born Carl Gunnard Strandlund, 53, whose badly run Lustron Corp. lost \$37.5 million in RFC money trying to build prefabricated steel houses on an assembly line.

¶ To succeed retiring President W. S. Watts, Louisville's Eskimo Pie Corp.



ALL TIME ALL STARS of SPORT



The Unusual Records of **JIM THORPE**

Probably the greatest all-round athlete in American sports history, Jim Thorpe, starred as brilliantly in football as in track or baseball. Playing for the Carlisle Indians in 1908, 1911 and 1912, he was a fast, crashing ball carrier and a bruising tackler. Selected All-American in 1911 and 1912, he racked up 189 points in a single season (1912) — a record exceeded only once in modern football.

And here's another unusual record: the companies that buy for performance . . . the companies that buy for consistent quality, select Atlantic Business Papers time after time. 8 of America's largest tobacco companies, 15 of the largest banks in Eastern United States use Atlantic Bond for crispier, better-looking letterheads or office forms. Join the best companies in America—specify *Atlantic Bond*.

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named New Dealing Businessman J. (for Julian) Louis Reynolds, 43, son of Reynolds Metals Founder Richard S. Reynolds, whose United States Foil Corp. controls both Reynolds Metals and Eskimo Pie.

BUSINESS ABROAD

King of Perfume

In a paneled Paris office overlooking the Etoile last week sat a grey-haired, lean and elegant Frenchman, chain-smoking Havana cigars. In his buttonhole, Pierre Wertheimer, 65, wore the emblem of the Legion of Honor; on his glass-topped desk stood row after row of perfume bottles and boxes of cosmetics. They, too, were emblems of achievement. For Pierre Wertheimer, a man so shy that few have ever heard of him (he permits no photographs), is the world's perfume king. He owns the Bourjois and Chanel companies, bosses 3,000 employees in plants from Rochester, N.Y., to London, sells more bottles of quality perfume than anyone else in the business.

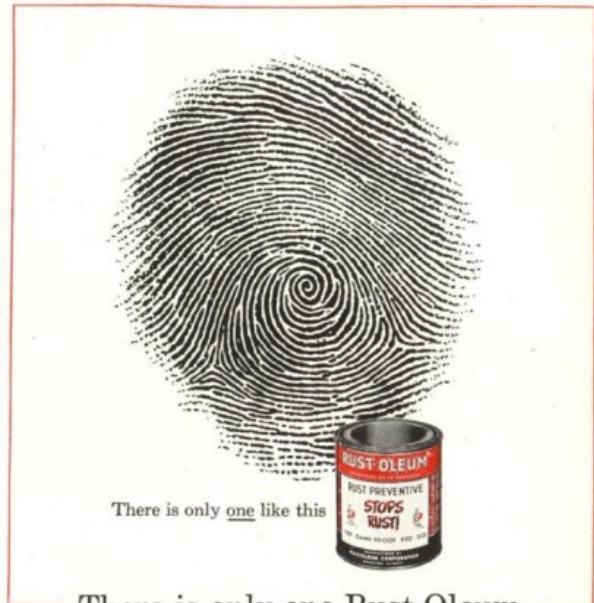
Trouble in Grasse. Last week not everything in the \$30 million-a-year French perfume industry smelled sweet to Wertheimer. Italian perfume makers were challenging French supremacy in the U.S. market, and, as always, the Paris market was flooded with cheap, bait-like concoctions mixed in some 1,200 Parisian "cellars." Tariff barriers and import restrictions have virtually shut off the big Latin American markets. Things were even worse in the quiet town of Grasse, near the Mediterranean, whose 18 distilling plants supply the French perfume industry with most of its flower essences. Grasse was harvesting a bumper crop of 1,320,000 lbs. of jasmine blossoms. This could only cause trouble because: 1) there was already a surplus left over from last year; 2) cut-rate jasmine essences from Italy, Spain and Holland have been cutting into the Grasse market; and 3) some natural essences (violet, lilac, lily of the valley) have been driven from the market by cheaper and better synthetic scents made in Germany and Switzerland.

But these troubles scarcely ruffled Chanel No. 5's No. 1 man. Along with other Paris perfumers last month, he agreed to underwrite the Grasse industry by paying "fair prices" for the essential oils. Keeping prices up is a habit in the industry. When the Laniel government issued a decree forbidding price-fixing last month, the Syndicat de la Parfumerie intervened with the authorities and got themselves exempted.*

Evening in Paris. Pierre Wertheimer, who for all his personal shyness is a super-salesman, thinks that there is nothing wrong with the perfume business that hard-hitting promotion will not cure.

He was among the first perfumers to take to the radio in the U.S., as early as

* For a bottle of perfume retailing at 1,000 francs in Paris, the ingredients cost only about 150 francs. Other cost items: the bottle itself, 100 francs; taxes, 270; advertising, 50; retailer's profit, 330; manufacturer's profit, 100.



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Boulart

"GREAT NOSE" BEAUX
Mlle. Chanel picked No. 5.

1923 plugged face powder on his *Evening in Paris* program. He then brought out a perfume by the same name, sold it first in the U.S., later introduced it in Paris. Today, at \$3 an ounce in Paris and \$12.50 in the U.S., it is his biggest seller.

Though Wertheimer works only three days a week, spends a good deal of time at the tracks racing prize horses from his famed stable, he never lets his business slip for lack of publicity and promotion. He sometimes flies 100 or more salesmen to his Paris headquarters for champagne dinners and pep talks, keeps a sharp ear cocked for feminine comments on the quality of his products. Says he: "A woman knows more about perfume than the best technician."

Top Smeller. His quality control is achieved by the *grand nez* (great nose), who sniffs and tests all the ingredients that go into the top-secret formulas. Wertheimer's *grand nez* is 72-year-old Ernest Beaux, who created Chanel No. 5 for Designer Gabrielle Chanel 33 years ago, when she wanted a new perfume for a style show. Beaux turned up with two series of scents, one numbered from 1 to 5, the other from 20 to 24. Highly superstitious, Mlle. Chanel picked No. 5, because her collection was to be shown on the fifth day of the fifth month. Later she went into the perfume business, and in 1924 Wertheimer bought her out.

In testing the 30-odd ingredients of a perfume such as Chanel No. 5, not all the smells that waft up to the Great Nose are pleasant. To "fix" the perfume by uniting other ingredients, perfumers use such sour or fetid-smelling substances as musk, castoreum (made from beavers' testicles), ambergris (a secretion in the

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sperm whale intestine), and civet glands. Explains Beaux: "Pepper and salt don't taste pleasantly when taken alone, but they enhance the taste of a dish." Beaux gives each essence the nose test because some scents will last after a week of exposure, while others, for some unknown reason, will last only a few hours. When he is creating a new perfume he does no sniffing, simply jots down a formula, claims he knows exactly what the final result will smell like. Says Beaux: "It is like writing music. Each component has a definite tonal value . . . I can compose a waltz or a funeral march."

Wertheimer has no present plans for Beaux to create any new perfumes, since it takes years of work and \$100,000 in promotion to establish a brand. All the major perfumers rely on one famous brand for 75% to 80% of their business. Says Wertheimer: "If you have one excellent perfume, you've got all you could possibly want." Two are enough for him.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Self-Propelled Sprinkler. A lawn sprinkler that propels itself over any pre-arranged course at the rate of 17 feet an hour will soon be marketed by the Reel Sprinkler Co. of Toledo. With the hose laid out in any pattern on the lawn, the Reel Sprinkler (a rotating sprinkler attached to a hose reel on wheels) moves forward under water pressure, winding up the hose as it goes, then shuts off automatically. Price: \$50.

Hang-It-Yourself. For do-it-yourself homemakers, the Birge Co. Inc. of Buffalo, oldest U.S. maker of wallpaper, will put on sale this month a plastic-coated paper that can be hung in a jiffy without fuss or mess. Birge's washable Quick Wall Covering is coated with a substance which thickens and becomes adhesive when the paper is soaked in a trough of water for a few seconds. Seams are easier to fit because of electronically cut edges. Price: \$1.19 to \$1.98 a roll.

Rolled Razor. Warner-Hudnut, Inc. of Manhattan began market-testing a new safety razor containing 32 blades in the form of a 40-in. ribbon of thin steel wound about a reel. As a blade becomes dull it is wound onto another roller and a new one slides into place. Price: \$5.

Can Dough. Canned beef pot pie was put on the market by Trenton Foods, Inc. of Kansas City, Mo., which claims to be the first to can dough successfully. The pie needs no refrigeration, can be baked right in its pie-pan-shaped tin. Price: 69¢, enough for three servings.

Lean Butter. To recapture some of the butter market lost to margarine, a group of officials of the Iowa Department of Agriculture will soon begin selling a butter called Dairy Spread, which is made of non-fat dry milk and 58% butter fat (v. 80% and more in regulation butter). The spread will be marketed by Dairy Foods Co., a Nashua, Ia., firm set up by the Agriculture men. Price: about 20¢ a lb. cheaper than ordinary butter.

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THE PRESS

No. 2 Brother

When William Randolph Hearst died two years ago, the editorial management of his 16-newspaper empire went to his son and namesake, Bill Jr. The other four brothers were scattered throughout the empire in important executive posts. Last week Bill Hearst's Manhattan headquarters announced that his younger brother Randolph, 37, was retiring as publisher of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* to step into the No. 2 spot in the chain. Randy's title: president of Hearst Publishing Co., Inc, and assistant general manager, Hearst Newspapers, i.e., boss of Hearst papers in the West.

The Promised Punch

In the eight months since he stepped into *Punch*'s editor's chair, Malcolm Muggeridge has been trying to put the punch back into Britain's famed but ailing weekly humor magazine. Last week ex-Newsmen (London *Daily Telegraph*) Muggeridge broke the most sacrosanct *Punch* tradition of all: he changed the cover for the first time in 100 years. For a special issue on British television, Muggeridge replaced *Punch*'s elves, capering gnomes and rogues with caricatures of Britons debating commercially sponsored-TV on the British Broadcasting Corp. (among the recognizable faces: Press Lords Beaverbrook, Rothermere, Camrose and the Archbishop of Canterbury). "The BBC," said Muggeridge with characteristic irreverence, "is a heaven-sent *Punch* target because it is one of those bloody things that takes itself seriously, believes it has a mission, and is pompous about it. All things *Punch* is interested in puncturing."

News, Not Jokes. Tampering with the cover is not the only thing Muggeridge has done. Under his regime, writing and drawing are firmly tied to the news ("If a joke has no relevance, or its connections are obsolete, it's out"). As a result, putting *Punch* to press—once a quiet, timeless ritual—now has all the excitement of a city room covering a fast-breaking, big news story. Articles on the uproar in Iran are jammed in at press time, issues are held to make them more timely, reports on the United Nations, Korea and hydrogen bomb replace such old *Punch* standbys as essays on art colleges, traveling theaters or poems about water wagtails. Recently, when Tito came to London, *Punch* rebelled against treating Communist Tito with the usual diplomatic amenities, printed the harshest comment in the British press on his visit.

Muggeridge himself often writes a biting editorial; in a recent issue gave these satirical guides on how to be a successful British diplomat: "1) When an international agreement is unilaterally denounced, insure that any formal protests you are instructed to make are as hesitant and equivocal as possible . . . 2) Remember that nowadays the glittering prizes are



TALK IS CHEAP but what dividends it pays!

Plain, uninhibited talk is still one of mankind's favorite diversions. Witness the "coffee break." Here chatter and gossip flow more freely than coffee and cream.

Not all of this talk is aimless. Much is personal opinion expressed in such emphatic terms that listeners carry away sharp and lasting impressions.

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We cannot recommend too strongly that you call in a good printer at the very start when you plan a printed piece. He brings you experience and specialized skills. He has ideas that will save you time, effort and cold cash. His main objective is to create selling literature that will pay you dividends. He is a fine, cooperative citizen to work with.

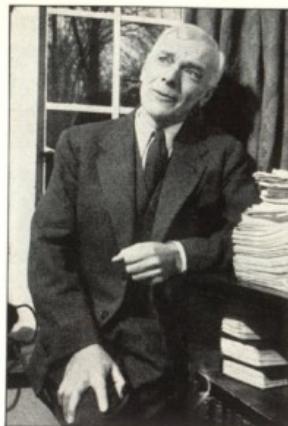
Your printer will probably specify Warren's Standard Printing Papers for your job. For many years he has been fully aware that the most successful selling literature is printed on Warren paper. Talk with him soon. *S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston 1, Massachusetts.*

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Larry Burrows

EDITOR MUGGERIDGE

Sex replaced water wagtails.

given for feats of demolition, not of construction . . . Every diplomat carries a peacock in his knapsack, provided only that he keeps retreating . . . 3) Do not allow seeming setbacks to lower your spirit. Rather, they should be made the occasion for displaying even more complacency and self-satisfaction than before . . . 4) In politics, you should incline to the left. If you can combine this with ample private means and socially distinguished connections, so much the better. The contrast between your private circumstances and your political professions will serve to draw attention to you . . . 5) To be invited to tea with Mr. Vishinsky is a triumph, as is a smile won from Mr. Nehru or from Marshal Tito; but political exiles must ever be anathema to you. Nor should any opportunity ever be missed of taking a sly dig at Americans and their policies. Indeed, potential allies everywhere should be treated as somewhat ludicrous, if not downright despicable."

Laughs, Not Sniggers. Muggeridge is also dead set against the kind of whimsy, long a *Punch* specialty, with which "the middle classes try to comfort themselves that the world hasn't changed, that all things that happen are only funny variants on what happened before. It's a notion that all immense social events of recent time can be translated into whimsical facetiousness. It's phony . . . It's a nervous snigger rather than a laugh."

In producing laughs instead of sniggers, Muggeridge has also stirred up protests from readers that *Punch*'s lampooning is in bad taste. He is not worried. "Good taste and humor," says he, "are a contradiction in terms, like a chaste whore. I think *Punch*'s ban on sex is wrong, because I think sex is funny . . . I will gently move towards more sex. If it's genuinely funny, in it goes." Thus far Muggeridge's new *Punch* is paying off. In the



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BY O. SOGLOW



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last six months, circulation has risen by 6,000 (to 139,677), the first increase in six years, and last week *World Press News*, the British trade weekly, noticed a "wonderfully fresh vitality [in] *Punch*."

The Accumulator

Until his 40th birthday, Roy Herbert Thomson never owned a newspaper or hoped to. But once started, Thomson made up for lost time as few publishers have. After he bought a tiny paper in Northern Canada (with \$3,000 he borrowed), the newspaper business looked so easy to Thomson that he confidently told a friend: "I'll be a millionaire some day." It was an accurate prediction. At 59, Publisher Thomson owns a string of 18 dailies all over Canada, close to one-fourth of Canada's English-language newspapers. Last year he pushed into the U.S. by buying the St. Petersburg (Fla.) *Independent* (circ. 25,754), and this year he reached across the Atlantic to start the *Canada Review*, a weekly for Canadians in Britain and Britons with business interests in Canada.

Last week Canadian-born Thomson crossed the ocean again for the biggest newspaper deal of his brief but spectacular career. For about \$3,000,000, he bought control of Scotland's small but influential 136-year-old morning *Scotsman* (circ. 55,000) and its sister papers, the Edinburgh *Evening Dispatch* (71,000) and the *Weekly Scotsman* (66,000). In taking control of the papers from old Scottish family ownership, Thomson gets a staff of 800, a 13-story Renaissance-style building that cost \$2,400,000 in 1904, and the prestige of a pioneer publishing company. On the *Scotsman's* hundredth birthday the London *Times* conceded that the paper "is, so to speak, the *Times* of Scotland."

The Chain Store. No newsman himself, Thomson concentrates his energies on the business side, lets individual editors run their own show up to a point. The point: the paper's profit & loss statement. But Thomson's mechanical improvements have made it easier for editors to show profits. In Canada, he has connected most of his papers with a teletype circuit. Thus, when one has a successful feature or circulation-building idea, other papers in the chain can promptly pick it up. At first his chain-store methods set conservative Canadian publishers against him. But they changed their minds when every daily that Thomson bought improved its news coverage, became a better newspaper as well as a better investment for him. Three years ago he was elected president of the Canadian Daily Newspapers Association.

Thomson, the son of a Toronto barber, learned how to read a balance sheet the hard way. He quit school in Toronto at 14, began to clerk in a fishing supply store, starting at \$5 a week. Within ten years he had invested his small savings so shrewdly that he had \$20,000, which he lost in a pie-in-the-sky Saskatchewan land deal. During the Depression he sold radios in northern Ontario, quickly found



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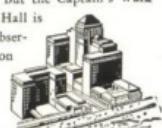
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Minneapolis, Minnesota

APOLOGY

Sorry, there's not a single mountain within sight. But the Captain's Walk atop Haddon Hall is the highest observation point on the Atlantic Seaboard.



CHALFONTE — HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Lunts & Lipstick Co. for 63 years
Write for illustrated folder No. 5

that in some remote Canadian towns reception was so poor that few people would buy his sets. Thomson knew how to solve that. For \$500, he bought his own transmitter, started broadcasting recorded programs from North Bay, Ont. (pop. 15,599). When he moved 230 miles north to Timmins (pop. 28,790) to start another station in 1934, he ended up with a weekly newspaper too, within three years had converted it into a daily and was shopping for more newspapers.

Cure-All. From then on, Thomson expanded rapidly. Frequently, he didn't even see the paper he was buying, based his decision on its balance sheet. He likes to say: "There's nothing in this business that a few thousand dollars of ad sales can't cure." He bought the St. Petersburg *Independent* because "I want something



Gilbert A. Milne

PUBLISHER THOMSON
His life began at forty.

to keep me busy while I'm down there vacationing."

In Scotland, where his parents were born, Thomson has bigger ideas. Although he has no plans to change the staff or the policies (Tory) of his three new papers, the "fact that we intend to follow the same editorial policy doesn't preclude certain changes. First we have to work with the paper and learn what it needs. But some changes would be obvious to American newspaper operators, front-page ads, for example, and column widths. Maybe there's good reason in Scotland for front-page ads; we'll have to see. But we won't be fighting just to hold our ground." To get a better view, Publisher Thomson, who this year was an unsuccessful Tory candidate for the Canadian Parliament, plans to move to Scotland, make his permanent home in Edinburgh. Says he: "Up to now, I've just been an accumulator of papers. I've never been an operator. Now I'm going to operate a paper, day to day. I'm going to be right in the middle of it."

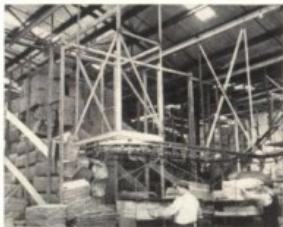
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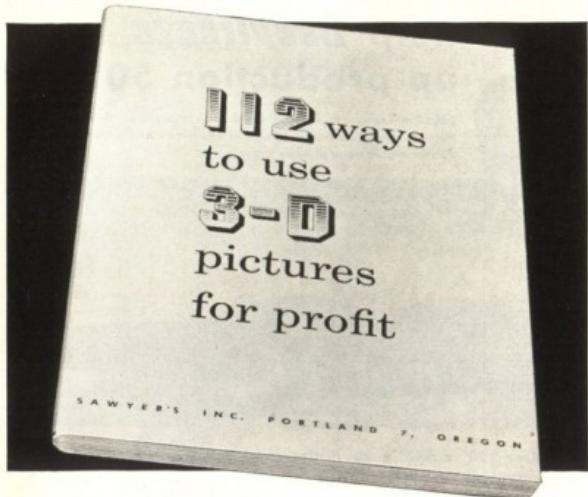
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MILESTONES

Married. Captain John Lindley Marion Dymoke, 26, British army officer and commoner, who, as 34th hereditary Queen's Champion, led Elizabeth II's coronation procession last June; and Susan Cicely Fane, 20, dark-haired debutante daughter of a Royal Navy lieutenant; near Grantham, England.

Married. Sir Edmund Hillary, 34, conqueror of Mt. Everest; and Louise Mary Rose, 23, daughter of James H. Rose, president of New Zealand's Alpine Club; in the chapel of Diocesan High School at Auckland, New Zealand.

Died. Lee M. (for Mohrman) Thursday, 58, one-time Michigan superintendent of public education, recently appointed U.S. Commissioner of Education (TIME, June 29); of a coronary thrombosis; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Mikhail Markovich Borodin (real name: Mikhail Gruzenberg), 68, top international Communist agent during the '20s; of unannounced causes; somewhere in the Soviet Union. Born in Byelorussia, he joined the Bolshevik underground at 19, in 1906 fled from Czarist police into exile in the U.S. Back in Russia after the 1917 revolution, Borodin soon went abroad as a Communist legman, fomented abortive "workers' revolutions" in Spain (1919) and Mexico (1920), directed Communist infiltration of labor unions in the U.S. and Scotland. In 1923 came Agitator Borodin's big assignment: advising (and infiltrating) China's struggling revolutionary movement under Sun Yat-sen. With some Moscow gold and his own silver tongue, he engineered a working alliance between Communists and Nationalists, showed Sun Yat-sen how to organize the Kuomintang on the tight Moscow pattern, including a Soviet-type secret police. Borodin barely escaped when Chiang Kai-shek turned against the Communists in 1927. Back in Moscow, he fell from party favor, wound up as editor of the English-language *Moscow News*.

Died. General Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, 70, lean, hard-bitten hero of Bataan and Corregidor during the darkest days of the war in the Pacific; of a stroke; in San Antonio (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Jacques Thibaud, 72, famed French violin virtuoso; in an airline crash near Barcelonnette in the French Alps. Ardent Patriot Thibaud fought as an infantryman in World War I, and before and during World War II turned down all offers to play in Hitler's Germany. In 1947, still spry and healthy, he made his last U.S. appearance with the New York Philharmonic, devoted most of his last years to encouraging a new generation of young violinists and pianists.



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*Source: Bureau of the Census, U. S. Dept. of Commerce: Current Population Reports—Series P-20.



American Trucking Industry

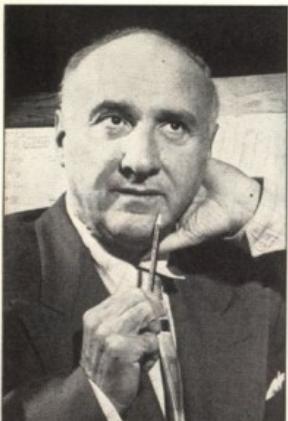
American Trucking Associations,
Washington 6, D.C.

CINEMA

Box Office

August's top moneymakers in U.S. movie houses, according to *Variety*:

- 1) *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (20th Century-Fox)
- 2) *Band Wagon* (M-G-M)
- 3) *The Moon Is Blue* (United Artists)
- 4) *This Is Cinorama* (Independent)
- 5) *Thunder Bay* (Universal-International)
- 6) *Stalag 17* (Paramount)
- 7) *Shane* (Paramount)
- 8) *Return to Paradise* (United Artists)
- 9) *Second Chance* (RKO Radio)
- 10) *The Charge at Feather River* (Warner Bros.)



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
COMPOSER TIOMKIN
Melody in pictures.

Theme Song

Many a Hollywood movie lacks a real theme, but practically every movie these days has a theme song. The man on top of the trend is Dimitri Tiomkin, a 54-year-old concert pianist turned composer, who made a deep impression on the industry and the rest of the U.S. with one folksy tune: *Do Not Forsake Me, Oh My Darling* (from *High Noon*).

Composer Tiomkin, who speaks fractured English splintered with a Russian accent, explains: "Hollywood began to come to song mostly from matter of exploitation . . . When I make the title tune for *High Noon*, I think song help make continuity, musical dissolves, time element . . . I thinking this picture a little bit too static. Music give feeling of action. I get inspiration from American bandit songs from Carl Sandburg's *American Song Bag*." The tune, with Lyricist Ned Washington's help, soon became a jukebox favorite, has sold almost 2,000,000 records. Tiomkin has already earned more in royalties than he got for supplying the movie score.

"In this business," says Tiomkin, "they begin to follow with these ideas. First Dore Schary called on account of *High Noon* and said, 'Dimitri, I need song from could be good infantry march.' Tiomkin wrote *Take the High Ground and Hold It* for M-G-M's *Take the High Ground*. Then he composed the theme for *Return to Paradise*.

Although *Do Not Forsake Me* is Tiomkin's first popular hit, he has been writing movie music in Hollywood for 20 years (*Lost Horizon*, *You Can't Take It With You*, *Shadow of a Doubt*, *Strangers on a Train*, *Red River*, *The Big Sky*). But not until he worked on U.S. Army orientation films during World War II did he discover the real purpose of his craft. Says he: "I learn to write . . . not just for concert but for screen, combine music with sound and dialogue. Sometimes you give a little help to film." But he adds with a sigh and a shrug: "Motion-picture composer not write music for eternity or for symphony orchestra."

Tiomkin agrees that his newest job is a tough one. The picture: a melodrama called *Dial M for Murder*. Says he: "I can't make theme song with title . . . I think it will be little bit novelty song, a kind of song about dialing phone with little bit orchestral effect . . . It will be just melody in picture, and then words will be written afterwards so melody be suited for exploitation."

New Picture

Mr. Potts Goes to Moscow (Associated British Pathé; Stratford) gets hold of a genuinely comic idea but never quite brings it off. Potts (played by British Actor George Cole, who starred as the kite-flying husband in Somerset Maugham's *Quartet*) is a sanitation engineer who has been designing the men's rooms at a British atomic-research center. Bound for a French vacation, he innocently walks off with the wrong briefcase, containing top-secret plans of a new A-bomb. With England in an uproar and security officers searching everywhere for him, Potts is waylaid by Russian agents, plied with vodka, and whisked off to Moscow for what he thinks is a job of applying badly needed improvements to Soviet plumbing.

Once Potts discovers that he is carrying top-secret papers, the film switches from an agreeable spoof of security agents to a slapstick comedy of Keystone Cops vintage. Trying desperately to hide the plans, Potts teeters on the window ledge of a Moscow hotel, temporarily loses himself among the parading delegates of an East Berlin World Peace Congress, leaps dizzily from rooftop to rooftop with police in hot pursuit.

Though a far cry from *Ninotchka*, the 1939 anti-Communist comedy starring Garbo, *Mr. Potts* does have some fun with the stuffy officialdom of both East and West.

7 Minutes With a Madman

The Tell Tale Heart (U.P.A.) is a seven-minute tour of a madman's mind. Based on Edgar Allan Poe's chilling short story, powerfully narrated in a voice just this side of frenzy by Actor James Mason, the film is one of the first attempts to use the animated cartoon to tell a psychological horror tale. Other cartoon shorts, such as Disney's *Donald Duck*, Metro's *Tom & Jerry*, and particularly U.P.A.'s own *Gerald McBoing-Boing* and *Mr. Magoo*, have accustomed moviegoers to a skillful distortion of reality and a triumph of line over mass that is characteristic of much contemporary art. *The Tell Tale Heart* goes far beyond such experimentation. Moviegoers may be more dazed than



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
PRODUCER BOSUSTOW
Tables into tombstones.

frightened by its explosion of color and form, by the haunting transformation of staring eyes into milk pitchers and tables into tombstones, as the madman murders to find peace and then hysterically confesses his crime to three iron-faced (and sometimes headless) policemen.

In this film, Producer Stephen Bosustow, 42, has proved his point that "the animated film can be used for drama and melodrama as well as for humor, childlike romance, pratfalls and 'hurt' gags." Canadian-born Steve Bosustow founded United Productions of America seven years ago after being fired by Walt Disney. In his own company, he operates without time clocks and gives credit where credit is due. Director Ted Parmelee and Art Designer Paul Julian get most of the bows for *The Tell Tale Heart*, just as other U.P.A. production teams are accorded credit for

SURREALISTIC POLICEMEN (opposite) stand over body of murdered man in movie version of *The Tell Tale Heart*.





DISEMBODIED EYES symbolize paranoid fear of murderer, wh. feels watchful presence of pursuers at every turn.

MADMAN'S VICTIM is murderer's eventual undoing when his heart keeps beating beneath floor where body was hidden.



James Thurber's *The Unicorn in the Garden*, *Willie the Kid*, and the Academy Award-winning *Gerald McBoing-Boing*.

In addition to making cartoon films aimed primarily at grownups ("I'm not against children; we just like to do adult things"), Bosustow does training films for the armed forces, industrial films for such clients as Shell Oil Co. and Timken Roller Bearings, TV commercials and such specialized jobs as the supplying of cartoon "bridges" for the film *The Four-Poster*, starring Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. He is eager to move on to full-length animated pictures, and hopes to rival Disney's *Cinderella* and *Peter Pan* with adult treatments of classic stories, such as *Volpone* and *Helen of Troy*, as well as Gilbert & Sullivan operettas.

Also Showing

The Sword and the Rose (Walt Disney: RKO Radio) is an old-fashioned piece of historical romance done with stylized charm and sly wit. Based on Charles Major's popular 1898 novel, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, it tells the love story of Princess Mary Tudor (1496-1533) and Captain of the Guard Charles Brandon. Before the two lovers were married in 1515, Mary had to overcome the objections of her brother, King Henry VIII, submit to a short-lived political marriage with aging, ailing King Louis XII of France, and, according to the movie, contend with the machinations of the malevolent Duke of Buckingham, who wanted the princess for himself.

A rich combination of high romance and low melodrama, the picture has a fine archaic atmosphere. Examples: the brilliantly Technicolor pageantry of a court dance, a royal game of shuttlecock, Henry VIII riding to the hunt, a contest between French and English wrestling champions at Windsor Castle.

As Charles Brandon, Richard Todd is equally adept at gathering a nosegay for the princess, writing her a sonnet, and fighting off the evil duke and his henchmen. Partly James Robertson Justice plays a younger and more forceful Henry VIII than the one Charles Laughton has made familiar to moviegoers. As Mary Tudor, elfin-faced Glynis Johns, with her wryly insinuating voice, gives a winning characterization of a conniving little royal baggage.

The Reformer

Martin Luther (Louis de Rochemont Associates) has already broken attendance records in Minneapolis, where it had a special pre-release run. Partly responsible for its success is its surefire subject. Hollywood might long ago have turned out an epic on the life of the great reformer if it were not for an understandable reluctance to jump into a religious controversy.

But good potential box office as the subject is, only a sort of minor Protestant miracle made *Martin Luther* possible at all. It was made for church release, and under the sponsorship of not one but five church bodies: the American Lutheran Church, the Augustana Lutheran Church,



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Reservations by Teletype

the Evangelical Lutheran Church, the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, and the United Lutheran Church, plus the National Lutheran Council of the U.S.A. Surprisingly enough, they were able to get together on so delicate an undertaking as a movie about their founder.

To film *Martin Luther*, the Lutherans chose a moviemaker who is capable of resisting Hollywood's inclination to see every religious picture as de Millennium. Documentary-minded Louis de Rochemont (*Lost Boundaries*) likes authentic outdoor sets and on-the-spot extras, and Producer Lothar Wolf sent him to western Germany to get plenty of both. To play Luther, Wolf chose British Actor Niall MacGinnis, surrounded him with a varied cast, and began to shoot scenes in 12th century Maulbronn Cloister, Eberbach Cloister and the castle at Eltville (instead of Luther's Wittenberg), which is all a movie about their boudoir.



NIALL MACGINNIS AS LUTHER
Resisting de Millennium.

in Russian hands). Even more impressive than the authentic sets are the intense, characterful faces of the extras.

The film takes Martin Luther from his doubt-filled student days through the whole dramatic flowering of Protestantism. There are notable soft-pedalings; the Peasants' Revolt (1524-26) seems to be telescoped with the iconoclastic excesses of one of Luther's too enthusiastic followers, and the rallying of the German princes to Luther's side is tricked out in more Christian idealism than most historians give the princes credit for. But by & large, the action and the dialogue, drawn mostly from Luther's own written words, are both accurate and edifying.

Down the Polaroid Trail

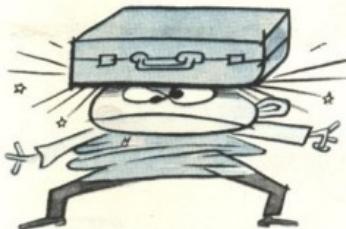
Down the Old Trail
The week's 3-D pictures concentrated on the photogenic West.

Inferno (20th Century-Fox). Robert Ryan, a young man about as rich as they come and as worthless as they go, is

Six words with a painful ending . . .



Crash



Bash



Slash



Mash



Splash



Flash

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junketing in the great American Desert, along with his wife (Rhonda Fleming) and the man she secretly loves (William Lundigan). When Ryan falls from his horse and breaks a leg, the lovers ride off, leaving him to dry up and die in the star-crossed sun. Ryan, whose spirit normally comes from a bottle, nevertheless finds the will to fight his way back to safety and salvation. The drama is high, but it would have been much heightened had not the uncertain artifices of 3-D photography made the awful antagonist, the desert, look about as realistic and terrifying as a 98° herbarium.

Hannah Lee [Jack Broder Productions] refers to a cowboy ballad used as background music to one more encounter between the wicked cattle barons and the hapless homesteaders. Macdonald Carey plays the hired gunman who slaps small boys, makes roughhouse passes at the beautiful saloonkeeper (Joanne Dru), and shoots harmless people dead. For all the gunplay, the film lags along from anticlimax to anticlimax, but moviegoers may be beguiled by some spectacular Technicolor scenery. As the U.S. marshal who goes to the rescue, John Ireland sets some sort of precedent by losing all his fist fights and getting shot down in the final gun battle with Badman Carey, who is then done in by Joanne Dru.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Roman Holiday. Newcomer Audrey Hepburn goes on a hilarious tour of Rome with Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert, as Director William Wyler adds some new twists to a popular old romantic comedy plot (TIME, Sept. 7).

From Here to Eternity. James Jones's wild (and sometimes woolly) novel about life in the peacetime Army, compressed into a hard, tensely acted movie (TIME, Aug. 10).

The Master of Ballantrae. Wielding his trusty claymore, Errol Flynn hacks his way from Scotland to the New World and back in a rousing film version of Robert Louis Stevenson's 18th century thriller (TIME, Aug. 3).

Return to Paradise. A totalitarian South Seas island gets an imaginative helping of love and democracy from Gary Cooper (TIME, July 20).

The Sea Around Us. The Technicolor camera prowl the ocean floor: some beautiful scenes, but lacking the majestic sweep of Rachel Carson's 1951 bestseller (TIME, July 20).

The Moon Is Blue. Disapproved by the Legion of Decency and the U.S. Navy, but a nice little comedy all the same (TIME, July 6).

The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T. Why a small boy hates piano teachers, inventively told in Technicolor (TIME, June 22).

Julius Caesar. Hollywood comes to grips with Shakespeare and, for once, very nearly holds its own (TIME, June 1).

Shane. A horse opera brought to machine-tooled, Technicolor perfection; with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur (TIME, April 13).

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BOOKS

Back to the Druids

THE DARK ISLAND [312 pp.]—Henry Treece—Random House (\$3).

As if to muffle the din of the Thermoelectric Age, some British authors in the last 16 months have pulled the blanket of history over their heads and burrowed in the warm, dark bed of the past. H.F.M. Prescott's *The Man on a Donkey* was a skillfully done period piece about England under Henry VIII. In *The Golden Hand*, Edith Simon told a leisurely tale about an English cathedral town and the faith that sustained it (14th century). In *The Little Emperors*, Alfred Duggan made diverting entertainment out of the fall of the Roman Empire in Britain (5th century). Now, in an almost equally engaging yarn, Henry Treece reaches back to the time (1st century) when the Romans had just conquered Britain—an era when proper Britons worshipped the sun and painted blue marks on their foreheads to show their rank.

Author Treece's is the story of how Rome clamped the vise of imperial rule on the unruly western tribesmen, as seen through the eyes of the losing side. Caradoc, proud and restive young King of the Belgae, dreams of uniting all the tribes of Britain and driving the Roman occupation forces, left by Caesar, into the sea. But the Picts, the Canti, the Iceni, jealous of their individual little sovereignties, do not want to be united. Caradoc decides to go it alone with his Belgae. The Emperor Claudius himself limps ashore, and in two decisive battles, the short Roman swords cut the Belgae down to serf-size. Fleeing west and hiding out for years, Caradoc is finally betrayed by rival tribesmen, and ends his days under a kind of villa arrest in Rome.

Author Treece's story, which gallops along at the pace of a western movie, is full of soothsayers, blood oaths and hoary legends. Its best scenes catch the rude vigor of the times, e.g., the annual ceremony of a human sacrifice to the sun god, in which a red-haired youth chosen by the druids has his heart pierced with a mistletoe stake; Claudius' surprise weapon, a cavalry of elephants and camels, stampeding the horses of the Celtic chariooteers into snorting, neighing chaos.

The Dark Island poses an interesting question for Author Treece's writing colleagues: Are there any earlier British sagas that remain to be told, short of the Piltdown man?

An American Epic

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS [561 pp.]—Charles A. Lindbergh—Scribner's (\$5).

Few men define their age in a lifetime; Charles Augustus Lindbergh did it in 33½ hours. When *The Spirit of St. Louis* hopped the Atlantic nonstop from New York to Paris on May 20-21, 1927, the Age of Flight finally came of age. Nowwa-



Hull Daily Mail

NOVELIST TREECE
He sings the blues of the blue-marked, days, when any weekday finds hundreds of passengers casually making the transatlantic crossing, the drama is gone. Lindbergh's great and simple epic was that he was the first to fly without stop from the U.S. to Europe.*

In *The Spirit of St. Louis*, a Book-of-the-Month Club choice for September, Airmen Lindbergh, 31, gives a full and earnest account of how he planned and piloted his plane to international fame. Each unassuming page shows why the dizzy decade of Teapot Dome, bathtub gin, flappers, crooners and "It" girls found in him an untarnished symbol of its better self. No Antoine de Saint Exupéry, no philosopher of flight, Lindbergh rarely rises to poetic altitudes and sometimes drones on in childhood reveries and mechanical details. But at its exciting best, his book keeps the reader cockpit-close to a rare adventure.

Obscure Mail Pilot. The idea that he could fly the Atlantic came to Lindbergh in his DH-4 biplane one moonlit night over Peoria, Ill., while he was flying the mail from St. Louis to Chicago. It is September 1926, and he is not yet 25, but four solid years of barnstorming and army air service have given him an air of quiet confidence that a group of aviation-minded St. Louis businessmen cannot resist. They dig up \$15,000 to back his flight; Lindbergh puts in his own life savings of \$2,000. There is also a practical incentive: the Orteig Prize of \$25,000 for the first nonstop flight between New York and Paris, either way.

Finding the right plane is a puzzler;

* The first nonstop transatlantic airplane flight was made by two Britons, Alcock and Whitten-Brown, from Newfoundland to Ireland on June 14-15, 1919.



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(A true story from Company File #69L19482)

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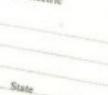
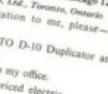
René Fonck, France's World War I ace, has just crashed on the take-off at Roosevelt Field in a tri-motored Sikorsky biplane, and two of his crew members have burned to death. Lindbergh distrusts the heavy, intricate, three-engine craft of the day: too much could go wrong. But his backers are cautious; they urge him to go to the renowned Fokker Co. A three-engine plane for such a flight will cost \$90,000, the salesman tells him. When Lindbergh mentions a one-engine job, the salesman's voice turns chill: "Mr. Fokker wouldn't consider selling a single-engine plane for a flight over the Atlantic Ocean." Lindbergh finds a plane and price he likes in a Wright-Bellanca, but the company insists on naming the crew. Obscure mail pilots need not apply.

An Odor of Dead Fish. At wit's end by Feb. 3, 1927, Lindbergh dashes off a telegram to an almost unknown San Diego outfit called Ryan Airlines, gets an answer back the next day: "Can build plane . . . Delivery about three months." Lindbergh heads for the coast, finds Ryan Airlines in a dilapidated waterfront building with no flying field, no hangar, no sound of engines—only the pervasive odor of dead fish from a nearby cannery. But the competent chief engineer, Donald Hall, impresses Lindbergh. The order is placed. With five other transatlantic flights poised to go, a race against time begins.

Working round the clock, Ryan gets *The Spirit of St. Louis* built in 60 days. In the meanwhile, Flyers Clarence Chamberlin and Bert Acosta, preparing for a hop of their own, set a new endurance record, staying aloft 51 hrs. 11 min. 25 sec. Lindbergh frets, but death, accidents and delay soon begin to scratch the other entries. Two Navy pilots nose into a swamp on take-off and are killed. Chamberlin damages his Bellanca in a routine test flight. Commander Richard E. Byrd, with his Fokker and four-man crew all set, waits at Roosevelt Field for the word from the weatherman. On May 10th, two days after Frenchmen Nungesser and Coli take off from Paris, Lindbergh hops from San Diego to St. Louis in the record time of 14 hrs. 25 min., takes off next morning, and by afternoon is in New York.

Dance of Doubts. The lone dark horse, unknown to the Eastern newspapers until his dramatic flight across the continent, found himself an overnight favorite with the tabloids. "Slim" or Captain Lindbergh to his St. Louis backers, he is dubbed the "Flyin' Fool." Photographers crash his hotel room at Garden City, L.I., for pictures of "Lindy" shaving, Lindy in pajamas. When reporters quiz his mother on how she feels about the suicidal risks of the flight, Lindbergh flares into a sharp resentment of the press which he never lost. With his plane grounded by storms on the Atlantic, doubts begin to dance across his mind. Can *The Spirit of St. Louis* carry the needed 450 gallons of gas weighing 2,700 lbs.? He has never tested it with more than 300 gallons, for fear a tire would blow out on landing. Can he fly with the big gas tank in front of the cockpit, and no visibility ahead except for

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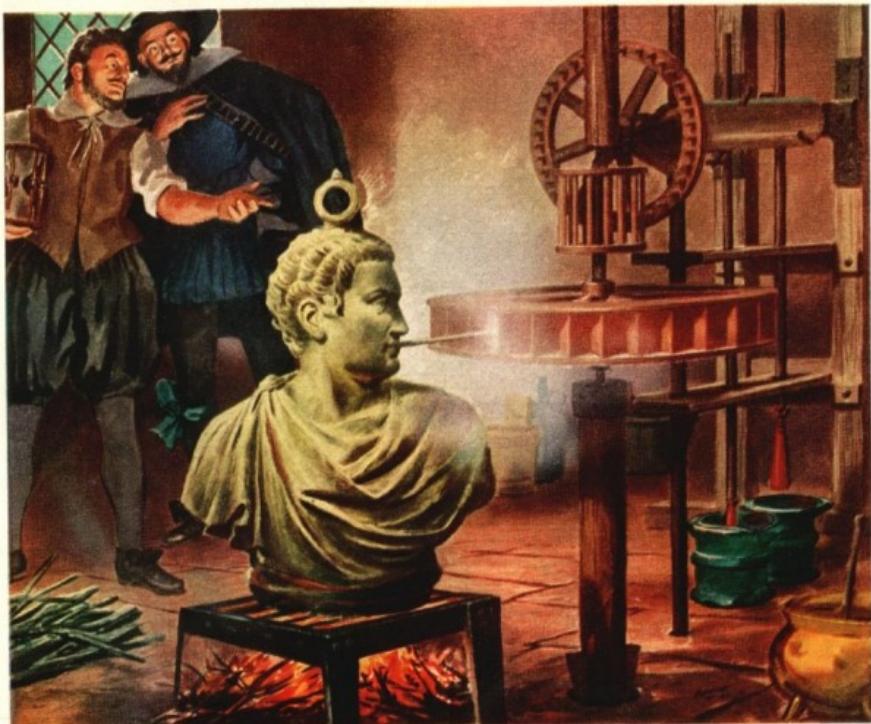
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a makeshift periscope? Can he navigate a whole ocean with simple compasses? Even Nungesser and Coli have been lost over the Atlantic. Why should he succeed?

On the night of May 19th, he decides to forget about flying and see the Broadway musical, *Rio Rita*. But, by nightly custom, he checks on weather first. A surprise report: partial clearing over the Atlantic. He orders his plane readied for flight at dawn, and near midnight turns in for two hours' sleep, but only tosses and turns.

Before daybreak, May 20, Lindbergh arrives at Roosevelt Field to find a light, dismal drizzle falling. The field is mushy. *The Spirit of St. Louis* is shrouded and dripping. Reporters and a handful of onlookers shake their heads. "It's more like a funeral procession than the beginning of a flight to Paris." As the engine warms up, it is 30 r.p.m. low. The stick wobbles sluggishly in the taxiing run; water and mud spew from the tires, drum on the fabric. Lindbergh, at the head of the runway, opens the throttle. Three times he lifts his plane from the runway, three times touches it back down. The fourth time *The Spirit of St. Louis* is only 1,000 ft. from a web of telephone wires. Slowly it rises—"5,000 lbs. balanced on a blast of air." The telephone wires are skinned by 20 ft. The plane is airborne.

"Which Way Is Ireland?" Lindbergh carries five sandwiches in a brown paper bag, a canteen of water, a rubber raft, two small flashlights, a knife, and not much more except an iron will. For the first hours, that will is lightly tested, an occasional nodding daydream, a slight arm or leg cramp. Now & then he takes a swallow of water and keeps alert by checking his instruments and charts. But after nightfall, with *The Spirit of St. Louis* a dot over the Atlantic, fog closes in. Lindbergh looks for holes, climbs to 10,000 ft., goes down to 10 ft. above the vicious white-caps. Sleet comes, ice edges the wings. For 1,000 miles he flies on his primitive instruments and battles the storm. After the

storm comes another enemy, the urge to sleep.

In the 18th hour, "my back is stiff; my shoulders ache; my face burns; my eyes smart . . . All I want in life is to throw myself down flat, stretch out . . ." He pushes his eyes open with his thumbs. Daylight comes, but in the 24th hour, Lindbergh has to strike his face and arms viciously and stamp his feet to keep awake. Over and over again he does his navigation chores: ". . . And 12 make 23. Twenty-three—what do I want with 23?" But even in a semi-stupor, he does his chores right. In the 27th hour, he joyously sights some fishing smacks. Diving to 50 ft., he throttles his motor and yells: "Which way is Ireland?" He gets no answer, but within an hour he is over the Irish coast. Then come the Cornish cliffs of England, the Channel, the coast of France. Hungry, he munches a sandwich, first food in 33 hours, shakes his dry throat from the still half-filled canteen. It's nearly 10 p.m.; the lights of Paris come into view, and five miles away, the floodlights of Le Bourget Field. Lindbergh toys with the idea of flying on to Rome. He has nearly 1,000 miles worth of gas left. But he circles Le Bourget, lands and rolls to a stop in the center of the field.

"I start to taxi back toward the floodlights and hangars—but the entire field ahead is covered with running figures!" Lindbergh was completely unprepared for the crowd of 25,000 that had broken down Le Bourget's fences to greet him. He had rather expected to have to introduce himself.

Emancipated Woman

LÉLIA: THE LIFE OF GEORGE SAND (482 pp.)—André Maurois—Harper (\$5).

If walls could speak, the manor house of Nohant in the French province of Berry would be a Niagara of sound. Chopin and Liszt set their music echoing through it; Flaubert and the younger Dumas produced puppet plays (music by Chopin) on



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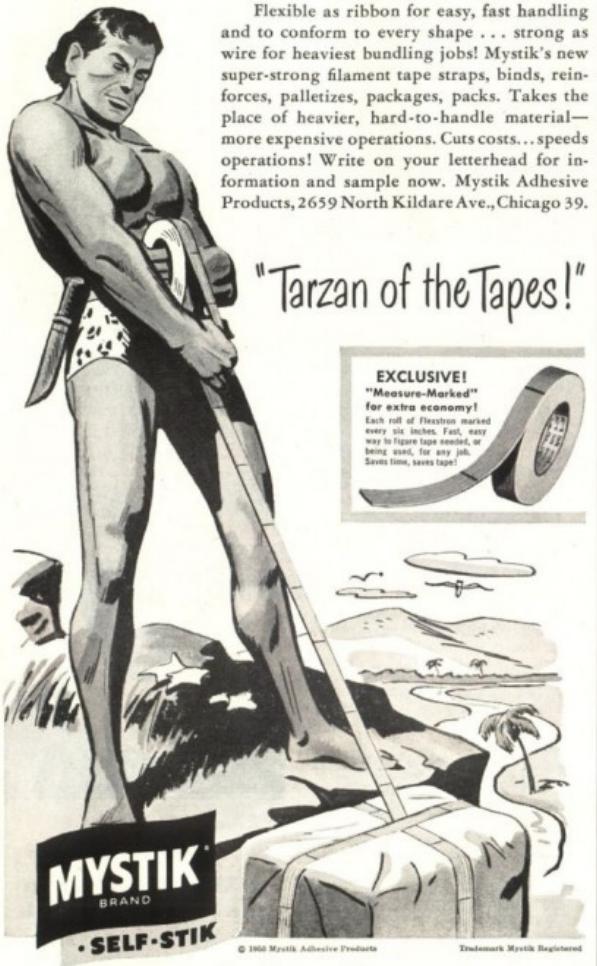
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its floor. Delacroix painted in Nohant's garden studio, and such famous guests as Balzac, Théophile Gautier and Alfred de Vigny argued and tittle-tattled in its drawing room. In the middle years of the 19th century, Nohant's halls echoed to the thump of packed bags as estranged lovers and mistresses stormed down them—and if Nohant's old walls could speak, many a French family tree would require botanical reclassification.

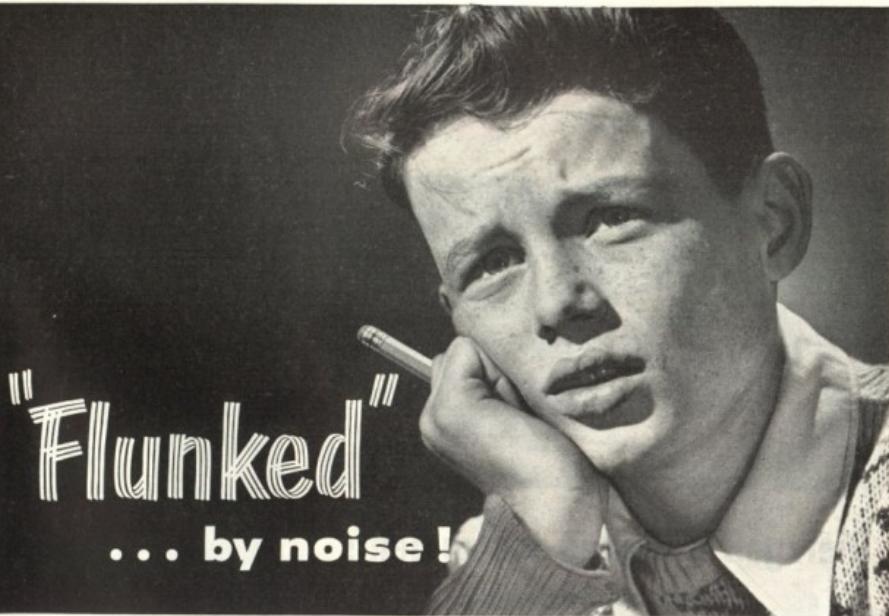
Hostess, mistress, mother of Nohant was the famed George Sand, the beautiful woman who walked like a handsome man. It was far more than her literary eminence that drew the brilliant men of a generation to Nohant—though she fascinated a wide public with what she wrote, and left collected works that ran to 96 volumes. Her personality and the world she built around it were of such fascination and complexity that scores of guidebooks have served only to complicate the intricacy. France's André Maurois has now written a biography that is both the finest study ever made of George Sand and by far the best book ever written by André Maurois.

Female Don Juan. Maurois' title, *Lélia*, is taken from the partly autobiographical novel of that name that George Sand wrote in 1833 when she was 29. By then, she was already a popular author, a doting mother of two children and an emancipated hybrid who wore trousers and smoked cigars. But, above all, she was a woman who sought sexual satisfaction as vainly and desperately as her male counterpart, Don Juan. "When I was with [my lover]," the Sandian heroine Lélia confesses, "I was seized with a strange, delirious hunger which no embrace could satisfy . . . Desire, in my case, was an ardor of the spirit which paralyzed the power of the senses . . . a savage ecstasy which took possession of my brain, and became exclusively concentrated there."

This terrible impotence ("This marble envelope," Sand called it) affected so many lives that it is still considered a small but essential feature of French history. Sand's enemies declared that in her struggle to overcome it she devoured men like an insatiable ogress. She imposed her own frigidity, they said, as a punishment upon the other sex, never happy until she had reduced her lovers to a condition as hopeless as her own.

The Unforgivable. Maurois is not a member of the ogress school. He believes that George Sand was "a woman thirsting for love and worthy to be loved, yet incapable of that humility without which no love is possible." As Aurore Dupin, she was the daughter of a dashing and aristocratic officer who was killed in a fall from his horse while Aurore was a child. Her mother was a dancer—"or, rather," said Sand, "something lower than a dancer, in one of the most disreputable of the Paris theaters." Aurore was raised at the Dupin estate at Nohant by a strict grandmother and educated in Paris by English nuns. At 18, strait-laced but bursting with romantic ideas, she married Casimir Dudevant, an amiable but entirely unimaginative





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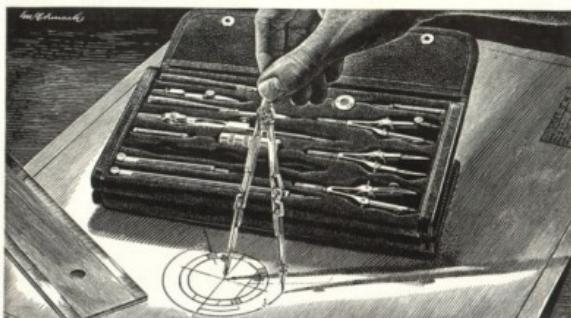
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fellow who spent his days hunting, his evenings snoring.

When Casimir caught her in the act of swooning on a young man's shoulder, his spontaneous comment was as disillusioning as a snore. "Nobody," he said, "must know . . . That must be our chief concern."

"What is really unforgivable in marriage," says Maurois, "is not adultery, but repudiation." The repudiated Casimir took to drink. He also seduced one of the maids, and Aurore found him out a few hours before the birth of her second child. Soon after, Aurore met a young lawyer-writer named Jules Sandeau, prototype of a string of future lovers, and went to live in Paris with him. Out of their literary collaboration came the pen name George



Historical Pictures

GEORGE SAND
An ogress or just thirsty?

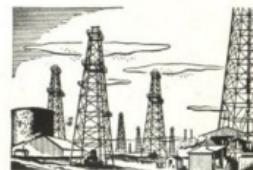
Sand; out of their relationship came the Sand characteristics—the billowing cigar, the tasseled boots, the incurable, paradoxical habit of seeking perfect love only in the arms of men who were too feeble or feminine to supply it.

"Poor little Jules" was no dynamo. He could not, like his mistress, write for 14 hours at a stretch and then mount a horse and gallop to a lovers' tryst. Soon he was dropped by the wayside, and George moved on to Novelist Prosper Mérimée. Mérimée, as Maurois vouches, "was of the race from which the Devil picks his Don Juans," and spoke of love "with all the coarseness of a medical student"; George hoped that his cynicism would cure her "childish susceptibilities." But "Don Juan failed utterly to come up to scratch."

Poet Alfred de Musset was next on the list. She sat on a cushion at his feet, puffing a long pipe of Bosnian cherrywood, while he murmured that "his genius was a poor, frail thing." It was. George left Alfred half dead in a Venetian hotel and took up with his Italian doctor. "Is it in you, my Pietro," Sand wrote to her



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medico, "in you at long last that I shall see my dream fulfilled?" It was not in Pietro.

The Walking Graveyard. "What it all comes to," said Balzac in his brusque way, "is that she is a man: all the more so since she wants to be one." Pianist Chopin agreed. "How antipathetic this Sand woman is!" he complained after meeting her. "Is she really a woman at all?" Soon after, he wrote in his diary: "She gazed deep into my eyes while I played . . . My heart was captured! . . . She loves me!"

He left with her for Majorca, "fresh as a rose and rosy as a turnip." He returned spitting blood and within an ace of death. Chopin lived on & off at Nohant for seven productive years—but not as George's lover. Instead, she nursed him like an ailing child, firmly denied him any closer relationship.

Maurice does not flinch from giving a clinical history of the relationships that caused George Sand to be described as "a walking graveyard." Nor does he deny that it was her fatal psychological weakness always to pick on men who were too weak to dominate her. And yet, his complete portrait convincingly presents a figure of memorable strength. Sand, Maurice shows, was the forerunner of today's emancipated woman. All her characteristics would have been considered admirable—in a man. Her friends were legion; most of her ex-lovers confessed that though she had nearly been the death of them, she had been the making of them as well. Count d'Orsay was not trying to be funny when he wrote to her: "You are a much-loved woman, in addition to being the one outstanding man of our times."

RECENT & READABLE

The Worldly Philosophers, by Robert Heilbroner. A lively guided tour through the minds and times of some of history's most influential economic thinkers (TIME, Sept. 7).

Ambush for the Hunter, by F. L. Green. Communist spies, British counter-spies and muted heartbreak in a British middle-class marriage, all adding up to rattling good suspense (TIME, Aug. 31).

Hitler's Secret Conversations, by Adolf Hitler (introduced by British Historian H. R. Trevor-Roper). The Führer's unguarded, all-night talkfests, taken down in shorthand by party associates, give an excellent insight into a weird and fascinating mind (TIME, Aug. 31).

Dead Man in the Silver Market, by Aubrey Menen. In an amusing, somewhat mannered autobiographical aside, the noted Irish-Indian satirist laughs at Eastern and Western chauvinism, the world and himself (TIME, Aug. 24).

The Unconquered, by Ben Ames Williams. A posthumously published sequel to *House Divided*, full of carefully researched history, violence in Reconstruction days and tears over spilled mint juleps (TIME, Aug. 24).

The Narrows, by Ann Petry. Passion and violence between black and white in an unexpected setting: respectable Connecticut (TIME, Aug. 17).

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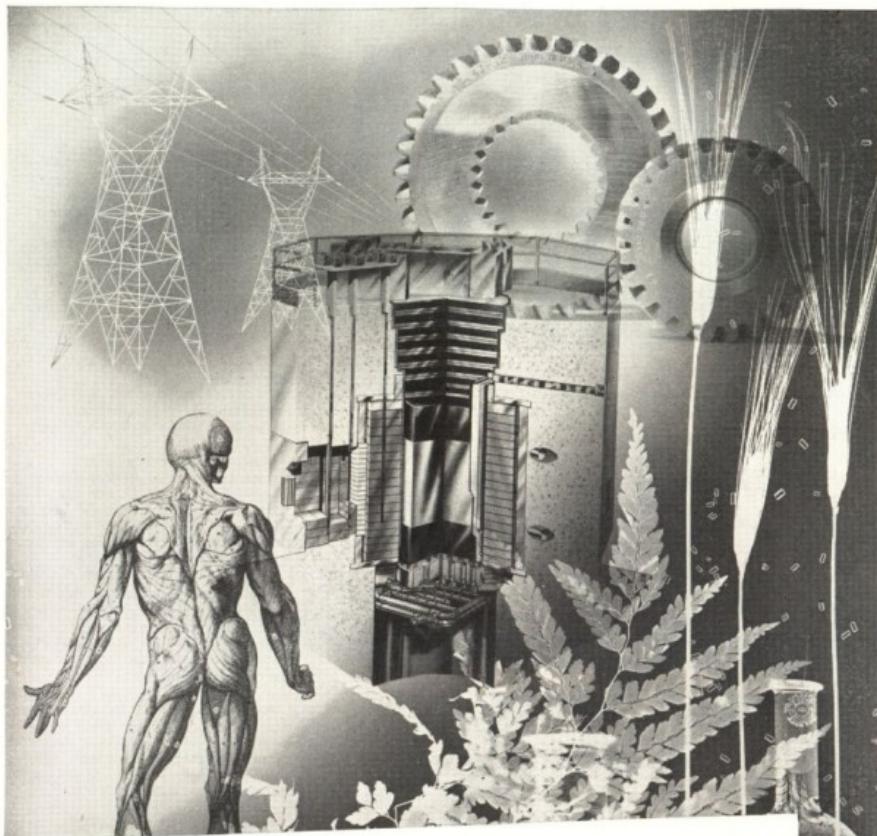


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Already this work for the Atomic Energy Commission is opening new horizons toward the peaceful use of this most powerful energy source yet revealed to man. North American's accomplishments in atomic energy work include:

1. Design, construction and operation of a water boiler type reactor producing neutrons for research and development work for all types of reactors.
2. Design and construction of research reactors for research, medical and industrial uses.
3. Designs and component development for plutonium and power producing reactors.
4. Evaluation of economics of atomic power plants utilizing uranium and thorium.
5. Nuclear physics experiments with reactor components.
6. Development of reactor safety devices and low cost chemical processes.
7. Experimentation with reactor materials.
8. Design and development of a pilot plant suitable for construction to determine basic operating characteristics as a step in the development of economical electrical power.

Through projects like these, North American's engineering team—one of the nation's largest groups of outstanding scientists and engineers—is helping to develop new peaceful, productive uses for atomic energy that will serve man and the nation for years to come.

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MISCELLANY

Never Give Up. In Denver, suing a dance studio for \$2,610, Mrs. Murrell Selby Collins, 52, charged breach of contract, testified that after 260 lessons an instructor had called her "silly old fool who would never learn to dance."

The Unromantic Law. In Newport, England, defending a store accused of price-gouging, Lawyer B. J. Hayes failed to avert the court's £7 (\$19.60) fine despite his plea: "The boy clerk and girl clerk . . . did not have their minds on their work. They were married a month later."

Overture. In Van Nuys, Calif., after a stranger in the municipal building told him that he would have to appear in court to answer a traffic summons, Milton Wiegman, 27, replied: "I don't . . . take that from any two-bit civil-service employee," learned too late that he had been talking to the judge who was to hear his case.

Not a Creature Was Stirring . . . In Dennis Port, Mass., Burglar Edward J. Clancy climbed into the chimney of the Stop & Shop store, inched his way down 30 ft. before he got wedged in too tightly to move, two hours later was extricated and arrested.

The Fine Line. In New Smyrna Beach, Fla., Robert Miles failed to persuade the city commission to change its zoning boundary splitting his property, still has his two bedrooms designated "residential," the rest of his apartment "commercial."

New Approach. In Lawrence, Mass., Milton Niport, turned down when he asked for a job as assistant manager of the Palace Theater, waited 45 minutes, then held up Manager Guido Lumenello, escaped with \$1,991.

Calculated Delay. In Oneida, N.Y., state police watched Truck Driver Francis Gorman deliver four new patrol cars to their barracks, then nabbed him for driving without a chauffeur's license.

One for Good Luck. In Bakersfield, Calif., two prison-farm inmates were charged with assault & battery after the superintendent reported that they had burned the hair off Prisoner Frank McKee's head, forced him to eat grape stems and cigarette butts, struck him with a horseshoe.

The Let Down. In Philadelphia, Merchant Seaman Harold L. Walsh, telling police how two strong-arm men had held him up, taken his \$30 wristwatch but had missed \$65 in his wallet, summed up indignantly: "I've been robbed in all the biggest ports . . . [I've] always been cleaned out, never left with a cent. These guys, they miss 65 bucks . . . Your boys are slipping."



The 'Rose'

whose thorns are
the horns of a bull

1 "A raging bull is a tough customer. I know—I faced bulls myself with natives I met in the south of France. But snatching a rosette of ribbon from between the horns of a bull is no sport for beginners," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "At Saliers I watched my bulldog friend, Charles Fidani, attempt this daring maneuver. Suddenly he fell. As he regained his feet, I rushed out to distract the snorting bull..."



2 "Raised to be ornery, the bull had acted up when we'd fastened the rosette to his forelock. When I saw Charles fall, I ignored my fear. Seeing me, the brute charged. I had to run for it..."



3 "Taking bigger risks than any Spanish matador, Charles had really earned his prize. He'd reached right between the vicious horns to seize the 'rose'—but it became my souvenir. 'Going into that ring took bravery,' Charles said, and he handed the hard-won rose to me..."



4 "That was a gesture that deserved returning, and at a nearby cafe I was able to repay Charles' compliment—with a round of Canadian Club!"

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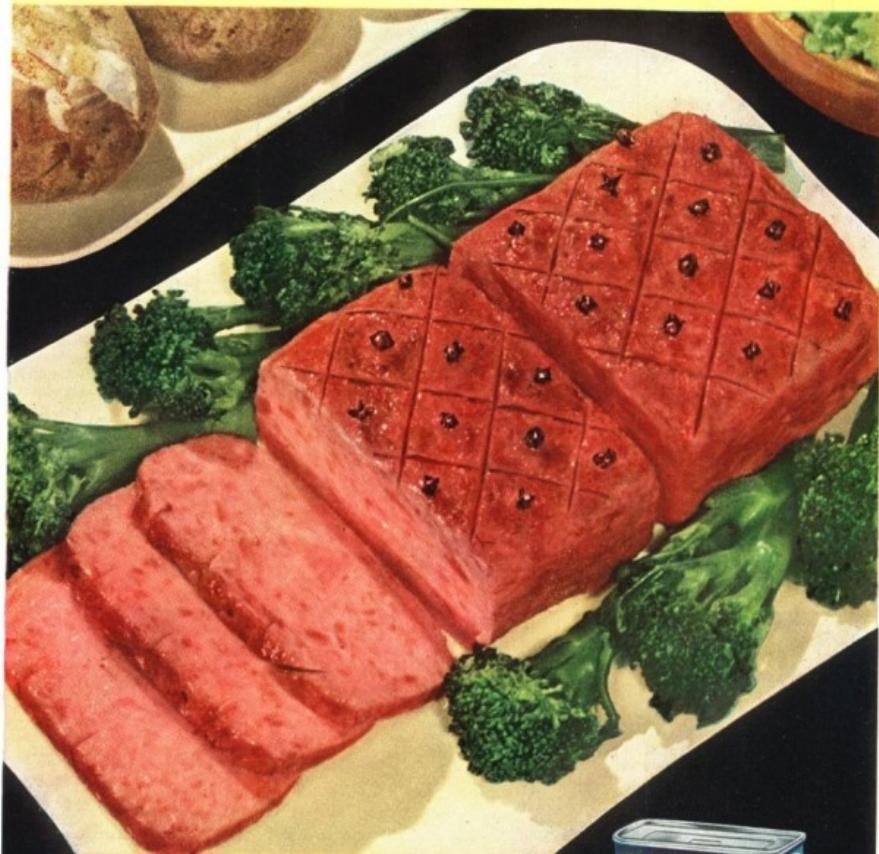
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Preheat oven to 375°

Bake potatoes 1 hour. Gash tops; season with butter and paprika.

Bake SPAM, studded with cloves 35 min. For last 10 min. of baking, cover with glaze mixture of equal parts prepared mustard and brown sugar.

Bake frozen broccoli 35 min. in tightly covered casserole with butter and seasonings. (No water needed!)

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